★ May 6, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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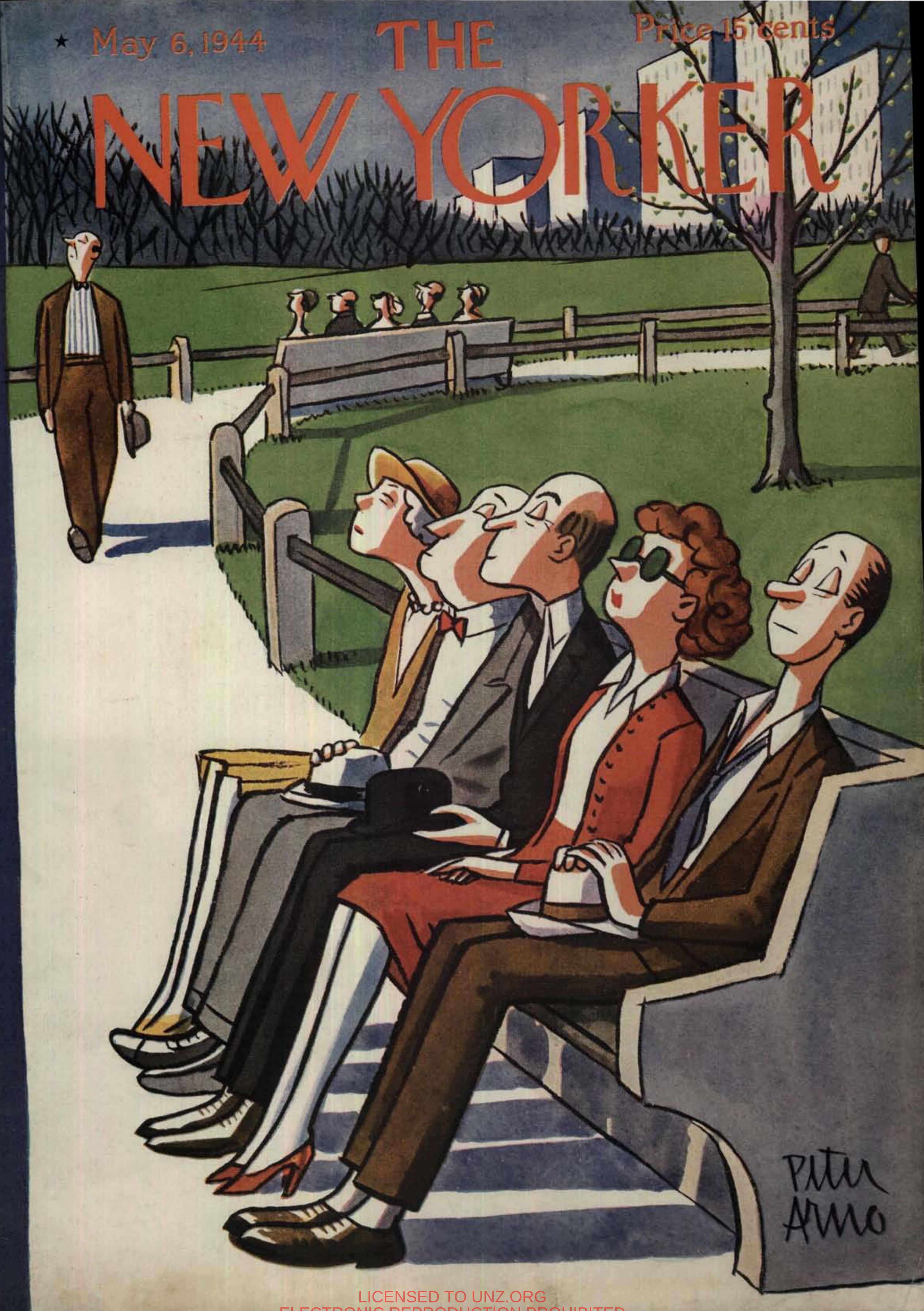

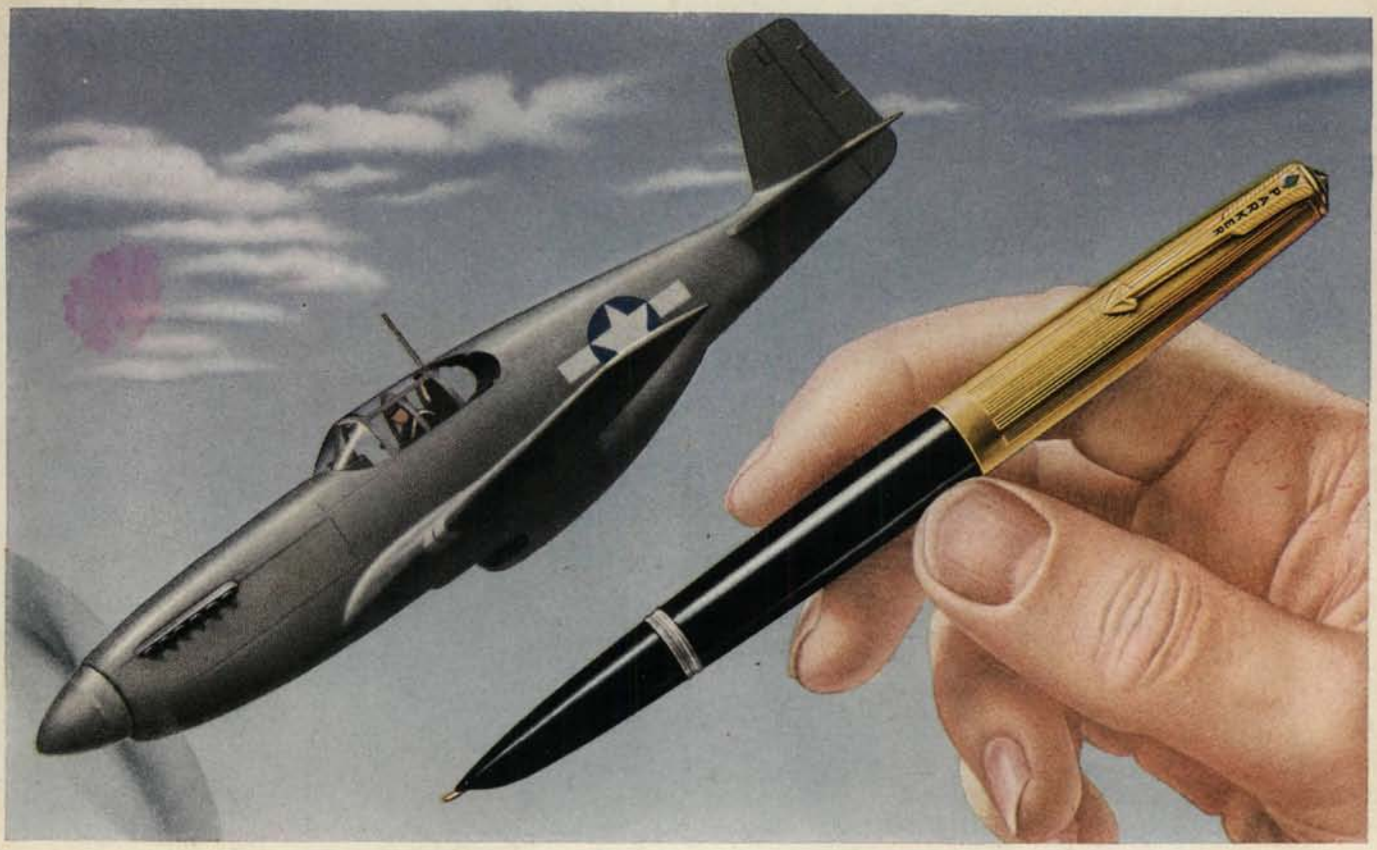

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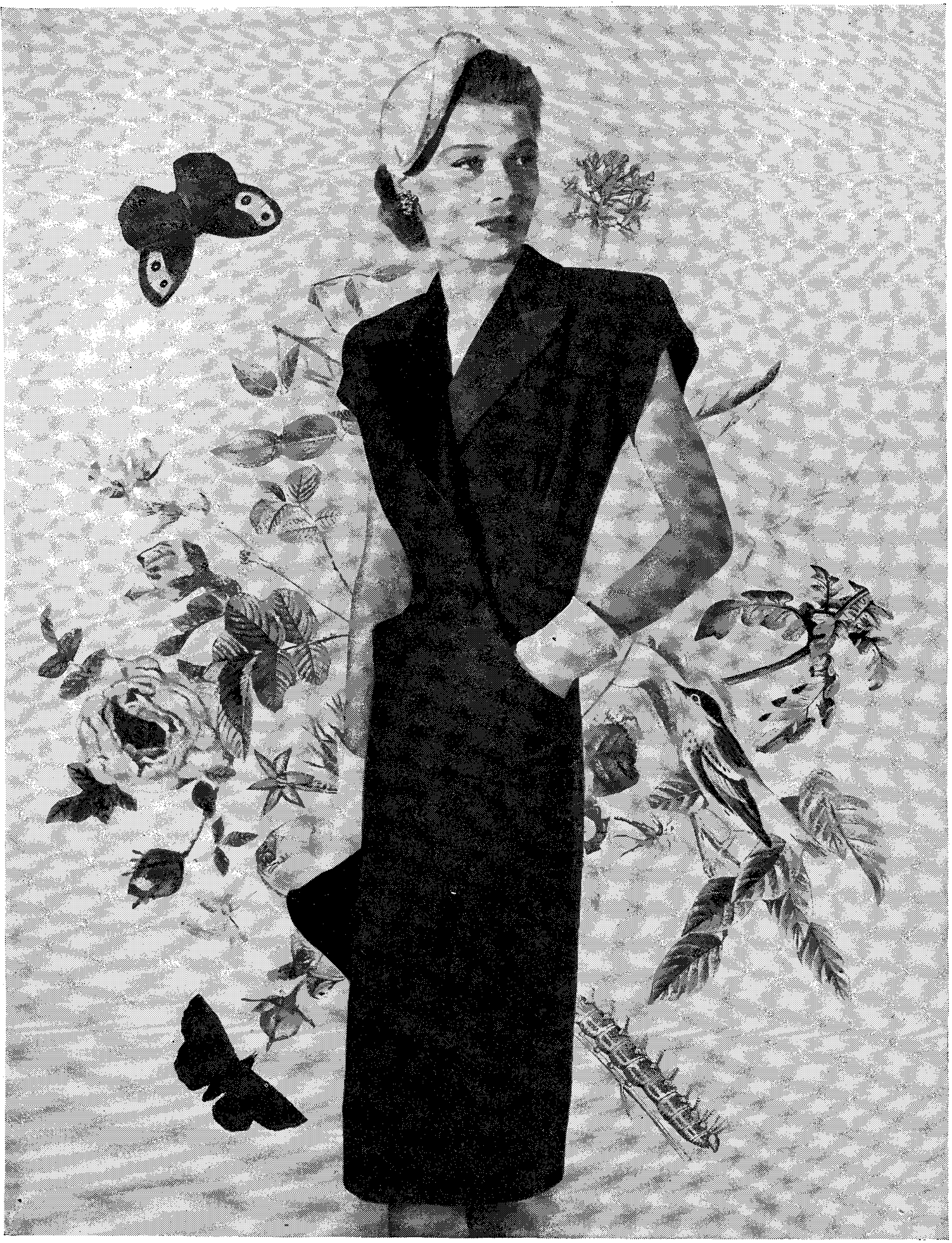

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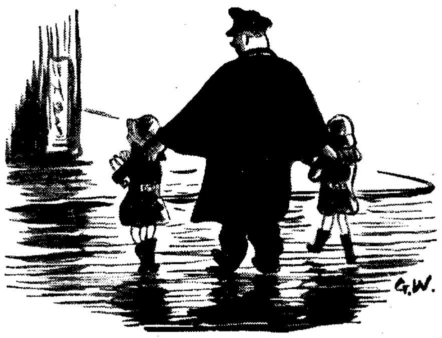

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 13.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonatnan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull and Effie Shannon head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Chicken Every Sunday—Mary Philips and Rhys Williams are fine actors and this is an amiable play. Something about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband. You might do much worse. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. With Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Highland Fling—A complicated ghost story in Scottish dialect that has nevertheless its moments of simple charm. Ralph Forbes heads a cast which includes the author, Margaret Curtis. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis, Annabella, and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Mrs. January & Mr. Ex—Billie Burke, as Dulcy, against Frank Craven, who seems to be impersonating Calvin Coolidge. More or less negligible unless you happen to admire the stars, who are very good. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Only the Heart—An earnest little play about a woman who tries to run other people's lives and winds up with her own in a mess. Sound but a little monotonous. June Walker is starred. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A magnificent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as witty as some say. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—Homicidal doings in an old dark house. Too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing but is certainly something for you to see. The cast assembled by Herman Shumlin includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sheppey—W. Somerset Maugham's curiously uneven play about a barber who tries to model his life on Christ's. Some very funny and eloquent scenes and others that may remind you of Channing Pollock. Edmund Gwenn is very touching in the title rôle. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, Una Merkel, and William Wadsworth are in the cast. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of a young Nazi, and Conrad Nagel and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Victor Jory. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. The cast consists of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's gigantic and beautiful recruiting poster for the Air Forces. There are more than three hundred servicemen in the cast, plus several women civilians. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Pick-Up Girl—A play by Elsa Shelley, with William Harrigan. Directed by Roy Hargrave. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Allah Be Praised!—An absurd piece laid in a Persian harem, employing such amiable performers as Mary Jane Walsh, John Hoysradt, and Joey Faye. George Marion, Jr., is responsible for the book and lyrics; Don Walker and Baldwin Bergersen wrote the music. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Early to Bed—Something to do with a group of people who mistake a sporting house for a girls' school and just about as elementary as it sounds. The cast includes Muriel Angelus and Mary Small, and Fats Waller wrote the music. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a musical about nothing very much. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Frank Parker, Irina Baronova, and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Helen Goes to Troy—The New Opera Company's revision of a nineteenth-century operetta. A somewhat haphazard production but the Offenbach music is a delight. The cast includes such variegated performers as Jarmila Novotna, Ralph Dumke, and Ernest Truex. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—A good-looking, earnest revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., May 6.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. Milton Berle is in charge of a very large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hickory Stick—A play by Frederick Stephani and Murray Burnett, with Steve Cochran and Adrienne Bayan. Produced by Marjorie Ewing and Marie Louise Elkins. Opens Mon., May 8. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the usual stupendous attraction. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Sat., May 6 and 13, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Tentative schedule—"Les Sylphides," "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Pictures of Goya," and "Gala Performance," Thurs. Eve., May 4. . . . "Giselle," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Perform-

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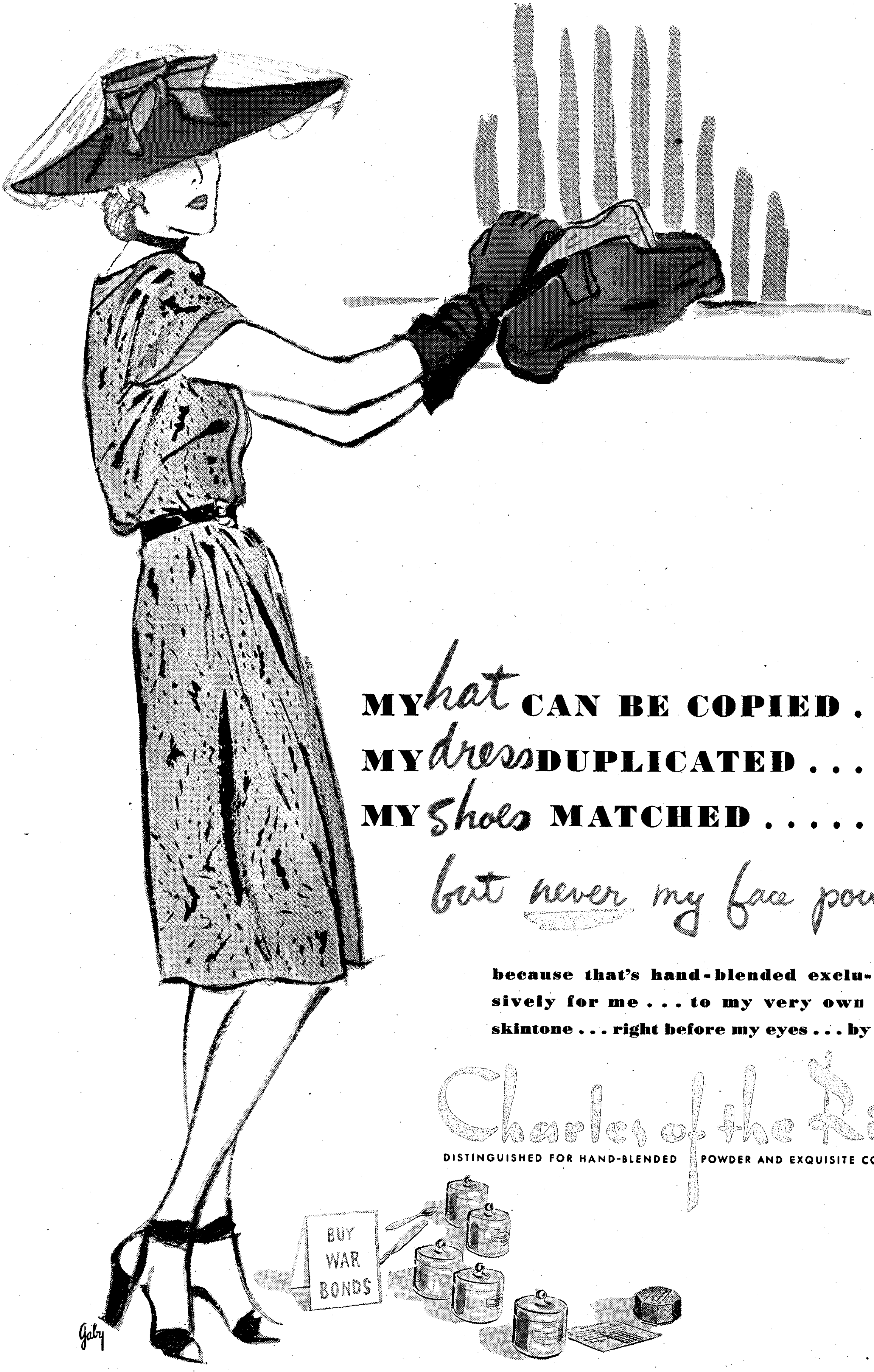

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ance," Fri. Eve., May 5. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Peter and the Wolf," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Tally-Ho," Sat. Aft., May 6. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Aleko," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Eve., May 6. . . . "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," "Fancy Free," and "Helen of Troy," Sun. Aft., May 7. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Pillar of Fire," "In Old Madrid," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., May 7. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Quatre," and "Gala Performance," Mon. Eve., May 8. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Barn Dance," and "Bluebeard," Tues. Eve., May 9. . . . "Princess Aurora," "Spectre de la Rose," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free," Wed. Eve., May 10. . . . "Swan Lake," "Judgment of Paris," "Barn Dance," and "Helen of Troy," Thurs. Eve., May 11. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Petrouchka," Fri. Eve., May 12. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "Fancy Free," and "Bluebeard," Sat. Aft., May 13. . . . "Petrouchka," "Pas de Quatre," "Fancy Free," and "Gala Performance," Sat. Eve., May 13. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 2:40.)

Martha Graham—With her company: "El Penitente," "Deaths and Entrances," and "Punch and the Judy," Sun., May 7. . . . "Salem Shore," "Every Soul Is a Circus," and "Letter to the World," Mon., May 8. . . . "Salem Shore," "Deaths and Entrances," and "American Document," Tues., May 9. . . . "El Penitente," "Frontier," "Lamentation," "Deep Song," and "Letter to the World," Wed., May 10. . . . "Primitive Mysteries," "Punch and the Judy," and "American Document," Thurs., May 11. . . . "El Penitente," "Letter to the World," and "Punch and the Judy," Fri., May 12. . . . "Primitive Mysteries," "Deaths and Entrances," and "Every Soul Is a Circus," Sat., May 13. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Eves. at 8:40.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—In a series of repertory recitals. Sat., May 6 and 13, and Sun., May 7, at 9 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Because of the new cabaret tax, several hotel rooms and clubs, as noted below, are discontinuing dancing during the dinner hour or making other changes so that the tax will not apply. As further changes may be made, you'd better phone ahead before starting out. Also, many clubs are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone about that, too.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room will close on Wed., May 10, and the Garden will open on the following night. Jules Lande's orchestra will make the change from room to room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Emile Petti's band and a good-looking ice revue are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Pearl Primus, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra—which ought to be enough for anyone.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This Village branch has jazz by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and folk songs by Josh White.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Never a quiet moment. Joe E. Lewis heads the show and there are a couple of orchestras to dance to. . . . The Copa Bar has the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras play music (sweet) for dancing after 10 P.M.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and sort of beautiful, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room includes Jane Pickens as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre Mon. through Fri. at the supper hour, and Sat. and Sun. for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde sings in the Persian Room and Bob Grant's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Open for the season, with Fred Miller's orchestra for dinner and supper.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The Café Lounge offers Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
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Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's band will play for dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room, and Victor Borge and Russell Swann will genteelly entertain the after-theatre crowd through Wed., May 10, when the Room closes for the season. On the following night the Starlight Roof will open, with George Hamilton's and Mischa Borr's orchestras and, at supper time, Morton Downey.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey head a practically continuous show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): dim and handsome, with Robert Crum, the pianist; the comic Bernards (through Wed., May 10); and several other good entertainers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, with some new raucous songs and all the old raucous ones. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): a small show headed by Peggy Fears. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Roger Stearns' piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and a show full of toothsome young ladies; Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and rather elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra plays for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and rather casual; George Morris's orchestra plays for dancing from 11 P.M. on. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): life in the native quarter was never like this; a small orchestra plays for dancing after 9:30 P.M. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian entertainment, from dagger dances to Red Army songs; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra plays for dancing after 10:15 P.M. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra will be replaced by Tony Pastor's on Mon., May 8, when there will also be a new ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Square (CH 2-4646): very Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Maurice Rocco and Ethel Waters top a large and rowdy show.

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Mostly for Music—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington's band and one of those Broadway shows. . . . **LINCOLN,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Count Basie's band. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Bobby Hackett, and Eddie Condon adding warmth to these spring evenings; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a Village cellar, but it has the Clarence Profit Trio and a Calypso singer. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a hot trio; no dancing. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): jazz by the Al Casey Trio and, through Wed., May 10, songs by Billy Eckstine. . . . **YACHT CLUB,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band; no dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): Sidney Catlett's orchestra (with Ben Webster), the Leonard Ware Trio, and Harry Gibson's piano playing are the attractions here; no dancing.

ART

Ault Collection—Degas, Cézanne, Tamayo, Eilshemius, and other moderns; a benefit for the American Field Service: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Thurs., May 4, from 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Darrel Austin—Recent pastels: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20.

Ballet—Lots of old engravings and a few good paintings, tracing the history of the art; a benefit for French Hospital: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

George Biddle—Paintings and drawings of the Italian campaign: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20.

Louis Bouché—New paintings by an artist who knows how to enliven the usual: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Robert Brackman—New oils and pastels: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Arthur B. Carles—Semi-abstract still lifes and some abstractions: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Czechoslovak—*A small collection of contemporary* water colors: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 17.

Arthur G. Dove—Twenty new paintings: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 21.

Max Ernst—New work by the French Surrealist: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

French—Derain, Dufy, Picasso, Vlaminck, and others of the Paris school: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 5.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: new paintings and sculpture by Bernard Karfiol, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, Julian Levi, and other members of the gallery's group. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6. . . . **PEIKIN,** 5 Ave. at 55: the Artists League of America, which includes Zoltan Hecht, Helen Ratkai, Chaim Gross, and a good many others. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6. . . . **JUNIOR LEAGUE CLUBHOUSE,** 221 E. 71: Malvina Hoffman, Isabel Bishop, Jon Corbino, and other contemporary painters and sculptors; a benefit for the Junior League Welfare Fund. Daily 10 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Sat., May 6. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: paintings, water colors, and sculpture by modern American and British artists, very few with prominent names. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6. . . . **MILCH,** 108 W. 57: Americans, from Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins to Leon Kroll and Maurice Sterne. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31. . . . **REHN,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: new work by members of the gallery's group, including Alexander Brook, Eugene Speicher, and Edward Hopper. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 27. . . . **BABCOCK,** 38 E. 57: oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

Abraham Harriton—New paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

Frank Herrmann—Landscapes and still lifes, many of them quietly successful: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Pietro Lazzari—Flowers and landscapes in egg-tempera: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 5.

Fernand Léger—His big picture "Les Plongeurs" and the preliminary studies for it: Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Tilly Losch—Naïve paintings by the dancer: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., May 12.

André Masson—Two exhibitions—At the **BUCHHOLZ,** 32 E. 57: drawings and gouaches. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 20. . . . **ROSENBERG,** 16 E. 57: paintings. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 20.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, Greek paintings from the eighth century B.C. through the fourth century A.D., and a large loan show of Russian ikons (through Sept. 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Joan Miró—Pastels, oils, and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 3.

Modern Europeans—Paintings, most of which have never been shown, by Braque, Dali, Hélion, Mondrian, and others: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern Cuban painting (through Sun., May 7); also, modern American and European drawings (through Wed., May 10). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by thirty-six artists, many exhibiting here for the first time. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

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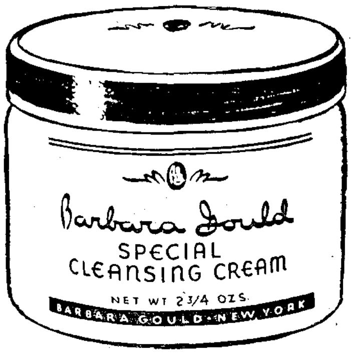
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MAY 4,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 13.

distinguished collection of paintings from 1820 to 1870, including George Inness, Thomas Cole, and Worthington Whittredge: Newhouse, 15 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

B. J. O. NORDFELDT—New paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 29.

PORTRAITS—At the KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57: paintings by Copley, Sully, Pease, and other Americans from 1730 to 1921. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 13. . . . 460 PARK, at 57: later American portraits, from 1921-44. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 27.

JANET SOBEL—A first one-man show of her paintings: Puma, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 13.

MIRON SOKOLE—Paintings, in his first show in five years: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 6.

STILL LIFES—Fruit and vegetables by van Gogh, Cézanne, Manet, Chardin, Renoir, and others: Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

THREE PAINTERS—James Lechay, De Hirsh Margules, and Ladislas Segy: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., May 12.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

POLISH CONCERT—Gregor Fittelberg conducting eighty members of the Philharmonic-Symphony; soloists: Bronislaw Huberman, violin; and Witold Malcuzynski, piano. Thurs., May 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

CENTRE SYMPHONY SOCIETY—Angelo A. Consoli conducting; soloist, Mischa Mischakoff, violin. Thurs., May 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JAZZ CONCERT—The seventh in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring such musicians as Cosy Cole, drums; Hot Lips Page, trumpet; and Ernie Caseres, baritone saxophone. Sat., May 13, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SAN CARLO OPERA COMPANY—"Faust," Thurs. Eve., May 4. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 5. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., May 6. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sat. Eve., May 6. . . . "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Sun. Aft., May 7. . . . "Aïda," Sun. Eve., May 7. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER OPERA—"La Bohème," Thurs. Eves., May 4 and 11, and Sat. Eve., May 6. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Fri. and Sun. Eves., May 5 and 7. . . . "Martha" (in English), Sun. and Sat. Afts., May 7 and 13. . . . "La Traviata," Mon., Wed., and Sat. Eves., May 8, 10, and 13. . . . "Carmen," Tues. and Fri. Eves., May 9 and 12. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

CHAMBER OPERA—Columbia Theatre Associates and the Columbia Department of Music presenting "Pieces of Eight," by Bernard Wagenaar and Edward Eager. Wed., through Fri., May 10-12, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., May 13, at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Carmen," Sat., May 6; "La Bohème," Sat., May 13; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORUS—Lowell P. Beveridge directing. Fri., May 5, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

RICHARD DYER-BENNET—Ballad singer. Sat., May 6, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RUSSIAN CONCERT—Serge Jaroff's Don Cossack Chorus, and several soloists, including Argentinita and Pilar Lopez, the dancers; sponsored by the local Russian newspaper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*. Sat., May 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MUSEUM CONCERT—Ditta Bartók, piano, and a string orchestra in a program of compositions by Béla Bartók, with commentary by Mr. Bartók. Sun., May 7, at 4 P.M. (Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y.)

EGON PETRI—Piano. Mon., May 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROSINA AND JOSEF LHEVINNE—Piano. Wed., May 10, at 8:30 P.M.; a benefit for the Bronx House Music School. (Town Hall.)

YELLA PESSL AND TEDDY WILSON—Miss Pessl and Mr. Wilson playing harpsichords, assisted by a string ensemble, in a program of old music and modern jazz; sponsored by the Teachers' Union. Fri., May 12, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., May 5-6, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 7 (doubleheader), at 2 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Wed. through Fri., May 10-12, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat., May 13, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., May 5-6, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., May 7 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M.

CHESS—National Championship finals—At the Park Central Hotel, 7 Ave. at 55: Thurs., May 4, from 7 to 11 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., May 6-7, from 2 to 6 and 7 to 11 P.M. At the Manhattan Chess Club, 100 Central Pk. S.: Fri., May 5, from 7 to 11 P.M.

CREW—Columbia-Cornell-Navy, Harlem River, Sat., May 6; junior-varsity at 5 P.M., varsity at 6 P.M.

RACING—At JAMAICA: daily at 1:45 P.M., through Sat., May 6. (Grey Lag Handicap and Red Cross benefit day, May 6.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:20 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. . . . BELMONT PARK: weekdays, starting Mon., May 8, at 1:30 P.M.; through June 3. (Toboggan Handicap, May 8; Metropolitan Handicap, May 13.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M., and Sat. between 11:01 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including some equipment captured from the enemy. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 50; the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.

CITY PLANNING—New York City's postwar plan for new health centres, schools, airports, etc., shown in a large exhibition of scale models, maps and architects' plans: 500 Park, at 59. Mon., Wed., and Fri., 1 to 9 P.M.; and Tues., Thurs., Sat., and Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

GARDEN EXHIBITION—The annual City Gardens Club tour, this year a benefit for military hospitals and the Seamen's Church Institute: the gardens of Mrs. H. Harvey Pike, Jr., 54 E. 92; Mrs. William B. Symmes, Jr., 969 Park; Mrs. John W. Ames, 150 E. 81; Mrs. Louis G. Bissell, 214 E. 72; Mrs. Marvin J. Bruner, 875 5 Ave.; and Mrs. Vivian Spencer, 1 E. 62: Tues., May 9, from 2:30 to 6 P.M. (For tickets, call PL 8-2695.)

AMERICANA—Life-size tableaux of scenes along the New York waterfront a century ago, and ship models, paintings, and prints of the period, in a show celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of the Seamen's Church Institute: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 5.

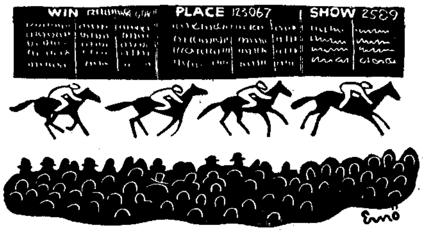
LATIN AMERICA—The history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Religious symbolism, shown in a collection of illuminated manuscripts dating from the ninth through the sixteenth centuries. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 20.

PLANETARIUM—"Comets and Meteors" will be the May lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Wed., May 10.

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57—Paintings by old masters, the Impressionists, and modern French and American artists: Thurs., May 4, at 8:15 P.M. . . . American and French furniture and decorations owned by the late Robert W. Chambers: Sat., May 6, at 2 P.M. . . . Nineteenth-century firearms owned by the late James A. Stillman: Tues., May 9, at 2 P.M.; and seventeenth and eighteenth century furniture and decorations from the Stillman estate: Wed. through Sat., May 10-13, at 2 P.M. . . . Books, autograph letters, and manuscripts from the library of the late Richard M. G. Potter: Tues., May 9, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Paintings and sculptures by many modern artists, including Cézanne, Picasso, Eilshemius, and Maillol, owned by the Museum of Modern Art and others: Thurs., May 11, at 8:15 P.M.



KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47—Etchings and engravings by Rembrandt, Daumier, Zorn, and other old masters and contemporaries: Fri., May 5, at 2 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 7, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Mexican Symphony, Carlos Chavez conducting, Sun., May 7, at 9 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera (on tour): "Carmen," Sat., May 6, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "Cavalleria Rusticana," Fri., May 5; "La Traviata," Mon., May 8; "La Bohème," Thurs., May 11; at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Ballet Theatre, Sun. and Tues., May 7 and 9, at 8:40 P.M., WNYC.

SPORTS—Racing: Grey Lag Handicap, Sat., May 6; Metropolitan Handicap, Sat., May 13; at 4:15 P.M., WOR; Kentucky Derby, Sat., May 6, at 6 P.M., WABC; Preakness, Sat., May 13, at 4 P.M., WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, nightly at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe, Fri. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS VIA SHORT WAVE—Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 P.M. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M. and Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Mon. through Fri. at 6:30 P.M., WMCA.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—A nice, familiar story, with certain alterations. Francis Lederer, Lynn Bari, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., May 8. . . . Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., May 10.)

COVER GIRL—A long but agreeable musical with Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., May 10.)

IN OUR TIME—Love and a certain amount of politics in Poland just before the war. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., May 5. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., May 10. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Tues., May 5-9. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., May 7-8.)

JANE EYRE—Orson Welles, as Rochester, is at his weirdest, but Joan Fontaine is all right as Jane. There's also Henry Daniell and Sara Allgood. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 9-10. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., May 9-11.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's exciting film about some Americans exposed to the Germans and the elements. Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, Walter Slezak, and Canada Lee are part of the competent cast. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., May 6-8. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 8-9. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., May 10.)

MEMPHIS BELLE—A dramatic Army documentary about a bombing mission over Wilhelmshaven. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., May 10.)

SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE—Basic training without tears. Robert Walker, Keenan Wynn, and Donna Reed. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A nicely handled adaptation of Franz Werfel's book. The rôle of the girl who saw the visions at Lourdes is played by Jennifer Jones, and she is supported by Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY—Another agreeable comedy about the housing shortage in Washington. Fred MacMurray and Paulette Goddard. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., May 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., May 6-10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., May 7-10. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., May 9-13. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; starting Wed., May 10.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

were killed in the Pacific. There's some realism in the handling of a big family in a small town. Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., May 9-10.)

TUNISIAN VICTORY—A workmanlike documentary by British and American Army photographic units. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., May 9-10.)

UP IN ARMS—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., May 10.)

REVIVALS

ANIMAL CRACKERS (1930)—An early Marx Brothers. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

BALLERINA (1938)—Ballet folk backstage. In French, with Mia Slavenska. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55.)

BLACKOUT (1940)—Spies and romance in London. Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., May 8.)

CATHERINE THE GREAT (1934)—Romance and ruin in imperial Russia, with Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., May 4.)

CHAPAYEV (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 4.)

CRAIG'S WIFE (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., May 5-6.)

GO WEST (1941)—Life on the wild plains interpreted by the Marx Brothers. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., May 7-8.)

GRAND ILLUSION (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. and Sat., May 5-6.)

THE HEART OF A NATION (1943)—The history of a French family, and France, from the 1870's to the present. In French, with Michèle Morgan, Raimu, and Louis Jouvet. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 9.)

IF I HAD A MILLION (1932)—The first and most famous of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57.)

LOST HORIZON (1937)—Where people live forever. Ronald Colman and Margo. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 4.)

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (1936)—The early Capra comedy about the fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., May 9-11.)

NIGHT TRAIN (1940)—Carol Reed's first big thriller of spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., May 8.)

THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., May 7-8.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the character with all the wives. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., May 4.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 6-8.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—Walt Disney's first full-length cartoon. (Manhattan, B'way at 51.)

WATCH ON THE RHINE (1943)—Bette Davis and Paul Lukas in the Lillian Hellman play. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Sun. and Mon., May 7-8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule: THURS., MAY 4: "The Gaucho" (1927), with Douglas Fairbanks and Lupe Velez. FRI. AND SAT., MAY 5-6: "Chang" (1927), adventure film. SUN. AND MON., MAY 7-8: "Around the World in 80 Minutes" (1931), with Douglas Fairbanks. TUES. AND WED., MAY 9-10: "Baboona" (1935), a Martin Johnson film. THURS. AND FRI., MAY 11-12: "The Wedding of Palo" (1937), full-length travelogue of East Greenland. FROM SAT., MAY 13: "The Great Train Robbery" (1903), an early western; "The Last Card" (1915), with William S. Hart; and "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze.

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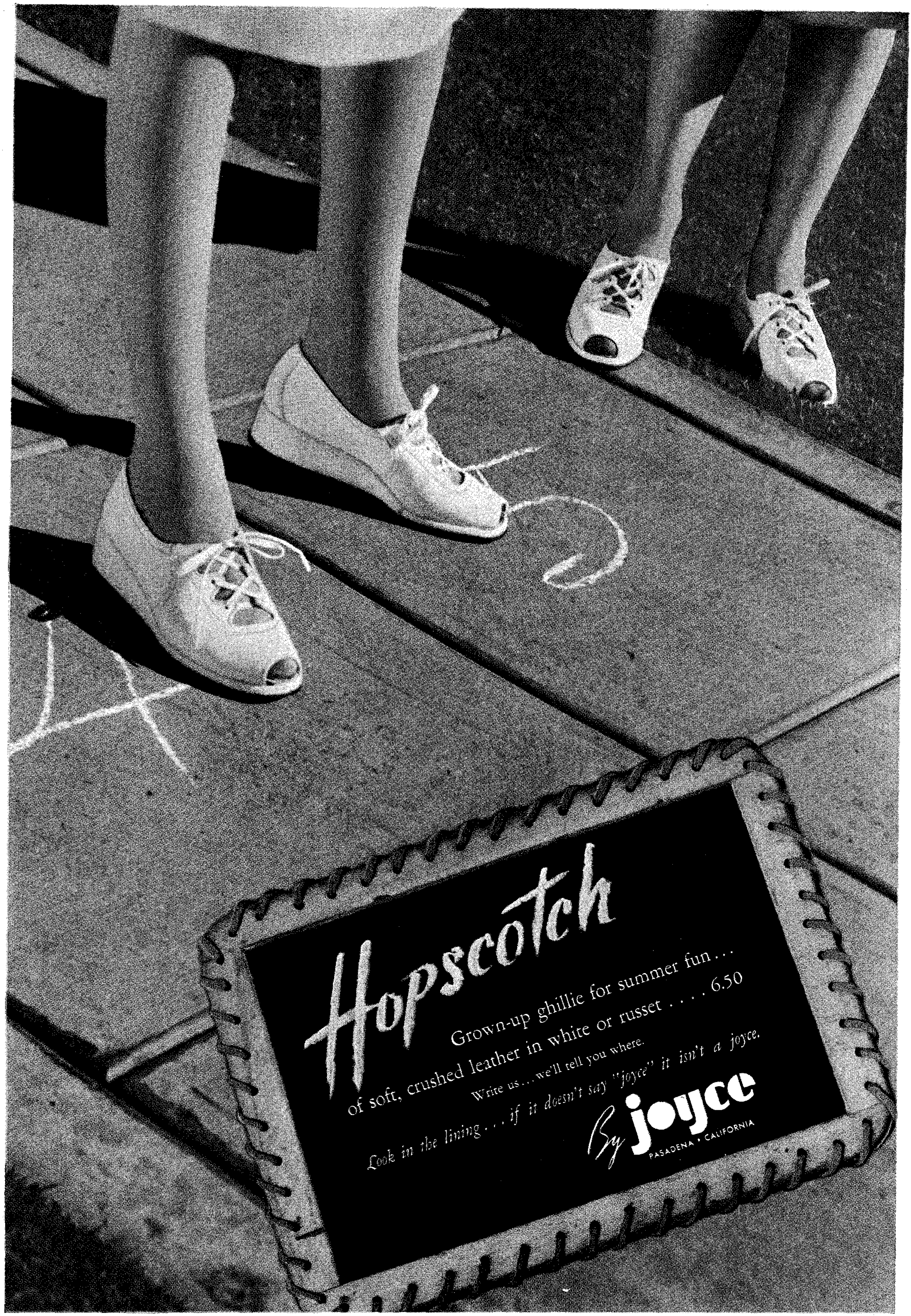

Hopscotch

Grown-up ghillie for summer fun . . .
of soft, crushed leather in white or russet 6.50

Write us . . . we'll tell you where.

Look in the lining . . . if it doesn't say "joyce" it isn't a joyce.

By **joyce**
PASADENA • CALIFORNIA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; women to take a seven-week part-time course and then serve at least nine hours a week as staff assistants in nursery schools. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to take a sixty-hour course in nutrition and dietetics, and then work on a regular schedule as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two days a week in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies; women to take a short training course and then work several hours a week in canteens for war workers. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, orderlies, porters, and dietary aides; women to work at least six daytime hours a week as library aides in hospitals.

Note—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U. S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer and early fall. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U. S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23rd (AL 4-8500).

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charitable organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—Russian War Relief (LE 2-4927), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to the Soviet. Bundles will be collected by all laundry drivers, or they may be taken to any police station. . . . The Army needs dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6470), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches for its Army, as the factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 103 Park, at 41st (MU 3-1948). . . . The Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 50th (PL 3-4571), is collecting French books to send to the thousands of French servicemen in this country and in Canada. Contributions should be taken or mailed to the Council's offices. . . . The Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36th (MU 3-5366), will arrange to call for and distribute any furniture, curtains, radios, records, or books that you may care to contribute for use in the recreational rooms of Army posts and Navy bases. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., 325 E. 38th, which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. If you have any to give, call LE 2-0886. . . . Musical instruments of all kinds are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60th (RE 4-2410), or to the Special Services Officer of the New York Port of Embarkation, Arsenal Bldg., 3 Ave. at 63rd, Brooklyn (WI 9-5400, Ext. 538).

Young-Timers Gaieties
. . . bows and blossoms
rayon print . . . $35

Navy, black, brown backgrounds
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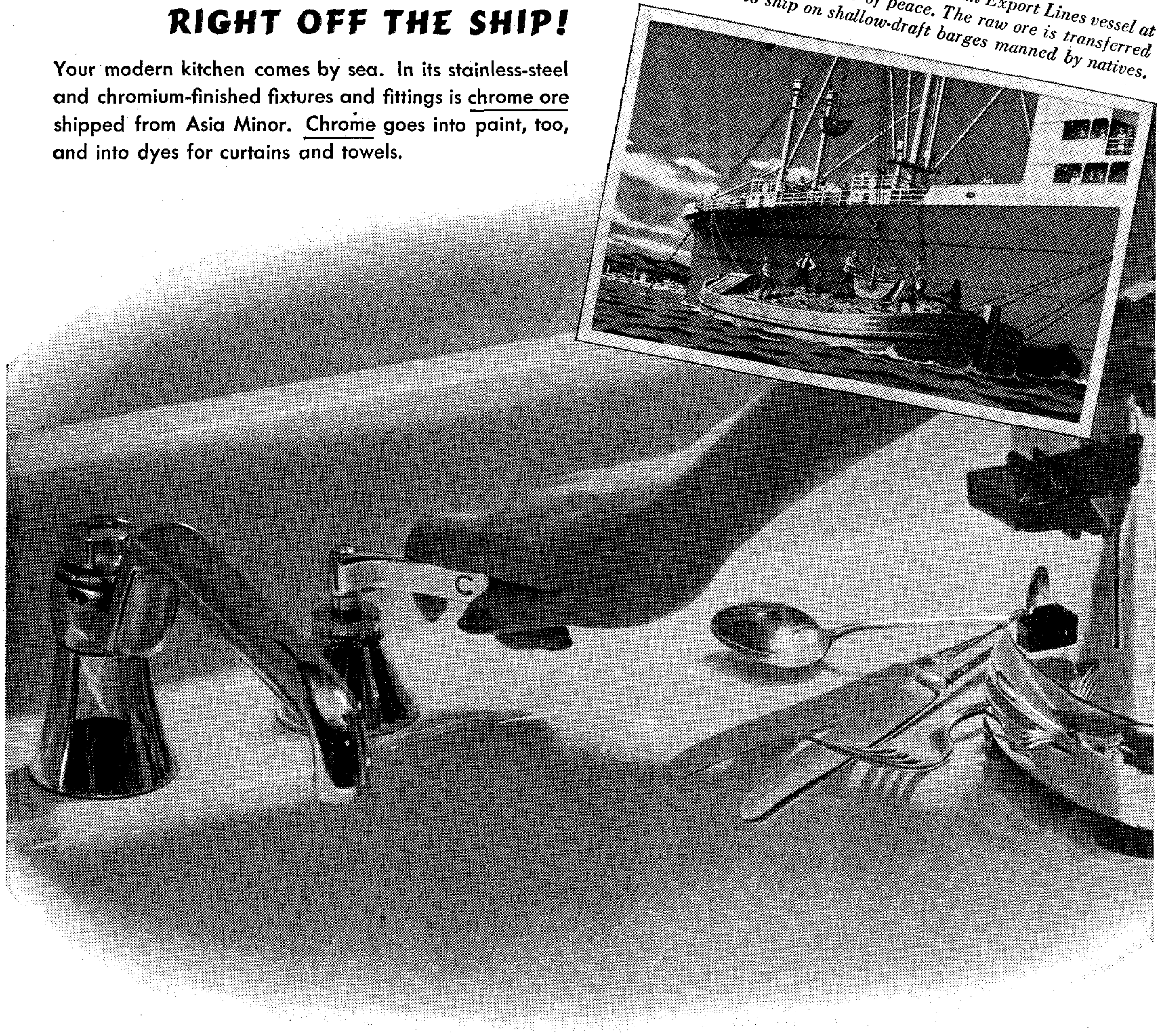
Your modern kitchen comes by sea. In its stainless-steel and chromium-finished fixtures and fittings is chrome ore shipped from Asia Minor. Chrome goes into paint, too, and into dyes for curtains and towels.



Loading chrome ore aboard an American Export Lines vessel at a port in Turkey, in time of peace. The raw ore is transferred from shore to ship on shallow-draft barges manned by natives.

You are the world's most international shopper. In normal times, thousands of seagoing merchant ships bring you things to eat or wear or use. And the same ships take U. S. products to sell overseas — business that makes jobs and adds to payrolls in every state.

Yet for years, America lacked shipping enough to assure this vital exchange of goods. In the brilliant Merchant Marine Act of 1936, aptly named the "Magna Charta of the U. S. Merchant Marine," Congress recognized the danger, calling for a large, efficient, U. S.-flag merchant marine *"constructed in the U.S., manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel"* . . . *"owned and operated under the U.S. flag by citizens"* . . . and *"capable of serving as a naval or military auxiliary in time of war."*

Pearl Harbor caught us with the Act's program only begun. But today, with huge war-built fleets, our country has merchant shipping enough to hold our rightful place on the seas. Under the able direction of the Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration, the U. S. merchant marine has been reborn.

In this rebirth, American Export Lines has added fine, fast ships and trained American crews. Today, war dictates American Export operations . . . and all our experience in trading with countries from Portugal to Turkey, from Morocco to India, is helping supply Democracy's fronts. But when peace comes, what you and other Americans want to buy or sell abroad will determine our cargoes and ports of call.

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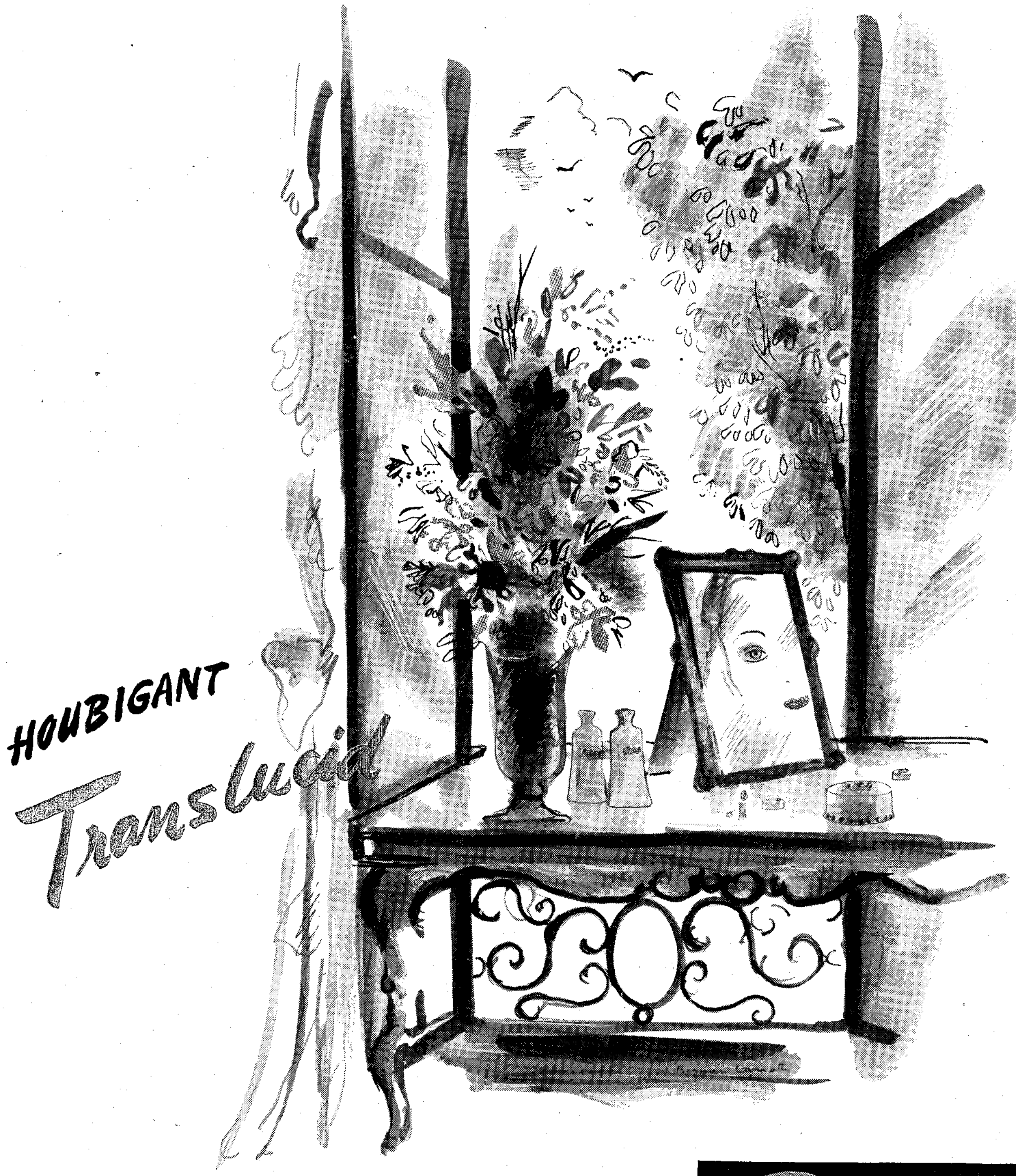
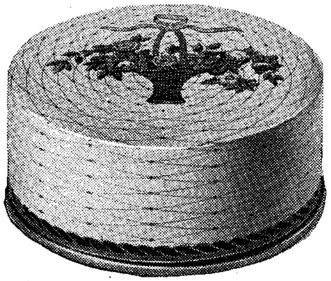
N. W. AYER & SON

American Export Airlines, too, with giant flying boats, are shortening the supply lines to our fighting men.



Sheer Make-up for Sheer Beauty



Translucid Face Powder, *Sheer-Sifted, Micro-Milled*—$1.50.

A diaphanous make-up specially created for the woman who wants to glorify—not cover up—her natural loveliness. A make-up that permits your own skin tone to "glow through," with new beauty.

Foundation-tone, *tinted, holds the Powder perfectly*—$1.50.
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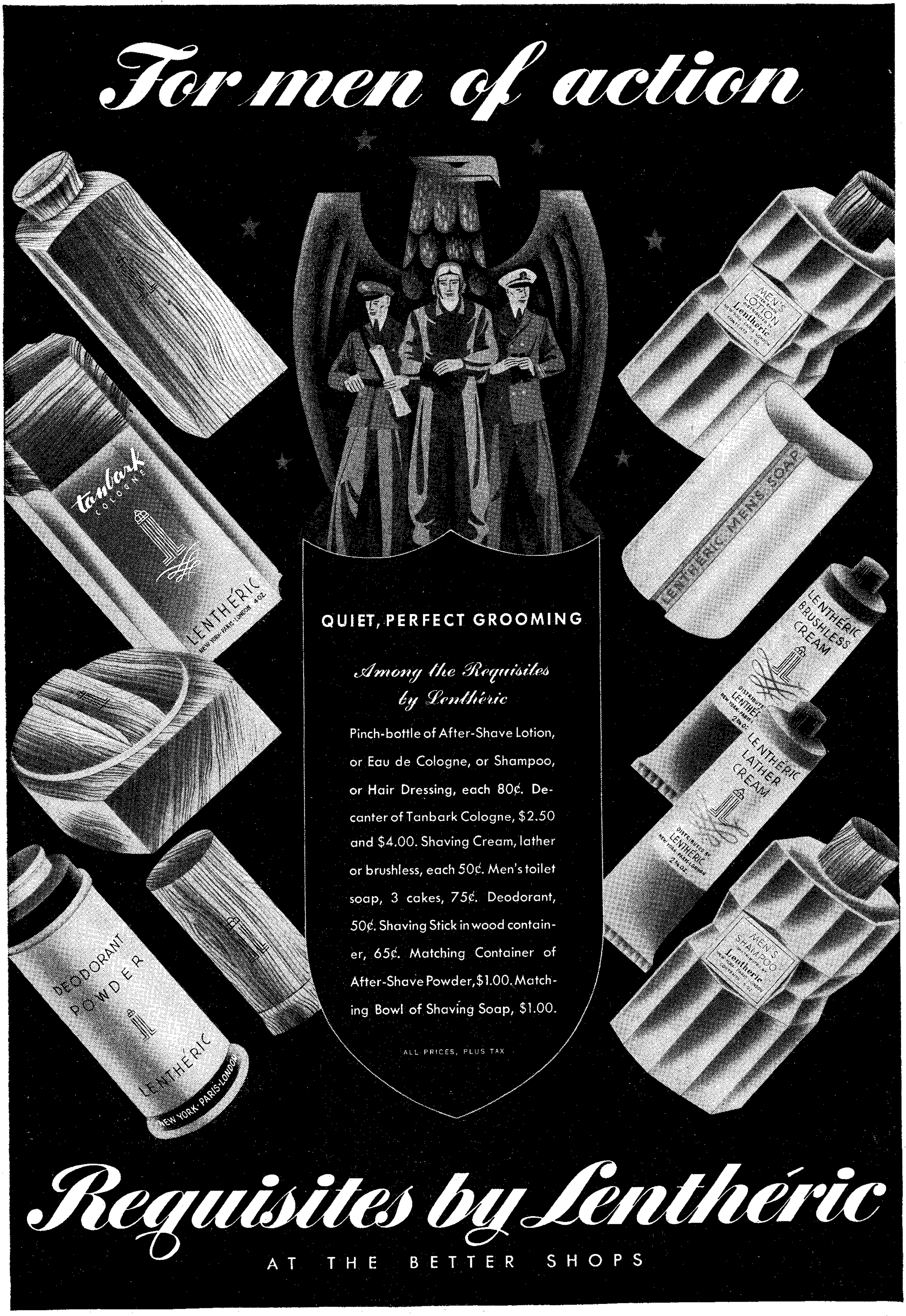
Lipstick to match—$1.00.
Special Emollient Retiring Cream, *rich in soothing oils*—$2.00.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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

Among the Requisites by Lenthéric

Pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, or Eau de Cologne, or Shampoo, or Hair Dressing, each 80¢. Decanter of Tanbark Cologne, $2.50 and $4.00. Shaving Cream, lather or brushless, each 50¢. Men's toilet soap, 3 cakes, 75¢. Deodorant, 50¢. Shaving Stick in wood container, 65¢. Matching Container of After-Shave Powder, $1.00. Matching Bowl of Shaving Soap, $1.00.

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

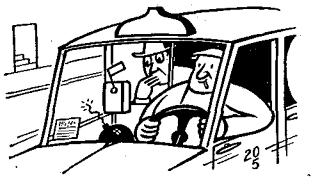
Notes and Comment

TIP TO THE GERMAN INTELLIGENCE STAFF: A notice posted in the Navy Department Building in Washington says, simply and with finality, "The Atlantic Fleet has been moved to Room 1009."

WE spent a few minutes yesterday wondering about the statues which will come out of this war, immortalizing our generals. Generals used to ride a bronze horse on their journey everlasting through a city park, and it was customary for the horse to stand with all four feet on the ground if his rider had died a natural death, one front foot lifted if his rider had died of wounds, and *both* front feet lifted if his rider had been killed at once in battle. Presumably the generals of the future will sit in a jeep, not a horse. Will the same rule hold? Somebody must decide fairly soon how these bronze jeeps are to deport themselves in the long bronze noons and the long bronze nights—how many wheels are to be off the ground.

IN radio it is understood that whatever else happens, there must never be a silence. This hard condition is most noticeable in the aerial forums, in which the performers are expected to offer an immediate opinion on any subject, and do. Someone must always be speaking, either the ringmaster or one of the artists. The rule seems to be: make sense if you can, but if you can't make sense say something anyway. If you listen to one of these nervous exercises in intellectual rough-and-tumble, it is plain that a large part of the effort goes simply into preventing a lull in the conversation. The Quakers take a more sensible view of silence; they accord it equal recognition with sound. We doubt that radio will ever amount to a damn as long as it is haunted by the fear of nobody speaking.

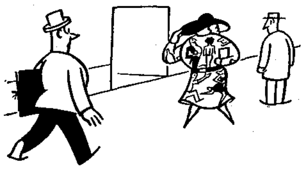
LEWIS CARROLL should have lived right here in New York; it would have suited his taste. New Yorkers are his sort of people. He would have loved the colored maid who said she hid the three thousand dollars under the swordfish exhibit in the Museum of Natural History "because swordfish is my favorite fish." And he would have liked being a passenger in the cab whose driver, earlier that day, had picked up a bomb in West Thirty-first Street and was keeping it on the front seat beside him till he had a chance to turn it over to the police. The author of "Alice" would also have liked the sign in the cab about sitting back in your seat and relaxing.



WE opened what appeared to be a letter from Simon & Schuster the other day and found nothing in it; it was just an empty envelope efficiently addressed by their Addressograph machine. Had it been from any other outfit, we would have dismissed the matter as a clerical error of the kind that can happen to anybody these days, but, coming from S. & S., the thing was obviously deliberate. Without question, we are but a bud in a vast, flowering publicity scheme. It's only a question of weeks, maybe days, fellows, before the great Inner Sanctum mystery "The Empty Envelope" appears.

IT is not necessary to read a lot of visionary guff or study a bookful of prophetic drawings in order to imagine the postwar world. All you need to do is remember two things: (1) In the postwar world, everything, absolutely everything—a bed, a baby's crib, a piano, a motorcycle, a marinated herring, a coffin—will look like a juke box, in so far as it will be made of plastics, chromium, and other novelties; and (2) everything, including those articles which are not going anywhere and which consequently will meet no wind resistance, will be streamlined. This will be especially true of articles whose immobility is among their principal virtues, such as bathtubs and seismographs.

THE designers of prints for dresses are in a tough spot these days, having exhausted the worlds of nature, geometry, and warfare, and we were not terribly surprised when we learned that specimens of the handiwork of one of the artists identified with this magazine have been converted into a rayon jersey sports dress. We don't know how he feels about the matter, for he seems to have been avoiding the office since, but we assume that he feels more or less as we would in his place, terrified but proud. There must be something about watching your own drawings advancing down the street under a floppy hat that gives art a whole and startling new dimension. Our secret hope is that this is only the beginning of a movement and that the ingenious print designers will proceed to turn all the drawings in this magazine into wearing apparel and then move on to the text. For a writer to see a few of his carefully chiselled sentences, magnified several times, rising and falling on some attractive bosom would be about as close to complete ful-



fillment as he could reasonably expect in this world.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Princeton Club has just received a letter from an American aviator who is a prisoner in Germany, asking for a non-resident membership. His name has been put up.

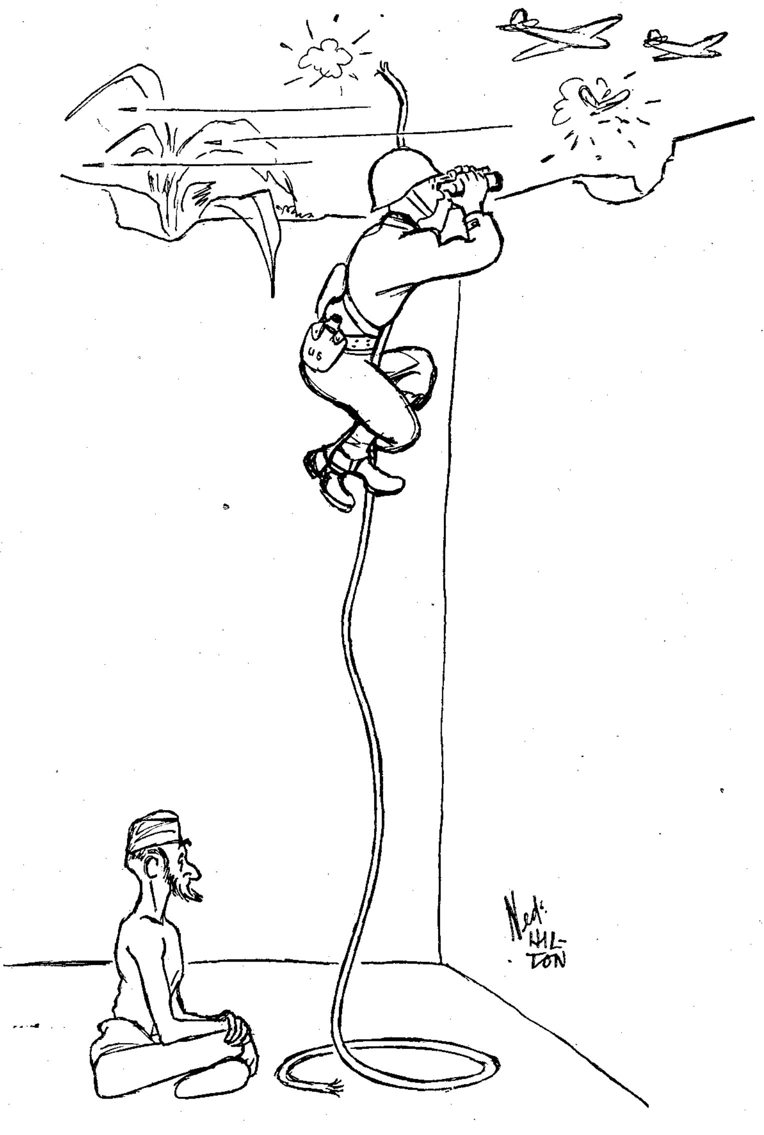
The Dust Exterminator Company makes its headquarters at 419 Broome Street.

Our Own Baedeker

THE Kingdom of the Netherlands, loosely known over here as Holland, is about one-quarter the size of New York State and has about a million more inhabitants than New York City. These folk are—or were before they were invaded—the greatest smokers in Europe, with an annual per-capita tobacco consumption equal to twice that of the Germans, the English, and the Irish combined. Just what to call these heavy smokers is a problem. "Dutch" is the commonest term among Europeans and Americans, but it has all sorts of undesirable connotations in such expressions as "Dutch courage," "Dutch uncle," and "Dutch treat." There's also the similarity with the German "Deutsch." "Hollander" is O.K., but it should refer, strictly speaking, to an inhabitant of only two of the eleven provinces comprising the Kingdom of the Netherlands—North Holland and South Holland. The correct term, which is hardly used at all outside Holland, is "Nederlander," or "Netherlander." Whatever you call them, you should be grateful to them for helping us out with our Revolution; they resisted English invasions in Ceylon and Sumatra, providing a useful distraction. Since then, the Netherlanders haven't done much fighting; in fact, their hopeless resistance against the Nazis was the first military action they had been in for a hundred and ten years.

The inhabitants of the Netherlands are principally of Teutonic stock, but there are Celtic and Alpine admixtures. When the Roman conquerors came along, they found the low, swampy land in possession of three separate tribes—the Belgae and the Frisians, who were old inhabitants, and the Batavians, who had drifted down the Rhine from Switzerland a hundred years or so before. Many of the inhabitants were living on terpen, mounds they had built on the marshland. The Roman engineers built the first real dikes there. Today there are fifteen hundred miles of dikes in and around the Netherlands. The story about the boy averting a flood by sticking his finger in a hole in a dike is unknown in the Netherlands. It is not absolutely certain that the Netherlanders invented the windmill; may have been the low-country Germans. The Netherlanders did, however, invent brandy. In the sixteenth century there was a brisk wine trade between the French port of La Rochelle and the Netherlands, and a Netherlands sea captain got thinking about the cargo space he'd save if he transported only "the heart of the wine." Accordingly, he had some wine distilled and took it back home. The *brandewijn*—burnt wine—made an immediate hit. A little later, gin was invented there. There's no special reason now that gin should always be flavored with juniper; it just happened that the bush grew plentifully on the local dunes.

The Dutch invented golf, and the name comes from *kolf*, their word for "club." On the other hand, they usually don't bother to learn to swim, although they frequently attach two gold buttons to their suits to pay for their burial if they ever fall in the water and their body is washed ashore. Their rivers and canals are used strictly for business; rowing is unheard of. They unite on national issues but remain stubborn individualists just the same. Each little fishing village is likely to have its own folklore and dialect. They are such zealots for privacy that, after the last war, when a publisher got out a Netherlands "Wie Is Dat," or "Who's Who," he had to go to press with a good many names that weren't accompanied by information. Nutmeg plays a prominent part in Netherlands cookery. The empire, before the war, was one of the largest and richest, with a total area of 790,000 square miles, on which were grown ninety per cent of the world's supply of cinchona bark, eighty-five per cent of its pepper, eighty-two per cent of its kapok, thirty-three per cent of its rubber, and seventeen per cent of its tea. Weasels and polecats abound in the Netherlands, and of course everyone knows about the stork. The national pest is the pile worm, which eats into the wooden piles that support the dikes and the buildings in cities below sea level (the Royal Palace in Amsterdam is built on 13,659 piles). Just before the war, the inhabitants had worked out a technique for electrocuting the pile worms. The Netherlanders are



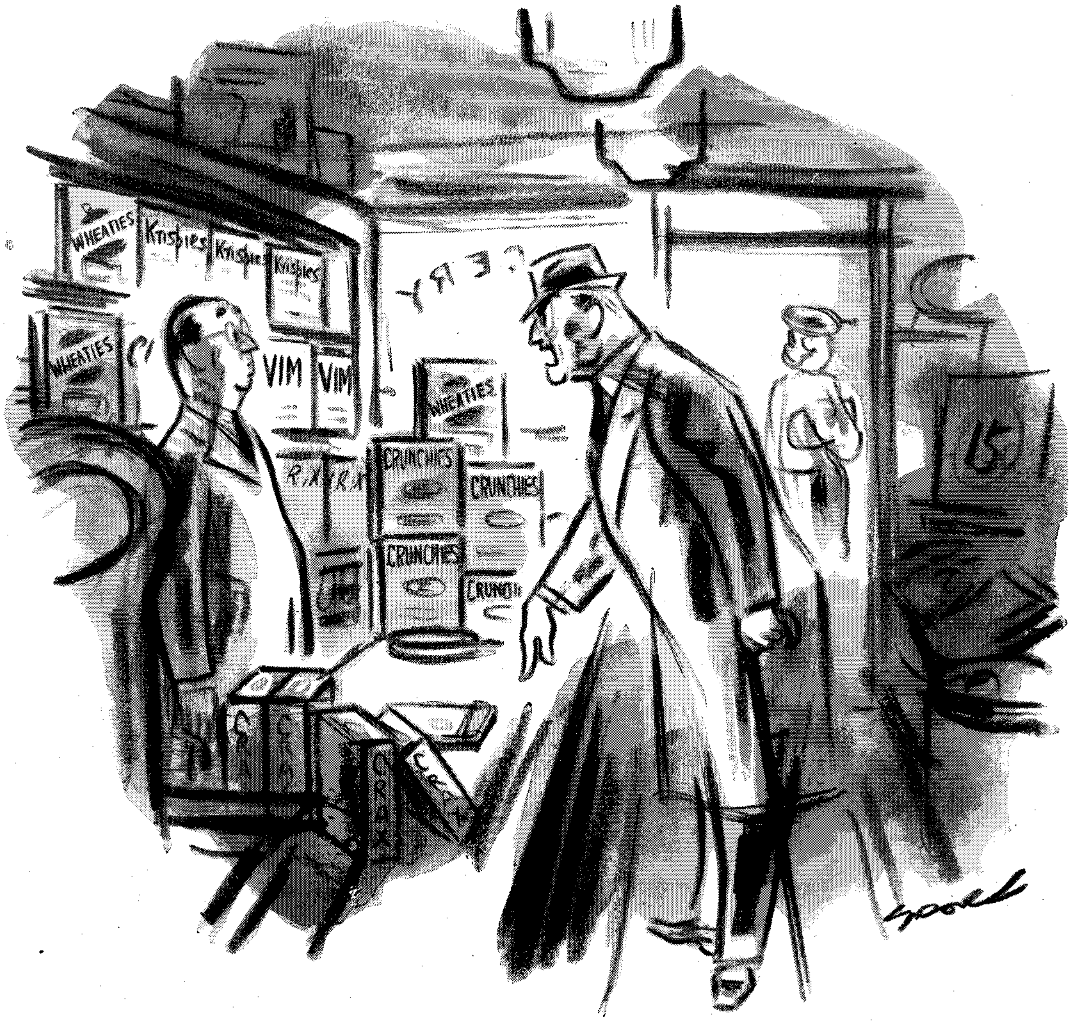
meticulous to the point of having a law regulating the extent to which a window in a public conveyance may be opened. They are also stubborn. Nothing could make them give up the Kaiser. Nothing, either, can make the village of Oud-Vosmeer stop claiming that it's the home town of the Roosevelt family, no matter what anyone else says.

Cynic

WE have to report that a young man fell into an open excavation somewhere over on the East Side last Sunday. It was broad daylight and he was sober; he just fell in. As he was struggling to get out, an old gentleman who had witnessed the accident came up and laid a fatherly hand on his head. "Don't be foolish, my boy," he said. "Stay down there."

Shopper

AS an example of a lady doing a maximum of war work with a minimum of military pageantry, we give you Mrs. Mary Bidwell, chairman of Service Men's Service, Inc., a local organization which undertakes to do any kind of shopping for any member of the Allied forces. Mrs. Bidwell, a soft-spoken brunette, told us that the outfit has a hundred members working for it. Considering that as many as twelve hundred shopping requests have been known to arrive in a single day, this is none too many. In their spare time, the ladies do comparison shopping, with the idea of getting the most for the money the soldiers give them to spend. They recently finished with the Easter shopping rush, which, next to Christmas, was their busiest season. A surprising number of American soldiers, from the South Pacific to Africa, wanted live rabbits sent to small sons, brothers, or nephews. "We had to locate some singing canaries, too," Mrs. Bidwell informed us when we called on her at her headquarters, which are up on East Sixty-first Street. "Pretty usual stuff," she added. "You should have been here the day we got an order from a bunch of boys in the Pacific for a boxing ring."



"I want a breakfast food that isn't crisp or crunchy, and that doesn't crack or crackle or pop or make any other damned kind of noise."

• •

Ships are the biggest clients. A number of men get together, draw up a list of everything they want, and send a single money order to cover the cost. Occasionally Mrs. Bidwell and her assistants get a hurry-up order from a man whose ship has been torpedoed or who has been otherwise separated from his belongings and needs a complete new set of personal possessions. The biggest orders aren't necessarily the hardest to fill, though. Once the ladies nearly went nuts trying to handle a modest request from a lad in Alaska. "He wanted two small parts for a kerosene lamp," Mrs. Bidwell recalled, "two little bolts or something. We've often had to work a month on orders like that." Cameras, out-of-print classical records, and automobile parts are other items much in demand and hard to come by in New York. "Yesterday we got a letter from an Army camp asking for a second-hand 1937 or 1938 Chevrolet," Mrs. Bidwell told us. "The boy said he didn't care about the tires, but he did demand that the body be in good shape." Once a soldier wrote in to commission the ladies to send a case of beer and some "well-salted peanuts" to a girl in Milwaukee. That one had to be handled by somebody in Milwaukee, since it's illegal to ship beer by mail or express to an individual in Wisconsin. "They put an awful lot of personal thought into their requests," Mrs. Bidwell remarked, after telling us about the beer-and-peanuts order.

Service Men's Service will take deposits for birthday, anniversary, or holiday gifts to be delivered any time up to six months after the deposits are made. Confident and forehanded soldiers commission Mrs. Bidwell to buy wedding rings for their immediate use when they get back. "We receive more requests for engagement rings, though," she said. "They send us long descriptions of their sweethearts so that we'll know just what kind of a ring to buy them. I sometimes get very poetic letters. One boy said his sweetheart had hair that quivered like a colt in the sunlight." If the soldiers are poetic, they are also practical in such matters as size and color when they order personal gifts for girls. Since the Service started, two years ago, only ten gifts have been returned because they didn't fit or didn't look right on the recipient. The standard gift for mothers is a handbag, for wives and sweethearts, a black lace nightgown.

Au Revoir

A SUBURBAN matron returned from an afternoon in town to find that in her absence the newsboy had called with his weekly bill. Scribbled across the bill, which he had stuck under the door, were the calm words "I will not be back until next time."

Zones

CHECKING last week on the progress of the postal-zone system which was put into effect not quite a year ago to facilitate the sorting and delivering of mail in a hundred and twenty-five of the biggest and most confused American cities, we learned that in that period some thirty per cent of the letter-writing public has caught on. This is about the degree of progress that was hoped for, we gather. The best coöperation has come from business outfits whose income depends, directly or indirectly, on the prompt delivery of mail—department stores, brokerage firms, banks, periodicals, publishing houses, direct-mail advertising firms, and the like. The kind of people who have to go around to the drugstore for a stamp every time they write a letter aren't going to worry about postal zones, and you can't make them worry. Firms with big mailing lists and a shortage of clerical manpower have been invited to turn their lists over to their local post office and have the zone numbers added on by postal clerks; saves the post-office people time and trouble in the end. Wartime shortages prevented at least one big firm from playing along with the new scheme. Taxes being what they are, the firm was willing to spend $60,000, which was the estimated cost of adding a number to each address in its mail machines, but the W.P.B. refused to grant a priority for that many new stencils.

In the New York post office, where mail for Manhattan, the Bronx, and the town of Pelham is sorted, twenty-five per cent of the workers have gone off to war or to war jobs and have been replaced by unskilled workers. Things were bad enough when there was plenty of help, what with a volume of eighteen million pieces of mail a day, of which a hundred thousand were misdirected and seventy-eight thousand lacked any address worth mentioning, but the situation is now made worse by an extra three million pieces of mail a day directed to servicemen and servicewomen overseas. The postal-zone system makes it possible for an inexperienced distributor to work fairly efficiently. A distributor, as you may have already guessed, is a man who distributes mail—to be exact, a main-office man who gets a batch of mail addressed to places all over Manhattan and the Bronx and distributes (or, as the post-office people say, "throws") it into pigeonholes, from which it is taken to various substations, where it is again sorted out among the carriers. In the old days, a distributor couldn't learn his job inside of two years, since he had to memorize a manual entitled "Separation Scheme for New York City," which contains more than thirty-seven hundred items of information—the names of the streets in each of the areas covered by the thirty-five Manhattan substations, and the addresses of all the important hotels, clubs, hospitals, business firms, and office buildings. Now the inexperienced help is given the numbered mail to throw, which eliminates the necessity of their learning the addresses for each substation, while the experienced sorters deal with the rest. Presumably, as time goes on, more and more people will learn to use zone numbers on their mail, but, to counteract this, mail is getting heavier and more post-office employees are being drafted. The best solution would undoubtedly be an early armistice.

Stiff Upper Lip

AN American officer stationed in a rather remote English village writes us that he didn't have much to do during the cold winter evenings while waiting for the invasion to pop except read the books in the local lending library. He ran across a lot, he reports, that were written by the English just for the English and which had never got across the ocean. He says that they served beautifully as reminders of certain quirks and crotchets of the native soul, and he gives an example. This is the opening sentence of an autobiographical volume he found: "In 1928 my foot was hurting all the time, so they took it off and gave me an aluminum one."

Guild Buildup

OUR brain teeming with glittering Sunday-supplement rumors about the Theatre Guild's plans for investing its vast revenue, we trotted over to its headquarters, on West Fifty-second Street, and consulted Lawrence Langner, who is one of the three directors remaining of the original group of six who set up shop twenty-five years ago, the others being Theresa Helburn and Maurice Wertheim. Mr. Langner said that the Guild was indeed full of ideas—was, in fact, going to move in a couple of weeks to larger offices, up in the City Center, just to have more room to think in. "Have no fear," he told us. "The Theatre Guild is not going to hunch back on its laurels. Do not get the idea though, that just because we are completing twenty-five years and are now on the mountain peak, we will continue always on the mountain peak. At one point, we had fourteen hits in a row, then we had fourteen flops. I will bet that the next twenty-five years will look absolutely, precisely the same. Up, down, up, down. We are passing this word around as the Egyptians used to pass a little sarcophagus at feasts, just to remind everyone they couldn't always eat pie. We will continue to pick plays just as we always have, and one-half of them the public will continue not to like, and when there are too many of those in a row we will climb into the sarcophagus and pass the pie around."

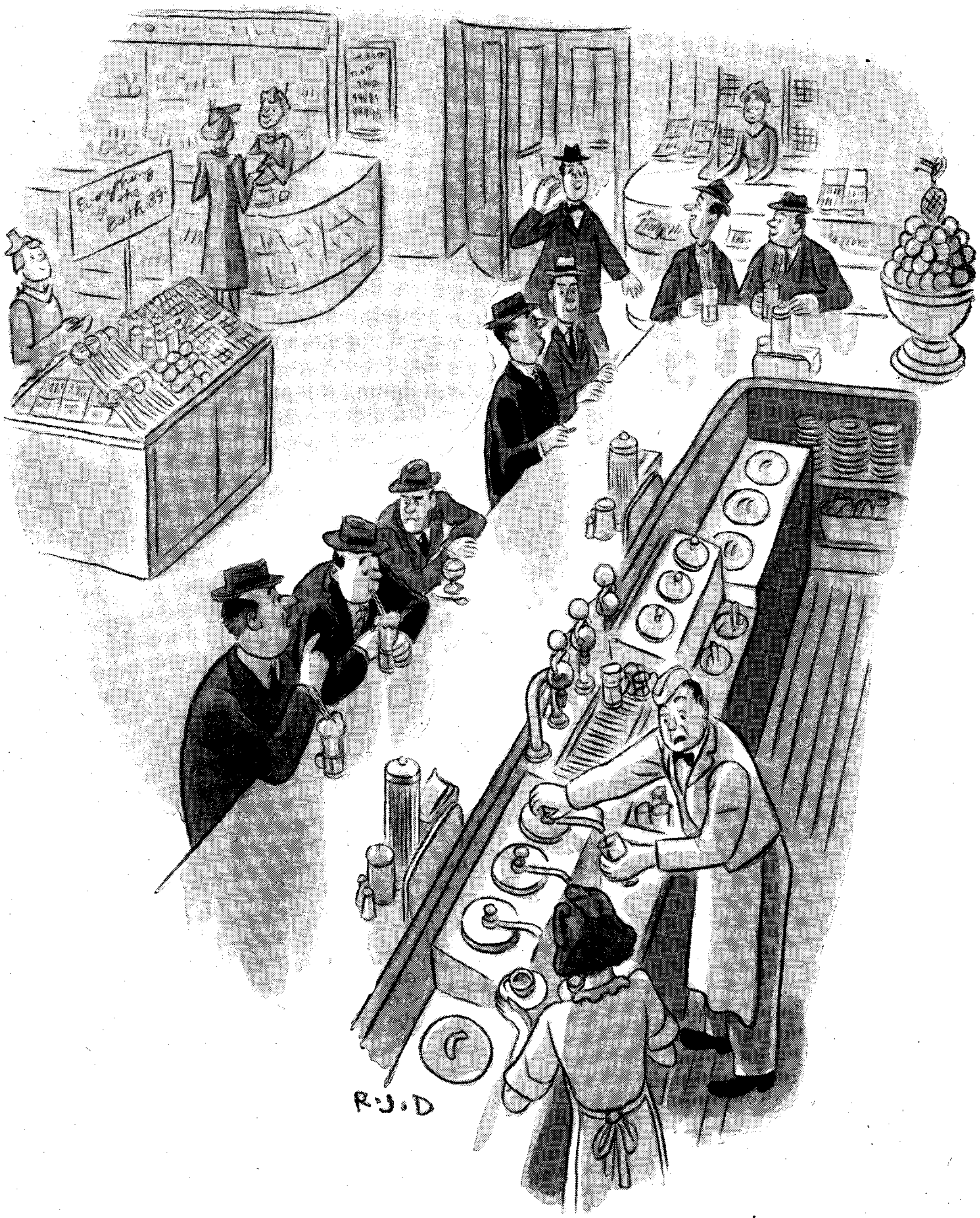
Getting the conversation away from pastry, we found that the Guild's plans now include the production of one motion-picture version a year of a Guild hit, the Guild retaining some supervisory powers. Jokes about the difficulty of getting seats for "Oklahoma!" are to be eliminated, at least for servicemen, by the addition of a half-price Tuesday matinée for them. Mr. Langner, who is an international patent attorney as well as a producer, is combining both interests in dreams of television. The Guild is getting together a television stock company of its own, which will begin in a couple of weeks to have rehearsal periods. Television is going to be kind of tough on some actors who are popular now, he thinks. "It's one thing to sit in a theatre and watch people run around for a couple of hours," he told us, "but it's a great actor whom you can stand for a couple of hours in your own living room." It's his prediction that the younger actors who haven't been raised in the tradition of over-emphasis will weather the change best.

Ballet plays are another idea of Mr. Langner's. The present ballet, he feels, is much too Russian, and incomprehensible as well. "You know, you go to these ballets, and there is a lot about the damn things in little tiny print in the program, but if you get there too late to read it, you don't know what the hell's going on. We are going to make them tell what they mean right out loud. I do not mean that a beautiful girl will stand at one side of the stage and say, 'Now he is in love with his mother.' The boy himself will leap across the stage, then say himself, 'I am in love with my mother.' "

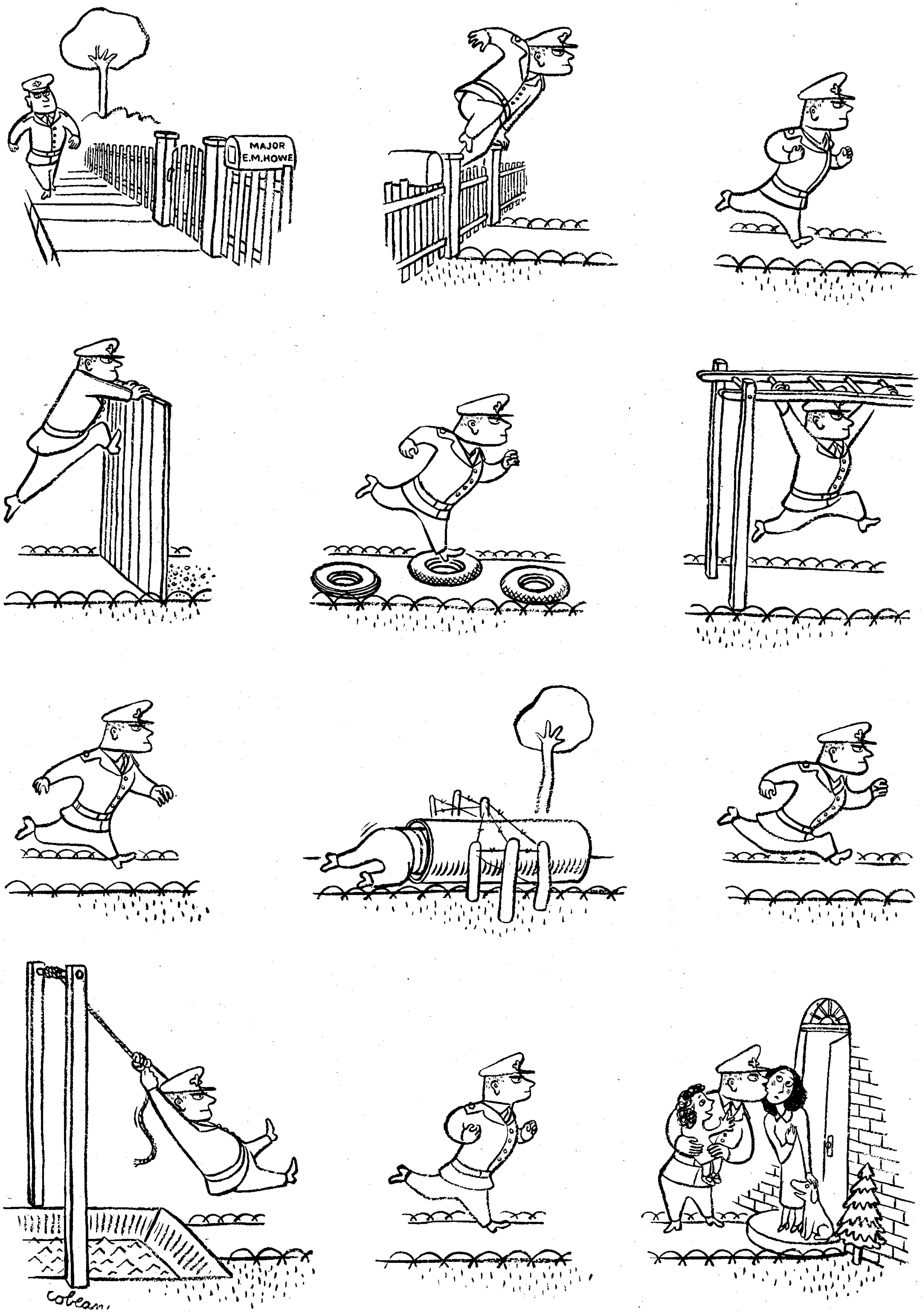
As for the Guild opening nights, Mr. Langner said, "There is a rumor going around that we want to turn them into little parties. This is enemy propaganda started by people who want to be invited to little parties." He expects to do *something*, he admits, but he doesn't quite know what. "We always open outside New York," he said, "and we are followed from one town to another by seagulls—agents, movie scouts, radio scouts, and so forth. By the time we arrive in New York, a quarter of the opening-night audience has seen the play already. At least twenty per cent more are critics who have seen seventy-five plays that season and will be damned if they'll be caught showing any interest in the seventy-sixth. Well, I have absolutely nothing whatsoever to suggest for the critics, but I do for the rest of the audience—I would like to mix them all up. We will give every old gentleman a pretty girl at his side, and on the other side she will have a handsome young ensign, or even a lieutenant (j.g.). In the intermissions, we will serve Scotch in the lobby and give every woman a flower. They can all talk to each other, and we will have another hit on our hands."

Final Authority

THIS is a story they tell and retell in the twilit taprooms of Washington. A news dispatch appeared about a warehouse full of sneakers that had just been discovered rotting away in the dark without doing anybody any good, and the next morning the O.W.I. got a call from another government bureau that wanted complete information, including the name of the man ultimately responsible for sneakers. Obligingly, the O.W.I. set to work, and after a long day of telephoning to one bureau and another in Washington and New York ran down the man who, they were firmly assured, had the very last word on the sneaker situation. He was a man we will call Mr. Miffle. The O.W.I. called the bureau that had initiated the inquiry that morning, launched into its story of Mr. Miffle, and was halted by a groan of despair. "My God," said the man, "*I'm* Miffle."



"You know, Harriet, I'm beginning to think this liquor shortage may not be all just talk."


MAJOR
E.M.HOWE
Cobean

WELL, THIS IS IT

PRIVATE ALLAN CLIFT held onto the neck of the mouthpiece as though it were the throat of an enemy. Waiting for the operator, he looked at the scrawls on the wall: "Call Birm. Oper," "Cpl. Joe Gardono," "Max Essig, Detroit, Mich." There were a lot of telephone numbers written there and he recognized some of the New York exchanges.

A printed sign above the phone said:

When calling Anne or Louise
Don't dally by "shooting the breeze"
Make your talk short and sweet
Then beat a retreat
So your buddies can call if they please.

Through the narrow panes in the door he could see the telephone room jammed with soldiers, the air above their heads threaded with cigarette smoke. God, I hope the line's not busy, he thought.

"Number, please."

Allan bent forward and gave his number. He nervously moved the little pile of quarters, dimes, and nickels on the shelf beneath the phone, listening to the faint clicks and hums in the receiver, hearing the man in the next booth saying loudly, "That you, hon? Hello, hello . . ."

He prayed that there would be a good connection and then, suddenly, Central was ringing his wife's number. A sick panic took hold of him. Maybe she isn't home. Maybe—

A receiver clicked and Ann's voice said, "Hello."

Before he could answer, the operator cut in insistently. "Here is your party. Deposit forty-five cents, please."

He tumbled the coins into the box and spoke to Ann through their jangling. "Ann!" he said. "Ah, pet, ah, my darling."

"Thank you, go ahead, please. Limit your call to five minutes, please," said the operator.

Recognition had somehow got through to Ann. "Allan! Oh, God. Allan, how are you? Where are you?"

"In heaven," he said.

"Oh, darling, tell me. Where are you?"

"Across the river, practically. Somewhere in Jersey."

"You're that near? I can see you? When did you get in? I mean, can you talk? Oh, darling, tell me everything."

"The train pulled in about three hours ago. I've been all this time getting to a phone. The place is lousy with posters saying Hitler's listening, so I guess I can't be specific. Anyway, I'm in a staging area."

"What's a staging area?"

"It's the last stop before the port of embarkation. They issue us new equipment and stuff here, and then off we go." He was consciously being matter-of-fact. So much so that he added, "This is the British Allan speaking."

"Oh, darling, it's the wonderful Allan. I love you so much, darling."

"Let's have more of that," he said. "I can use all of that you've got."

"I'll be able to see you, won't I? Can you come into New York? I don't suppose I can come out there."

"No," he answered. "Phone calls are all we'll have. The Bell Telephone Company is our umbilical cord. Look, I'm a phrasemaker."

"Darling, will it be soon?" She was breathless now. "Do you have any idea?"

"It'll be soon. They don't waste time once you're here."

"Darling, I'll die if I don't see you."

"No, you won't, Ann. We won't either of us die."

"I know," she said in a small voice. "I'm being a drip. I'll be all right, you'll be all right. See, I can be British, too."

"Just be Ann," he told her. "Blubber if you want to. Just talk to me, darling."

"Can you call me every day?" she asked.

"I think so. We don't have much to do except get equipment and get shot in the arm. Look, I'll call you every day until we're alerted. The day you don't hear from me you'll know I've been shipped."

"I'll live beside the phone, Allan. Oh, God, I love you."

It seemed just seconds later when the operator said, "Your five minutes are up, please."

"Oh, no!" cried Ann. "We haven't begun to say anything."

Allan was conscious of a face peering in impatiently at him. "A million Joes are waiting to make calls," he said. "I'll phone you tomorrow—and every day."

"Oh, Allan."

"Sleep tight, Ann. God bless you."

"God did bless me. I love you, Allan."

"Good night, my darling."

"Good night," she answered softly, waiting, as she always did, for him to hang up first. He did, and then wrenched at the door and pushed through the crowded room, looking for Burr Jennings, who had come over to the telephone room with him and who also had a wife in New York.

Burr wasn't around, so Allan went out to the street. It was a soft night. A juke box sounded from the P.X. across the way. The box office in the movie was closed but the last show wasn't out yet. Soldiers moved along the shoulder of the road and he joined them, going down toward his company area, thinking of Ann and her nearness and the awful asceticism of his bed and hers.

A soldier lit a cigarette ahead of him and he saw that it was Burr Jennings.

"Did you reach your wife?" Allan asked.

Burr said, "Oh, hello, Al. Yeah."

They went on in silence, past the dispensary and past two-story barracks with naked bulbs lighting their interiors and the shapes of men occasionally visible. There was a terrible loneliness and impermanence to everything.

"I got Ann, too," said Allan. "It was pretty rugged."

"Yeah," said Burr. "It sure is."

There was a poker game going in the barracks—Johnson, Hodak, French, and some men from the other platoons—but Allan didn't feel like playing. He undressed and went to bed, turning so that he faced away from the light, closing his eyes and trying to reach for sleep while he still held the warmth of Ann's voice and Ann's love. A radio was bleating one of the current love songs and he listened to it in unabashed sentimentality. Sleep came to him in this pleasant state.

LACKAW
Frank

ALLAN had no difficulty calling Ann during the next few days, since his only duties were to get shot in the arm by the medics, and stand new issues of clothing and equipment, and have periodic showdowns to prove that he hadn't lost what he'd just been issued. The rest of the time he played poker or swapped latrine rumors—on successive days they were going to England, to Italy, to the Canal Zone—or wrote letters. The men had already received their A.P.O. number, and Allan wrote it on the corner of each envelope with a sort of fascination. The A.P.O. number meant, to him, that the chips were finally down; that all of this year's training, which had somehow never been quite believable as a preparation for war, had really been on the level. He felt an occasional spasm of incredulity at his being here, and an occasional spasm of fright, thinking: I don't really know anything; I don't really know what to do in a battle.

Then, on Tuesday afternoon, after he had talked to Ann, his outfit was alerted, the men told to hold themselves ready for moving out. The card playing and crap shooting stopped and they sat around in nervous groups, looking into one another's faces for some assurance. "God, we don't know anything," said French. "Look how we fouled up on maneuvers."

Johnson offered the only comfort. "Hell, we'll go to North Africa or England," he said. "We'll train for another six months before we see action."

"Like hell we will," said Hodak. "My brother went right from basic training to the Sicilian campaign."

Later on, they lay on their bunks, staring at the rough wood ceiling, or began writing interminable letters. Everyone kept saying, "Well, this is it."

Wednesday morning they had a showdown inspection and Wednesday afternoon another bout with the medics. It was the way every other day had been. So was Thursday. Then on Friday morning the alert was lifted.

The telephone room didn't officially open until eleven, but when Allan got there, fifteen minutes early, a soldier in fatigues was sweeping it out and let him in.

Allan pulled aside the door of the booth he had first called Ann from, sat down, and removed the receiver.

"I want to make a collect call to New York City. Revere 2-5400. Mrs. Ann Clift."

"Who is calling, please."

"Private Allan Clift."

While he waited, other soldiers began to come in. The operator came back on the line. "Mrs. Clift is not in her office but is expected shortly. Shall I keep trying?"

"Yes," said Allan. He opened the door but stayed in the booth. He lit a cigarette and drummed his nails on the shelf.

Burr Jennings came in and saw Allan. "Any luck?" he asked.

"Not yet. I just called her office but she's down having coffee, I guess. God, remember mid-morning coffee? And two hours for lunch?"

Jennings wasn't listening. "Well, I'll give my frau a buzz," he said.

Allan's phone rang. "Hello," he said.

"Private Clift?"

"Yes."

"We're ready on your call to New York."

"Hello," he said, and his voice mingled with Ann's. She sounded scared.

"Oh, Allan. Oh, darling. I like to died when I heard you'd called and I wasn't here. Where are you, darling?"

"The same place. We were alerted, but it was a false alarm."

"What? Oh, lamb, I've been thinking all this time that you were gone."

I know you were, he thought. But even so, everything was going on as usual. Mid-morning coffee with some of the other copywriters. Shop talk and gossip and political argument. He could see her, elbows on the table, gesturing with a cigarette, leaving a trace of lipstick on the side of her coffee cup, and then making up her mouth after the check was paid and they were ready to leave. And touching her chestnut hair with her hand before she got up from the table. . . . Well, what did you expect her to be doing? he asked himself, and couldn't answer.

"I guess our plan wasn't so hot," he said. "I didn't think there might be a false alarm."

"Darling, it doesn't matter. As long as you're still here."

"I hate to put you through the wringer, though," he said. "We might get another phony alert for all I know."

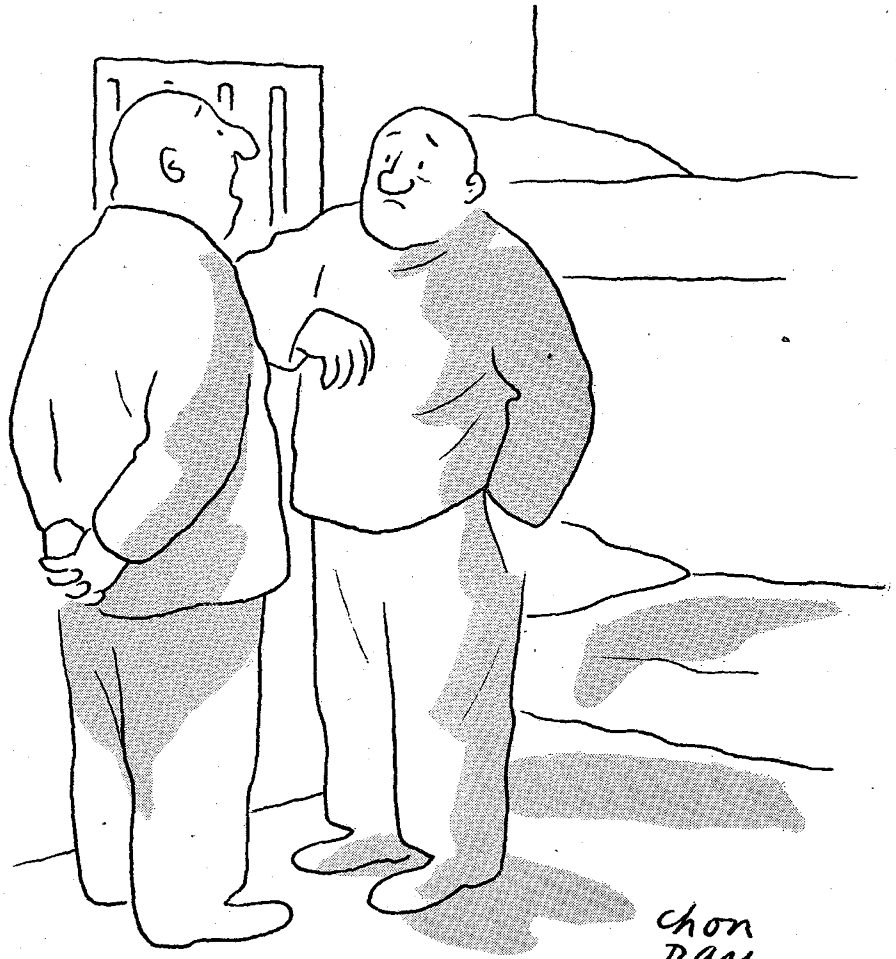
"Oh," she said. "That's right. Even if I don't hear from you it still won't necessarily mean anything, will it?"

"No, I'll probably still be here, still getting shots, still having showdown inspections."

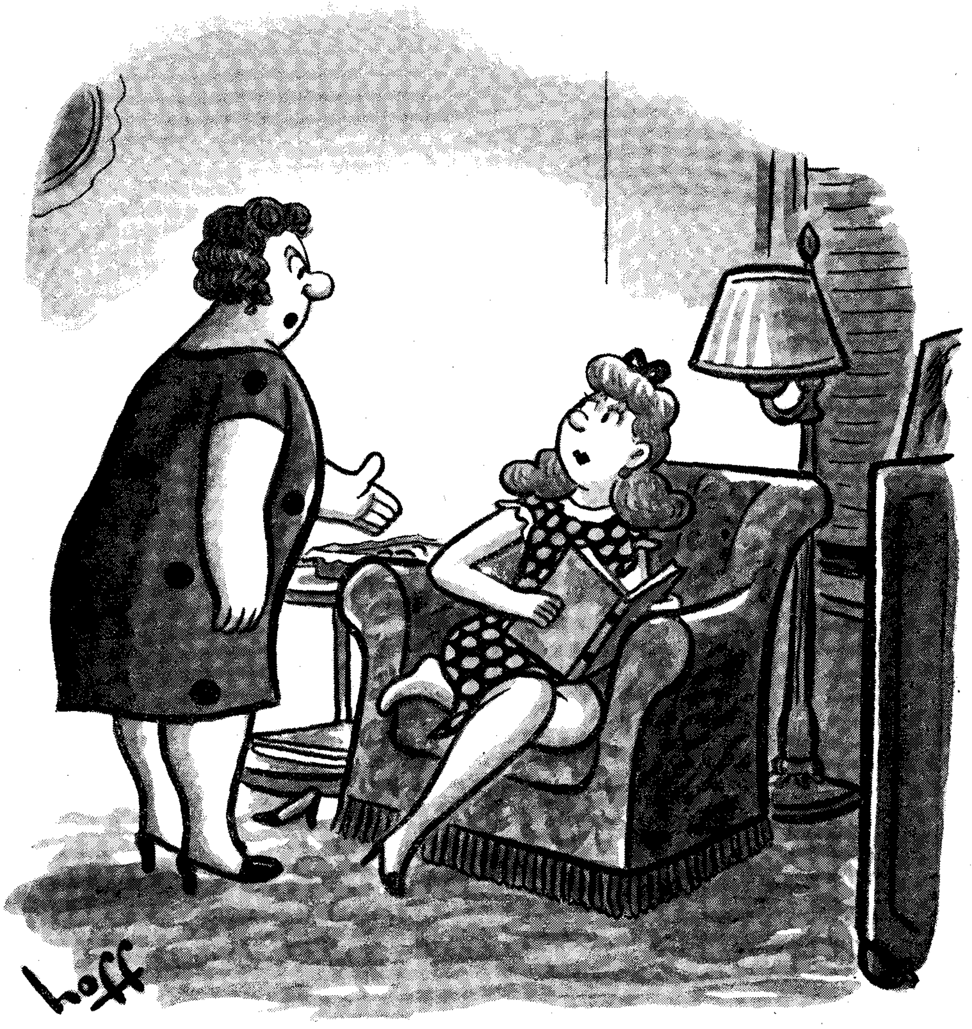
"Oh, darling, is it awful?"

"No, it's not awful," he said, a bit testily. "I just wish there were some way I could let you know definitely, that's all."

She tried to soothe him. "I'm glad



". . . and then I came into possession of certain monies which the State alleged belonged to the First National Bank."



"What if I'd stayed home every night curled up with a book—where would you be?"

you're not gone . . ." she began, and then her voice went away and he heard her saying to someone else, "Tell him I'll be in in a minute, Tom . . . Oh, darn—well, just leave it here, then. I'll take care of it." She came back to Allan. "Hello, darling, I'm sorry."

"It's all right," he said. "I have to get moving. I'll call you tomorrow if I can."

"How about later today, or tonight—no, darn it, I won't be home tonight. But you can call me at Melanie's. I'm stuck with a dinner date there."

"All right," he said.

"Goodbye, darling. I love you, darling," Ann said.

"Goodbye."

NEXT morning they were alerted again. But this time there was less of an end-of-the-world feeling about it. The poker and crap games stopped just long enough for the players to speculate again about their probable destination, and then someone would say, "Come on, we're wasting time," and play would resume.

When the alert was lifted, forty-eight hours later, Allan stopped at Burr Jennings' bunk and said, "Going over to phone?"

Burr looked at his watch. "Think they're open yet?"

"They opened early the last time."

"Well . . . I guess I'll wait a while anyhow." Then he added, "The hell with it. Mary thinks I'm gone now and we will be gone soon, so I'll leave her in peace."

Allan sat on the edge of the bed, thinking of Ann and the unsatisfactoriness of their last call. She'd made her adjustment to his leaving then; he shouldn't have upset it.

Burr said, "I hate emotional binges and Mary has a tendency that way. When I called after the last alert she sounded as if I'd been reported dead or something."

"Yeah, it's kind of tough on them," Allan said.

"That's what I'm saying," said Burr.

Allan went over to the telephone room anyway, but it wasn't open. No use waiting around, I can call later, he decided, and went on to the Service Club. He had coffee and read the morning paper; afterward he played chess with an Austrian refugee who was in his company. They had three games and when they were finished it was time for chow.

After lunch the company had another showdown, a process that was tiresomely familiar by now. The men dumped all of their possessions on the floor and as the platoon sergeant called off each item, the men wearily held it up and then put it in a pile.

When the showdown was finished, the sergeant said, "O. K., stand by for action. We're alerted again."

"Oh, my God!" said Johnson. "Can't the goddam Army make up its mind?"

Now I *can't* call Ann, Allan thought. Maybe it's just as well, maybe Jennings has the right idea. He was both irritated and relieved.

Next day the alert was lifted and they all swore violently. Even the inveterate letter writers had given up now; they had developed a slow burn at the Army for making them look like fools.

"I've written goodbye so damned often, the family probably thinks I'm nuts," Graham said.

Jennings said, "If they're going to ship us out, why in hell don't they do it instead of jerking around like this?"

"Snafu," said another, "good old snafu."

But Graham had another thought. "Jesus! What if we aren't shipped after all?"

"That's O. K. by me," said French.

"I mean after all we've written—"

"Tie a can to that noise," said French. "I don't mind sounding like a chump at home. Not if they keep me here in the U. S. I don't."

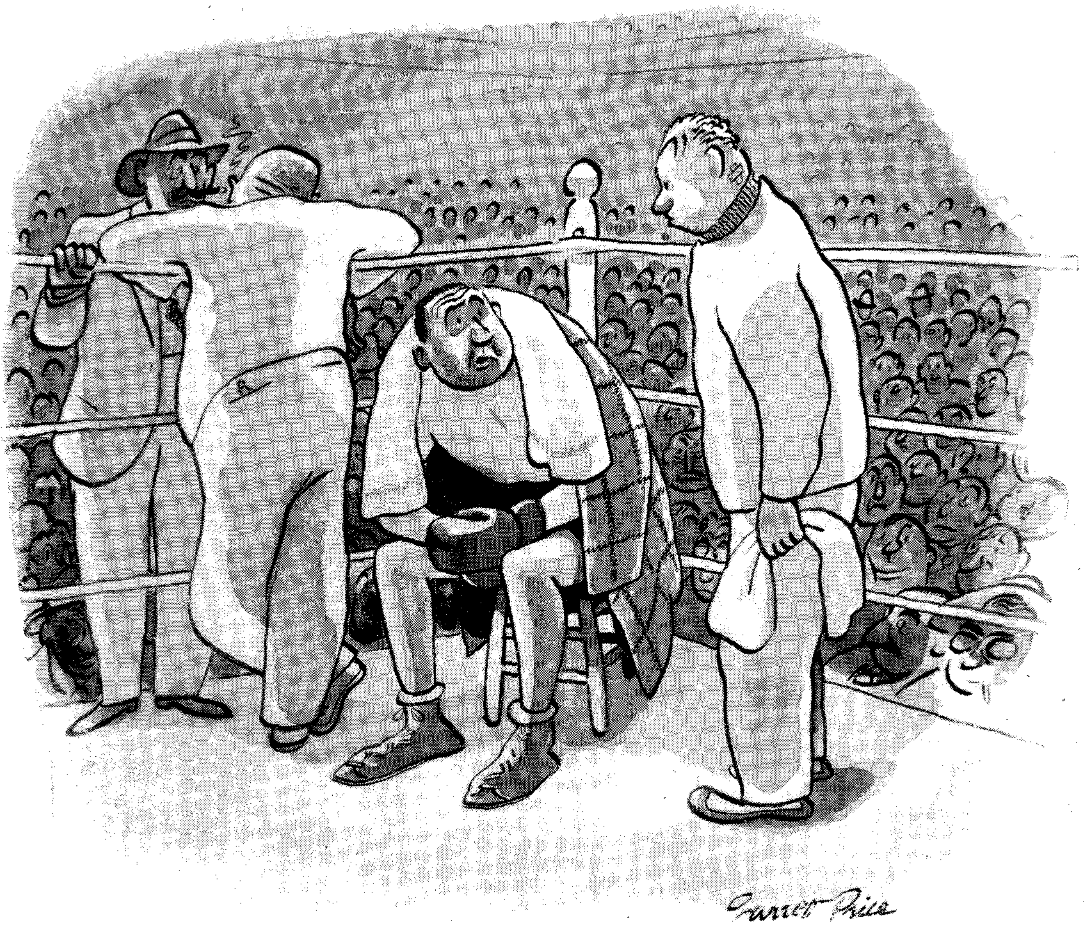
"You don't mind sounding like a chump, period," said Hodak. "What the hell, we're in this thing, let's get over there and get it over with."

Kastner said, "Probably they keep alerting us and taking us off the alert so that no sure information will leak out when we really do go."

"Sure, it's to confuse the spies," Hodak said.

"Aw, you guys see too many movies," French said. "It's the usual Army foul-up, that's what it is."

That night the rumor spread that



"I'm the kind that don't know when he's licked, so you be ready to throw in the towel."

• •

they were leaving in the morning. It was a familiar rumor, almost as serviceable as talking about the weather, and it got nearly as automatic a response.

Their sergeant came in at nine-thirty that evening. "At ease!" he yelled. Then, "This is it. Be ready to fall in at eleven o'clock with all your equipment. There'll be a showdown at ten-ten."

"Hold your hats, boys," said Johnson, "here we go again."

But they marched off at eleven o'clock, loaded down with rifles, bayonets, steel helmets, barracks bags, field packs, and gas masks. They went down to the siding and a train was waiting for them, the engine panting as though it had a lot of other jobs to do before the night was out. Thunder rumbled in the west and lightning blinked occasionally.

"Good," said Jennings. "That's all we need—rain."

As the train rolled across the Jersey countryside, the company was at first noisy, filled with a nervous bravura. It reminded Allan of the time, a year ago, that he had come down to Fort Dix from the induction centre. There had been the same uneasy high spirits, the same bewildered leave-taking of all that was familiar.

They unloaded at one in the morning. No one was very sure where they were. Allan thought it was Hoboken and remembered weekends in Morristown that he had spent with Ann, and coming back to Hoboken late Sunday night and catching the ferry for Manhattan. It had been nice to stand up forward with Ann and watch the approach of New York, to feel the wind on his face and see the dark quiet of the water spreading around them.

The company marched in a drizzle through a waterfront neighborhood, moving in a region of wharves and warehouses, with the dark pavement shiny and wet and reflecting the yellow, green, and red lights of the city. There were M.P.'s in white leggings and caps, and Army trucks, and a lot of officers about.

They moved faster than Allan had expected. They filed into a great shed piled high with crates and echoing to their footsteps and voices in the same funny way the swimming pool back at college had. There was the creak of a crane somewhere and, all at once, the sound of water. They saw that what had seemed to be the fourth wall of the shed was actually the blacked-out side of a ship. A hell of a big ship.

"It's the Queen Mary," someone said. It seemed big enough to be.

As they waited, an idea struck Allan. He said to Burr Jennings, "You know, I bet they planned it that way."

"What?" asked Jennings.

"All those phony alerts. I'll bet they do that to every outfit. They know we're panicky and have got the jumps, so they throw all these phony alerts at us until we don't give a damn if school keeps or not."

The column began to move forward, and they picked up their equipment.

"Could be," said Burr, as they jostled toward the gangplank. Then he added, "It'd be too smart, though. The Army'd never come up with anything as smart as that."

"I'll bet it happens every time," said Allan.

They were assigned bunks far below deck and dropped their gear in a cramped waterline compartment. Allan sat for a moment, bent over his barracks bag, slowly loosening the knot, not conscious of his roommates, not conscious of anything much.

He was no longer thinking of his idea about the alerts. That had served its purpose; it had got him onto the ship without attempting to look across the river to New York, to where Ann was sleeping. It had kept him occupied at the one time nerves might have shown. Now he was all right again.

He opened his barracks bag, stood up, and bumped his head on the bunk above. "Damn," he said, and began stowing away his gear.

—ROBERT McLAUGHLIN

•

There is something disturbing as well as ridiculous about the spectacle of a whole row of drama critics leaning over backward and burying their heads in the sand.—*Margaret Marshall in the Nation.*

We'd like to see it just the same.

SHOE-SELLING OLD TRAMP

THE town of Fort Collins, where I was stationed for a while, lies in high country about sixty-five miles northwest of Denver, toward Cheyenne. An eight-fifteen bus from Denver on a Sunday night got you into Fort Collins in time for bed check. I used to go into Denver for any Saturday night and Sunday I could wangle a pass. On the midsummer Sunday night of which I am writing, I was in Denver, looking forward to the ride back to Fort Collins as a familiar two and a half hours to be spent uncomfortably in the dark.

This night, as usual, there was a large crowd waiting to go northwest, and as soon as one bus marked "Fort Collins" (the last town on the route) would fill up, another would be brought up, each a little older than the one preceding it. I got the last one, a vintage Pierce-Arrow, with a peculiar and faulty lighting system, torn leather seats, and an air of rakish sturdiness like that of an aged but virile burro. I was one of the first to get in. I took a seat forward, lighted a cigarette, and watched people get on. There were a couple of girls bound for one of the colleges in northern Colorado, a couple of men I took to be ranch hands, and a number of men and women with personalities and characteristics I don't remember at all.

One of the last persons to board was a gaunt, tall, shabby old man. He stood outside the bus for some time before he stepped up and through the doorway. He looked wobbly and undecided. He carried an old, shabby travelling case covered with a faded, flower-patterned carpeting. He held the case with his left hand; out of a pocket in his old, gray serge suit, there stuck a package I took to contain sandwiches, and in his right hand he carried a pair of shinily new, cheap black leather boots, laced to the top. He gripped the tops between thumb and forefinger and held the boots in front of him, away from his body, as though he were afraid something might touch and mar them.

The old man walked past where I sat and took a seat somewhere in the back. For a while I watched our driver, who looked as if he had been called out of bed to drive this trip and was unhappy about it. He spent some time switching on and off the various lights on the bus, after each experiment climbing out to see what had happened *that* time. The next-to-the-last Fort Collins bus was about ready to leave when its driver came over and talked to our driver. "Stay where I can follow you, will you, Mike?" our man asked. The next-to-the-last bus left, and some seconds later ours followed, making a great noise. Our driver was as unacquainted with the gear shift as he was with the lights, and it was three blocks before he got the machine into high gear.

We went out through the streets of Denver and were still in the lighted district when the old man with the boots, keeping his balance well in spite of the odd, quick movements of the bus, came up beside me, put his carpet-covered suitcase in the rack above my head, and, holding the boots carefully, sat down beside me. I was a little annoyed and straightened out of my slanting, rather comfortable position.

"Woman back there wanted to *re*cline," he said, arranging the boots neatly in his lap, heels together, toes pointing forward, "and so I thought it more fitting I should come up here." I understood and I sympathized with him, for there is nothing quite so unnerving as a woman who decides suddenly to be at ease on a bus. The old man squirmed around, getting comfortable, and it took some time, as he was lean and long and not made for sitting in a bus. He had few upper teeth and the lack of them gave his lower jaw a forward thrust and his face an intent, ascetic look.

"Hard time getting this bus," he said after a while, "and it was *this* bus I had to make. No use my taking a bus tomorrow, no use my trying to hitch a ride out here. Could hitch-hike it in the daytime maybe, but not when it's night, and dark like *this*."

There are a few hills just outside Denver, and from there on it is mile-high prairie to the mountains. This night was dark and the stars were bright, but their light was cold and remote. The lights in the occasional ranch houses we passed seemed like the windows on the backdrop of a stage, unreal, containing nothing.

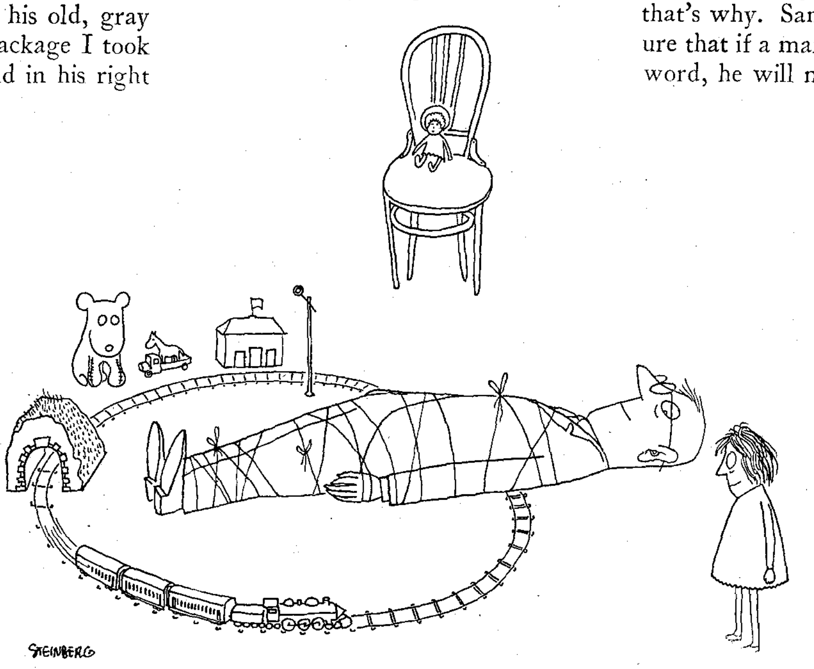
"Like to never made the bus," the old man said. "Was down on the streets and the time ran by quick. Now I wonder if they will be waiting for me and what I will have for breakfast. Last time it was like this, they had great lots of eggs and meat and potatoes and my stomach was not used to such fare and I vomited the whole day long. This man, I asked him if I could have oatmeal, and he said he would have oatmeal for me because he was very glad to get me."

The bus stopped in front of a barbershop in a little town, and two women got on and sat in the back. The driver got out and looked at the lights of the bus once more, and then we started off again into the blackness.

"I'm just a shoe-selling old tramp," the old man said, lifting the boots up by their tops so I could see them in the half light inside the bus. "I take orders and I send the money to Milwaukee and they send the shoes to my customers. Money-back guarantee. You know who does the most business in Denver, who's got the best reputation? Sears Roebuck. They never go back on their word, that's why. Same way with me. I figure that if a man never goes back on his word, he will make something of himself. He will make himself a reputation and people will trust him and like to deal with him. I keep my word, and the people whose shoes I sell, they keep their word, and if you aren't satisfied, your money back."

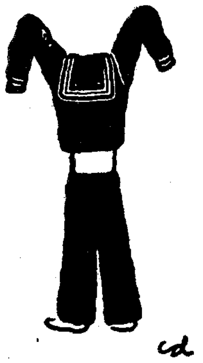
I asked him what he was doing on this late bus on a Sunday night.

"I'm getting a job putting up hay," he said. "Five dollars a day and found, for old Ferguson. Last maybe two, three weeks. Maybe he



will want me to stay all winter at a hand's wages—fifty, sixty a month. Man is hard to get these times. Shoe-selling hard to do with these stamps and everything, and I met old Ferguson in Denver the other day and he was looking for a hand.

"The work won't be very hard, and I won't be doing much of the work in the field. I'm an old man now and the food I eat isn't good food any more and I can't work very hard, but I will be all right for what old Ferguson wants—man around the place."



His face had a peculiar expression now—one you come to recognize in that part of the country. "I'm an old man—don't belong in cities," he said. "Maybe I can get so I can eat good food again and sleep of nights, an old man on a ranch, and then maybe God will figure I am ready for Him again and He will touch me, and I will be filled with Him and a good man doing good works.

"I was a sinner. I roared in the saloons and the blind pigs, visited the women in the houses, and lay drunk in the little alleys. I had three hundred head of horses up on the Sweetwater in Wyoming, beautiful American-bred bays and sorrels, my Red Flyers, and I lost my ranch and my horses. I worked to try and get my place back, try to raise a little money, working in the oil fields and roistering in the towns. I was a reproach and a scandal, and I never saw my place again."

The old man spoke calmly, much as though he were discussing a slight twinge of rheumatism. His old man's hands, all skin, tendons, and bones, held the black boots placidly.

"Then one night in Wyoming," he went on, "in a little town, Dubois, I was shaky with the drink, a tattered reprobate, and I walked in and sat down in a mission some women were running. They gave me coffee, and they were the finest women in the world. I had known other women, women of the towns, but these were fine, good women, Pentecostal Baptists, believed in Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I went back again and again, and I believed, but God was not ready for me.

"If you are to receive the Holy Spirit, you must *surrender*; you must be ready for Him and He will bide his time. He will wait to see if you have really surrendered, and He will know.

"I was working on Bill Nolan's ranch up on Wind River, roundup time, and the work was hard. We were combing the coulees on the west of his place looking for calves. Toward nightfall, and we were riding in for the night, I happened to reach in the pocket of my shirt and I felt a sack of Bull Durham and some cigarette papers.

"I thought about it, and I hadn't had a smoke all day, and even then, toward nightfall, I didn't *want* one, and I *knew* then that I had been filled with the Spirit, that God had taken me and I was one with Him in the Church Supernatural, and I was at peace with the world and my God. I had *surrendered* and had been accepted. He had taken me.

"Roundup was finished and the branding done, and I went to the mission and I told them about it. Exalted I was, and it was not me talking but the Holy Spirit through me, and the ladies were very happy. He visited me, too, at other meetings, and I talked and it was grand talk, and it was Him talking through me, and others hearing me believed me too and they surrendered and some of them even spoke with the Word.

"There wasn't much work, and I drifted away from Nolan's and went down into the towns and the cities again, a little work here and a little work there, and I got into the shoe-selling business. I went to the churches and the missions and I was a godly man, and often He spoke through me.

"But now I'm slipping, slipping, sliding back. I am not sure exactly when it was that the Spirit forsook me, but must have been two or three months ago, time I was in Omaha. Then it was that I began having a glass of beer and a smoke now and then. I am not a bad man now, not a scandal, but I find myself drinking a glass of beer and wanting and smoking a cigarette."

The old man stirred and leaned across me to look out the window at the dark and moving countryside. He sat back and started to talk again.

"Going out now to work for Ferguson, and maybe learn to eat good food again and get some meat on my old bones," he said. "I'm surrendering again. I thought I was surrendered all along, but must have got stiff-necked somewhere along the line. But I figure if I put my mind to surrendering, He will visit me again and I won't be having a beer or a cigarette and I won't be tempted, and maybe, even, He will speak through me again."

The old man sat back and looked nervously at the window. The headlights on the bus outlined a gasoline station up the road a few hundred feet. The old man stood suddenly and said loudly to the driver, "This is mine. Here is my stop. Let me out here, man!"

The driver stopped the bus at a crossroads by the station, and the old man took his carpet-covered case off the luggage rack and, holding the case in his right hand and the shoes in his left, carefully keeping them away from his body, he got off the bus. He stumbled a little because the ground was hard to see, and then he started walking down the road into the dark.

The bus started up, and I took a slanting, comfortable position and made ready to sleep. I was wide awake, though, and so, rather deliberately, I reached into a pocket of my uniform and fished out a cigarette and lit it. I had been wanting one, I realized, for some time.

—Mark Murphy

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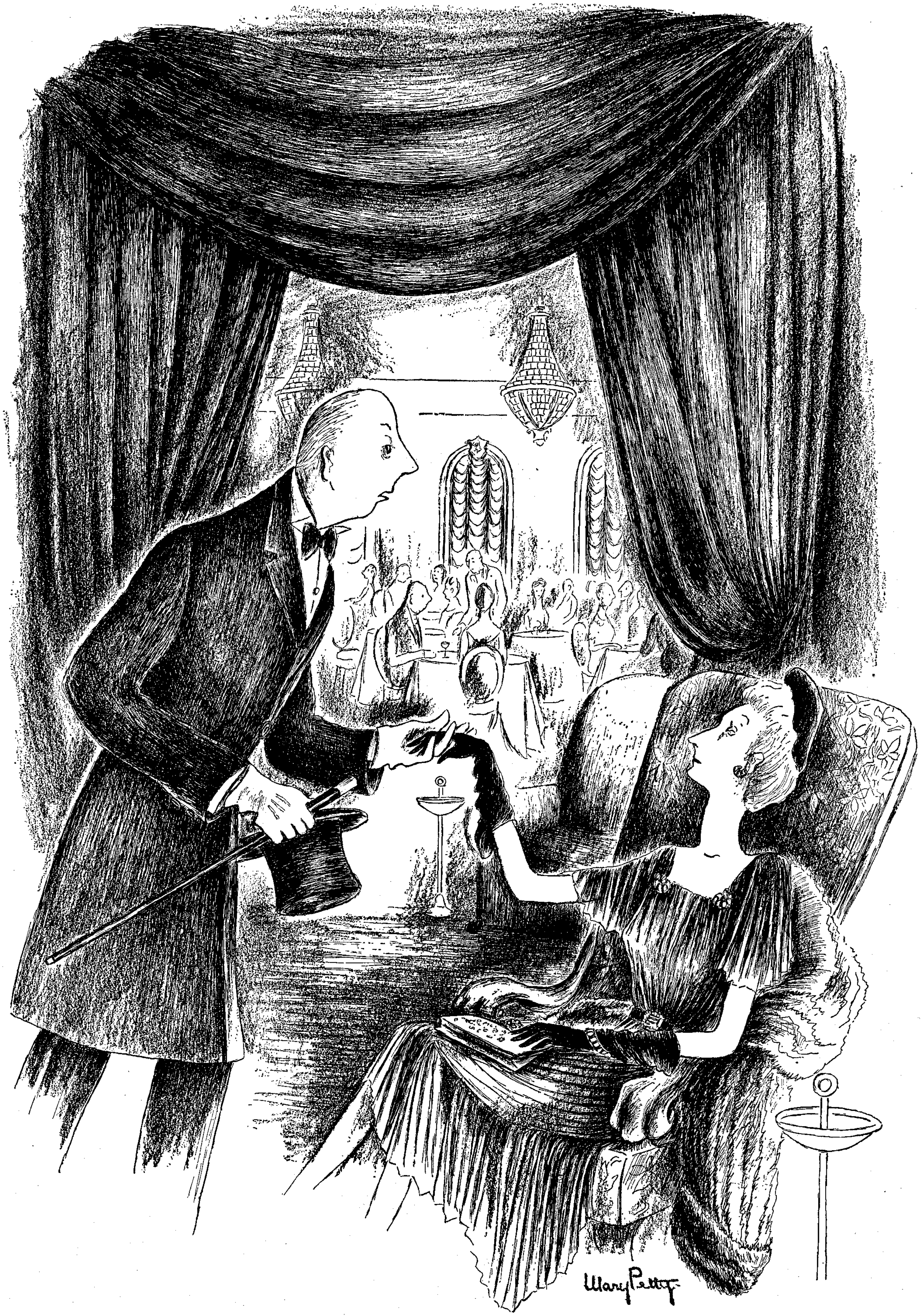
THE UNTOUCHED

Americans were the easiest walkers in the world,
The lightest, the most relaxed; you could see them a mile away;
In Europe or anywhere, you could spot the American man
Because of his easy walk. But look at him now,
Slogging along through mud or a steaming tangle of weeds,
Heavy and tired, the long legs pushing along, the shoulders bowed,
The whole long rangy body bent to interminable advance,
Loaded with all the needs of living and killing and withholding death,
Faceless under the helmet's obliterating eaves,
Sleepwalking.
They are in a dream, the American men, their feet are glued to the ground
And yet they move in line; they are in some horrible night,
Some roaring tunnel with the always receding tiny hole of light
Dragging them.
But when they wake,
They will be the easiest walkers in the world, American men.

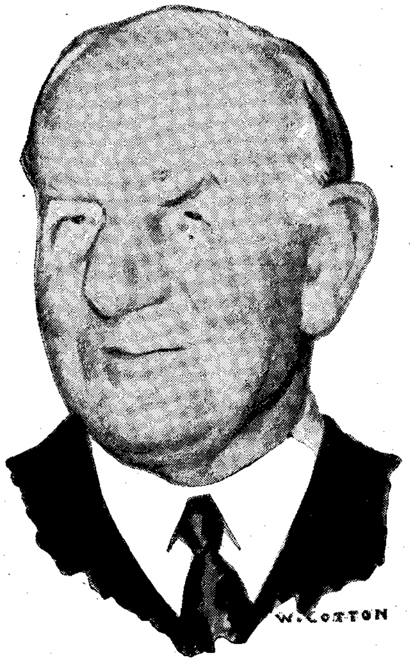
—Marya Mannes



“I’m terribly sorry to be late—I had to dress myself.”

PROFILES

GREAT PROVIDER



Lord Woolton

THE British people, who consider a nice cup of tea the only civilized way to start a day, have always felt friendly toward Frederick James Marquis, the first Baron Woolton, even though he once blandly recommended that on account of the war they try a couple of spoonfuls of minced raw carrot instead. He has remained consistently popular while performing such potentially unpopular acts as reducing the nation's meat ration, eulogizing potatoes to a potato-stodged public, and forcing it to eat the beige-colored wholemeal National Loaf instead of the highly prized, uneconomical white one. When, in November, 1943, Churchill appointed Lord Woolton, then Minister of Food, to the post of England's first Minister of Reconstruction, the feminine half of the public was downright inconsolable. Though not more than a few of the bereaved women had ever set eyes on the departing Food Minister, nearly all of them had the feeling that they had lost a reliable friend who from the beginning had made it his personal job to see that they were given a fair share of whatever was around. Children had sometimes acted as if they imagined that food was something Lord Woolton had invented. There is a story about this. Right after Woolton had been succeeded as Minister of Food by Colonel John Jestyn Llewellin, a small daughter, it seems, interrupted her mother in the middle of saying grace before the midday meal. "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful," the mother was saying. "Oughtn't we to say 'the Colonel' now?" asked the little girl gloomily.

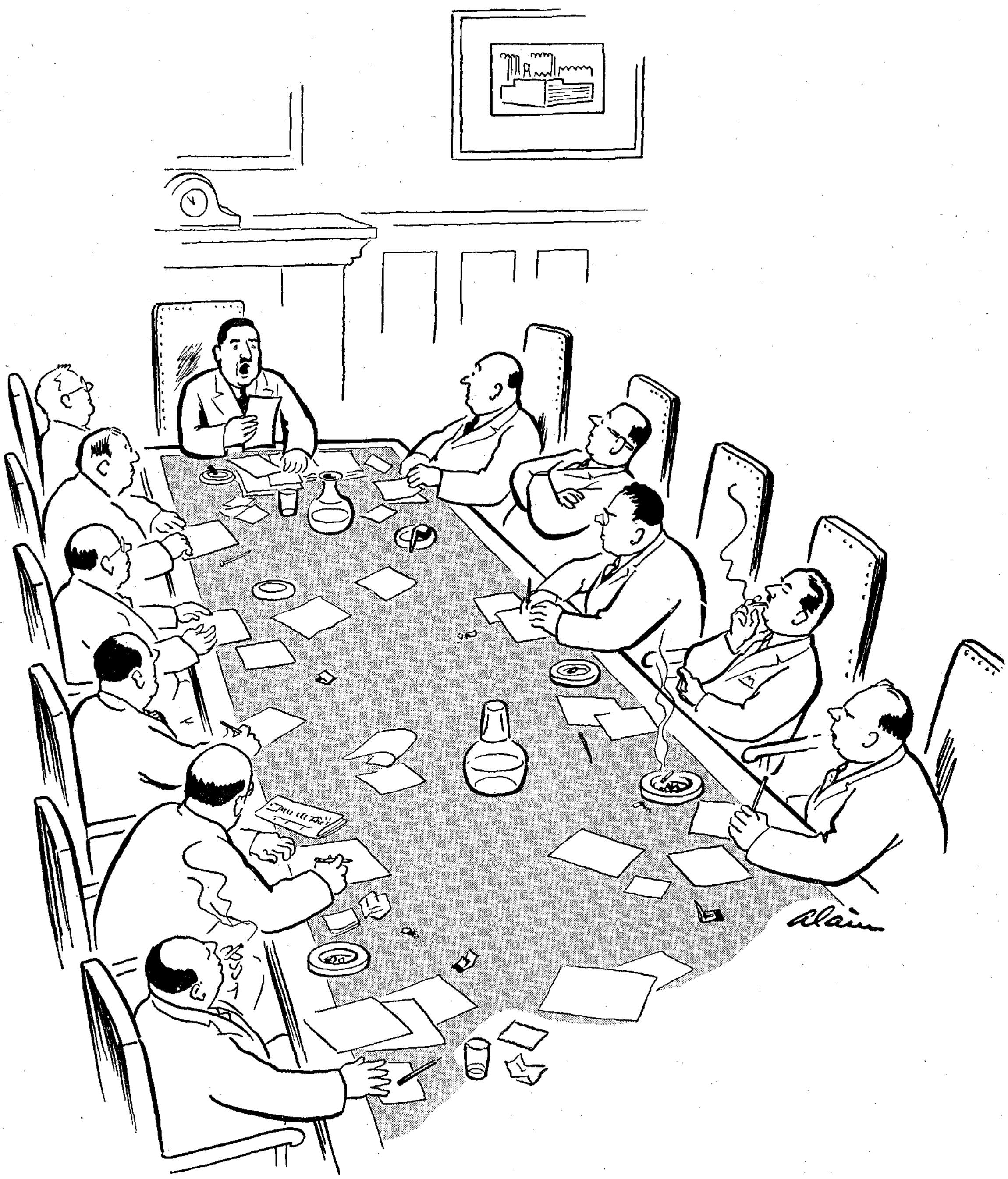
Woolton's new assignment is to set Britain firmly on her civilian feet again after the war. Because he fed the British successfully for three and a half difficult years, they trust him to handle their postwar problems sensibly. He is fond of using maxims to illustrate his policies, and a couple of favorites he formerly trotted out for the public and for his staff at the Food Ministry in Portman Square were the homely Lancashire phrase "Fair do's all round" and the honest trader's slogan "Never promise anything until the goods are in the shop." The English, whom Napoleon once described as a nation of shopkeepers, immediately recognized the second as sound commercial talk. Another saying he likes is a quotation from Bernard Shaw, "There's nothing wrong with the poor but their poverty." Recently, as Minister of Reconstruction, he loosed that one in the privileged air of the House of Lords, where he was in a position to know what he was talking about rather better than most of his noble listeners.

In this assemblage, Lord Woolton, who was born not to the purple but to honest, middle-class Manchester broadcloth, invariably strikes people as looking more patrician, in a style which Hollywood could recognize, than many of the dukes on the surrounding benches. At the age of sixty he is notably good-looking, with fine, aquiline features and silvery hair, and in a way he suggests an urbane archbishop who has unexpectedly shown up in a lounge suit. He wears his clothes with distinction and has no objection to being called the best-dressed man in London. His headquarters these days are off Whitehall. The Minister of Reconstruction's setup does not yet include a Ministry; at the moment he is modestly quartered in a private house that contains a fine, curving staircase, at the head of which a visitor instinctively looks for a plump, Edwardian hostess in a tiara. All the caller is likely to find, however, is an elderly uniformed messenger named East, whom Lord Woolton brought along with him from the Food Ministry. East's long proximity to countless posters exhorting the British housewife to thrift has left its mark. After meetings at which cups of tea have been handed round, he carefully collects whatever lumps of sugar are left in the saucers and stows them away for the next meeting. The rest of Lord Woolton's staff consists of M. R. Metcalf, the Minister's confidential secretary, who also accompanied him from Portman Square, and Miss Shepherd, his personal secretary, who has been with him since prewar days, when, in Liverpool, he was managing director of Lewis's, a provincial chain of department stores. Lord Woolton is driven around London by Bennett, a chauffeur from an auto-hire firm. His payroll is certainly the smallest of any Minister in the British government, not a bad selling point with the British, who are apt to get critical, from time to time, of the number of temporary civil servants in other offices. Thus the problem which arose not long ago, when the Luftwaffe, in its new liveliness over London, broke Reconstruction's windows along with those of many ordinary, non-constructive Londoners, was not so complicated as in other, more extensive quarters. The Minister simply picked up and went down to the House of Lords to work in a less breezy atmosphere, while his staff closed the shutters, determinedly hunted up extra woollies, and worked in outdoor temperature and by electric light until the glaziers arrived to fix the windows.

SINCE 1940, Woolton, in the rôle which someone awedly described as "the greatest quartermaster since Moses," has been as familiar a name in England as Winston Churchill, but before that he had not been generally well known outside the limits of Manchester and Liverpool. He was born in Manchester, the only child of Thomas Marquis, a Manchester businessman, and his wife Margaret. The name Marquis sounds French and probably was originally, but all Woolton knows of his family history is that there were two branches, the Scottish Marquises and the Lancashire ones. "The Scottish branch had an unfortunate accident," he says. "They lost their heads in the Montrose Rebellion. The Lancashire ones kept theirs." Woolton was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at Manchester University, where he got his Science M.A. and had a Research Fellowship in Economics. Later, his parents moved to Liverpool, where his father, a gentleman of eighty-six, still lives. Merseysiders were delighted when, in 1939, Woolton chose as his title, the name of the suburb of Liverpool in which he and his wife had lived for many years. Because of its distinguished resident, the town of Woolton has been immortalized in Woolton Pie, a concoction of vegetables in a pastry crust thought up in the lean days of 1941, and in Wooltonic, a vitamin beverage devised for industrial workers.

As a budding economist, Frederick Marquis, who nowadays quotes Shaw in the House of Lords, shaped up rather like a Shavian character himself, with trimmings by H. G. Wells. For eighteen months after leaving the university, he taught mathematics at Burnley Grammar School, in Lancashire, where he went back not long ago to present the annual prizes. He is remembered by university classmates as a vigorous young Socialist, whose ideas were as challenging as the red tie he habitually wore, who was much admired by the young lady students, and who was fond of hiking over the hills in the Lake District with members of the Coöperative Holiday Association. This organization existed to encourage Lancashire working folk to take healthy open-air holidays instead of blowing all their cash on a week among the fleshpots of Blackpool. Marquis, who had met the association's moving spirit, T. A. Leonard, on a holiday abroad, was soon engaged to organize programs and lead parties on strenuous scrambles over the fells which wound up at nightfall with a hearty Lancashire high tea and such revelry as community singing and discussion groups. One of the young women students at the university was a Lancashire girl named Maud Smith. Marquis married her several years after his graduation, in 1912.

Marquis had already gone wholeheartedly into the social work to which his chance contact with Leonard had introduced him. Bringing dockers and mill workers into God's great outdoors was all right in its way, but the glimpses he had into the poor's great indoors were too horrifying to ignore. A fortnight's jolly hiking around Lake Windermere, he decided, was like applying a dab of iodine to stop internal bleeding. At the beginning of the century, Liverpool, after enjoying a remarkable rise in trade and population for a hundred years, was beginning to decline in importance as a seaport. Ambitious municipal planning had been overtaken by poverty, particularly in the neighborhood of the docks. Loftily christened neighborhoods, rejoicing in the names of Dickens and Tennyson characters, developed a Dickensian squalor, but they were hardly calculated to turn anybody's mind to Camelot. One of Liverpool's richest families was the philanthropic Lewises, owners of the department-store chain. They had endowed the David Lewis Northern Hospital and the David Lewis Club for working men. In 1908,



"And next, gentlemen, we have been asked to pass on the request of our first vice-president that he be permitted to purchase the electric egg-beater at present on display in our Chicago showrooms."

Marquis, at the age of twenty-five, became warden of the David Lewis Club and also warden of the Liverpool University Settlement, in the poor southern district of the city. The young man who held that there was nothing wrong with the poor but their poverty now had a first-rate chance to test the theory. He also had a chance to test his own resourcefulness. The Settlement was housed in a ramshackle old building. One evening, when a wealthy patron of the enterprise was coming around to discuss the need for better quarters, Marquis posted a couple of friends in a room on the second floor. In the middle of his speech to the patron on the dilapidated state of the house, the two friends began to stamp on the rotting boards overhead and plaster fell artistically on the visitor's head. Thus impressed, the patron hurried off to raise the necessary funds to put up a new building.

In 1912, Marquis brought his bride to live in the warden's flat in the new Settlement building. Here their first child, Peggy, was born, in 1917. Today, Woolton frequently tells interviewers that his great interest in children's welfare during this war dates from the shock of seeing how malnutrition had affected his own baby daughter during the last war. She is now a merry-looking girl on the General Staff of the Auxiliary Territorial Service and shows no effects of her bad start. The Wooltons also have a son, born in 1922, who is with the R.A.F. in Canada. Marquis was the Settlement's Warden until 1920, by which time he had got the neighborhood into much better shape. Of his accomplishments he likes best to recall the establishment of several medical services, one of them the first free dental clinic in the city. His annual Settlement reports are interesting documents, viewed in the light of subsequent events. In 1917 he was making observations such as the following, which might have been lifted out of almost any speech made by Lord Woolton, Minister of Reconstruction, in 1944: "What Great Britain is to be in the future depends only in a small degree upon the sword. Those who legislate or who influence legislation have thrown upon them the burden of recreating British social life. If they have the knowledge and the wisdom and the sympathy to realize that a nation's greatness is to be measured by the status of its average citizen, then, and only then, will they be able to guide the nation in its desire to pay its debt to the dead."

Today, Woolton is inclined to wave away any suggestion that Providence worked overtime to equip him with sound reconstruction ideas or to afford him his present great opportunity to carry them out. Nevertheless, in 1916, he was already clearly a man marked for activity beyond Liverpool. That year he was lent by the Settlement to the government to purchase raw materials for Army clothing—a job which he held until the end of the war—while his wife filled in for him at the Settlement. During this period he helped to introduce the Civilian Boot, a price-controlled utility model which was gratefully received by Britons, who had been paying high prices for rubbishy footwear. After the war, one of the directors

ADDRESS TO THE PLAYWRIGHTS

. . . Miss Hellman appears to have been more interested in her politics than in the love story. And quite properly.
—*Review of "The Searching Wind" in the Times.*

Now perfumed airs are tender,
  Now birds at nesting play,
And the earth is ripe with gender
  And the world goes mad with May.
But shut your ears on Springtime.
  Don't let it play you tricks.
The proper plot
For a hit, red-hot,
  Is petulant politics.

Romeo, Romeo, drop that pose.
The customers yawn and the critics doze.
They want a message, they want a martyr,
And a dissertation on the Atlantic Charter.

O, merry blows the myrtle,
  The tendril bursts its pod,
And the voice that woos the turtle
  Is heard once more abroad.
But not for earnest authors
  Are prophecies like *these* meant.
Their Jacks and Jills
Must trudge up hills
  To contemplate appeasement.

Juliet, Juliet, burning bright,
Alter your text for the opening night.
Discard the potion and take your cues
From the Tory traits of the Montagues.

Now lovers praise the weather,
  Now lovers stroll the dark,
And lovers twine together
  On benches in the park.
At every railroad station
  Their eyes with tears are blind,
But the play's the thing,
In spite of spring,
  And boasts a social mind.

Young Leander, you've come a cropper.
Your story's pretty but quite improper.
Your little affair rates justly zero.
Goodbye, and give our regards to Hero.

Let passion rage
  In the lurid Flicks.
We're stripping the Stage
  For politics.

—Phyllis McGinley

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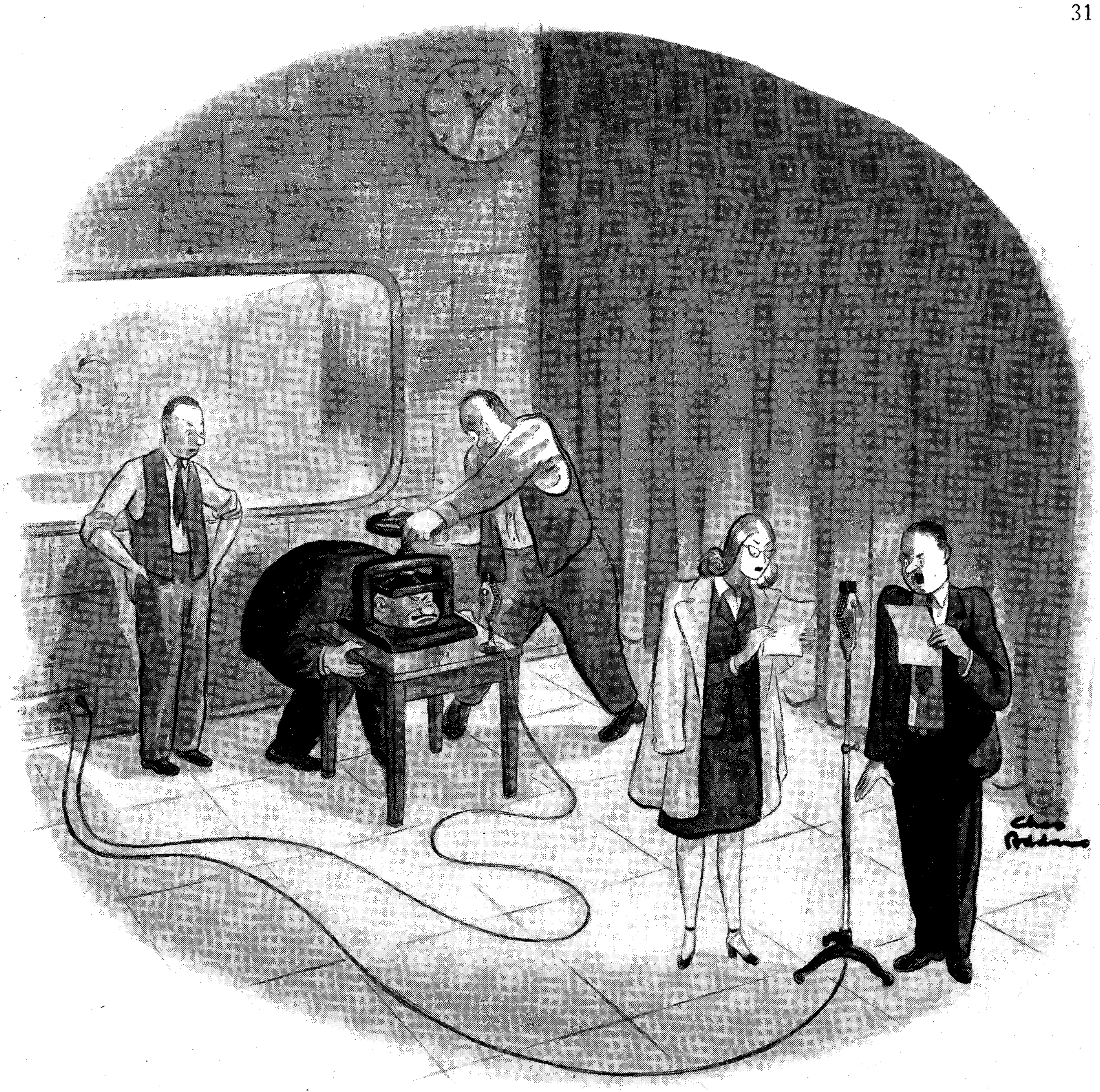


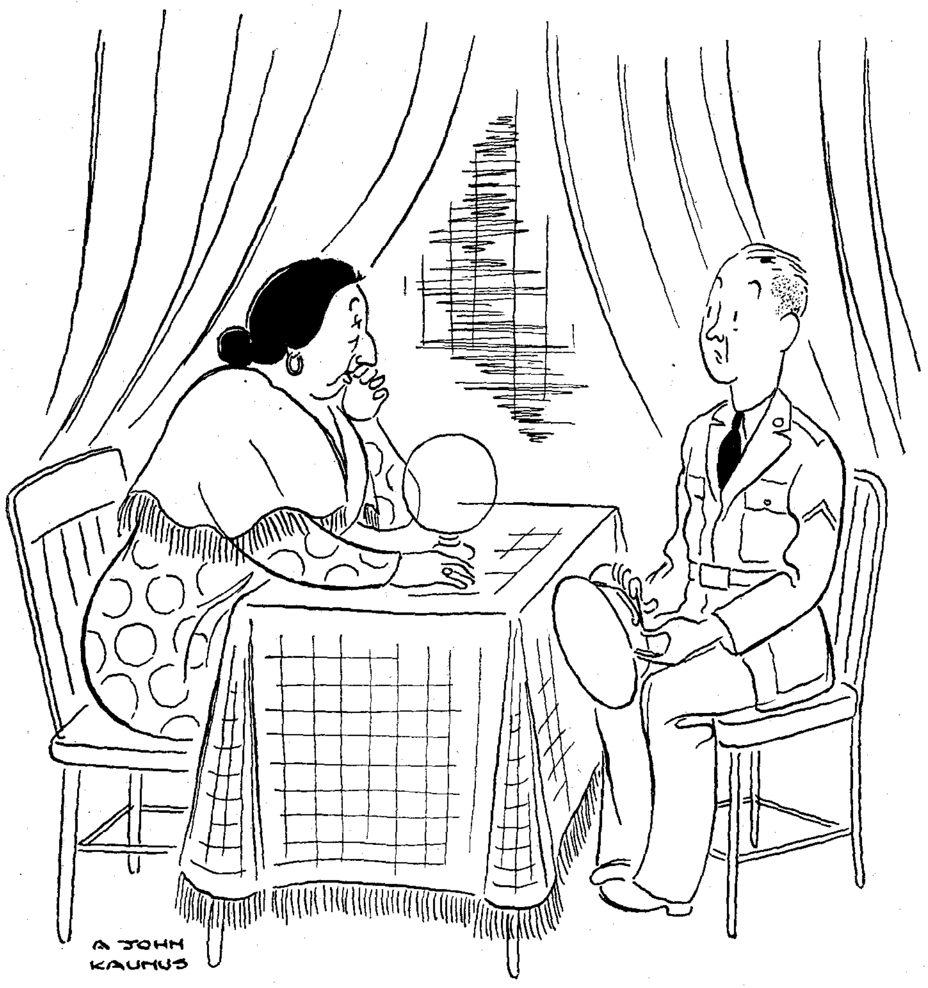
“Listen! Was that a moan I heard?”

• •

and patrons of the Settlement, Rex Cohen, offered Woolton the job of personnel director and a seat on the board of Lewis's, of which Cohen was a director. Woolton accepted and began a business career which was to last for twenty years. The budding Socialist with the red tie, now thirty-seven, had apparently hopped over into the capitalist camp, a step which he explains by saying that he wanted to see for himself whether industrial conditions could not be bettered from the boss's seat.

While at Lewis's, Woolton brought about a number of improvements in his salesclerks' pay and working hours which were afterward used as the basis for national legislation in the Shop Assistant's Charter, an achievement of which he is extremely proud. When Woolton joined Lewis's, it had stores in Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham By 1940, when he resigned for the duration from his position as managing director and chairman of the board, the chain had grown to include stores in Glasgow, Leeds, Leicester, and Stoke on Trent. It had been a highly profitable association for all concerned. Woolton had tackled the job of stepping up Lewis's turnover as vigorously as he had planned hikes for vacationing factory girls and prenatal care for poor mothers. His associates were expected to share his exhausting capacity for work at all hours of the day and night. A junior member of the firm, who was wearily looking forward to a hard-earned vacation starting on a Wednesday, would learn to take without comment the abrupt announcement that he and the boss were going to Paris on business on Tuesday. One of Woolton's business trips abroad was a visit to the United States in 1933. He headed a party of young Lewis executives who were out to study American department-store technique. After a strenuous tour of all the major stores in New York and other big cities, the party relaxed on the homeward-bound Empress of Britain by tossing off a 250-page report on what they had learned. Just before the war, Woolton's secretary spent a summer holiday in New York. After she got home, one of his first questions was "I suppose you saw Macy's?" When she admitted that her schedule had omitted this bit of sightseeing, he looked as astounded as if she had by-passed the Statue of Liberty.

BY the time Woolton left Lewis's to take up his new task as Minister of Food, he was in a position to state with complete assurance that there was nothing wrong with the rich but their money. He had become an extremely wealthy man and a public personage, and had been recognized by a knighthood in the 1935 King's Birthday Honors List and a barony four years later. Besides being chairman of Lewis's, he was chairman of Lewis's Investment Trust and Lewis's Bank and was on the board of a half-dozen other insurance and banking firms. It seemed a long hop from the old Settlement days, when, as a friend has put it, "he was social reformer *pur sang*, building new worlds with the celerity with which he now builds new stores." Woolton is inclined to resent any implication that the young liberal thinker and economist, intent on building Jerusalem in England's dark and unpleasant slumland, has completely disappeared in the successful businessman. Reminiscing recently on his early days at the Food Ministry, he recalled that it was what he termed "the intellectual group" who howled about his lack of policy in his first six months in office, when he was quietly getting his, and the public's, bearings. "They said, 'This man's supposed to be a good businessman, so why doesn't he get on with it?' They forgot that I had certain academic qualifications myself." He sometimes likes to turn his Jerusalem-building side loose on his old business associates and treat a chamber-of-commerce lunch to an idealistic discourse on housing, education, and health instead of the obviously expected forecast of postwar trade conditions. When he sees his audience's eyes glaze, he tells them, "You didn't expect to hear this kind of stuff, did you? Well, look after these things now, and you've got your basis of national prosperity for the future."



"Yes, I can see where you're going, all right, but I can't tell you. It's a military secret."

After the present war broke out but before he resigned from Lewis's, Woolton served for six months as Honorary Adviser on Army clothing to the Minister of Supply. Most people think that it was one of Churchill's early inspirations, after he became Prime Minister, to make a cast in politically untainted waters and hook a new Food Minister from behind a rolltop desk in Liverpool. Actually, it was Neville Chamberlain, himself a businessman from Birmingham, who in April, 1940, appointed Lord Woolton to the Food Ministry to succeed W. S. Morrison, who had made so little impression on people during his tenure of office that few Britons today remember that he ever happened. Woolton gave up all his directorships, said goodbye to Lewis's, and moved into the big Ministry in Portman Square at a salary of £5,000 a year amidst shouts of enthusiasm from practically nobody. It was not an auspicious time for a newcomer to take office. All Chamberlain's appointments were overcast in the angry public mind by the Munich umbrella shadow of failure and muddle. Within the next three months, Chamberlain, Norway, Denmark, the Low Countries, and France all fell, but in the ensuing Ministerial shuffle Woolton remained intact. The public was more concerned with the possibility of parachute troops' dropping down on English ports than it was with the certainty, which was grave enough to Woolton, that seventy per cent of its bacon, forty-five per cent of its butter, and about twenty per cent of its eggs, theretofore imported from Scandinavia and the Low Countries, would no longer be turning up from those places. Before the war, Britain had imported more than half her foodstuffs. Now it was obvious that there were lots of waves Britannia didn't rule. Moreover, in the years just before Hitler, Englishmen had been too busy cultivating their gardens and gazing out placidly on their grassy parklands to feed the livestock browsing these green pastures, and over eight million tons of fodder had been brought in yearly. After Dunkirk, thoughtful Britons who sent their children to friends in America did so not only because of the threat of invasion and the certainty of air raids but because hunger also seemed about ready to drop in.

WOOLTON, whose chain of stores had catered thirty-six thousand meals a day, was now faced with the

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

The last jar on the shelf!

"This hasn't been an easy year for anybody. But it's been some easier for us because of the things we raised and put up last summer. . . . Working together was fun and we lived better all winter. I'm glad we've got an even bigger garden now."

• • •

When Americans really buckle down to do a job, they generally get results that surprise everybody — including themselves!

Last year's gardens are a good example. Some 20 *million families* tilled about 4 *million acres* of ground and harvested 8 *million tons* of food. They whittled down the country's total food bill by at least $1,250,000,000 — *an average of $62.50 a family.*

Though our national diet was limited, think how much worse it would have been without this home-grown help! And for 1944, the need is even greater. Reserve stocks must be replaced. Our armed forces and the peoples of freed lands call for more food.

But if the need is greater, so is the *opportunity*. Seeds, tools and fertilizer are more plentiful. Experience gained last year will make this year's gardens more productive. *And Uncle Sam expects several million more families to learn the satisfaction of growing and eating their own food.*

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

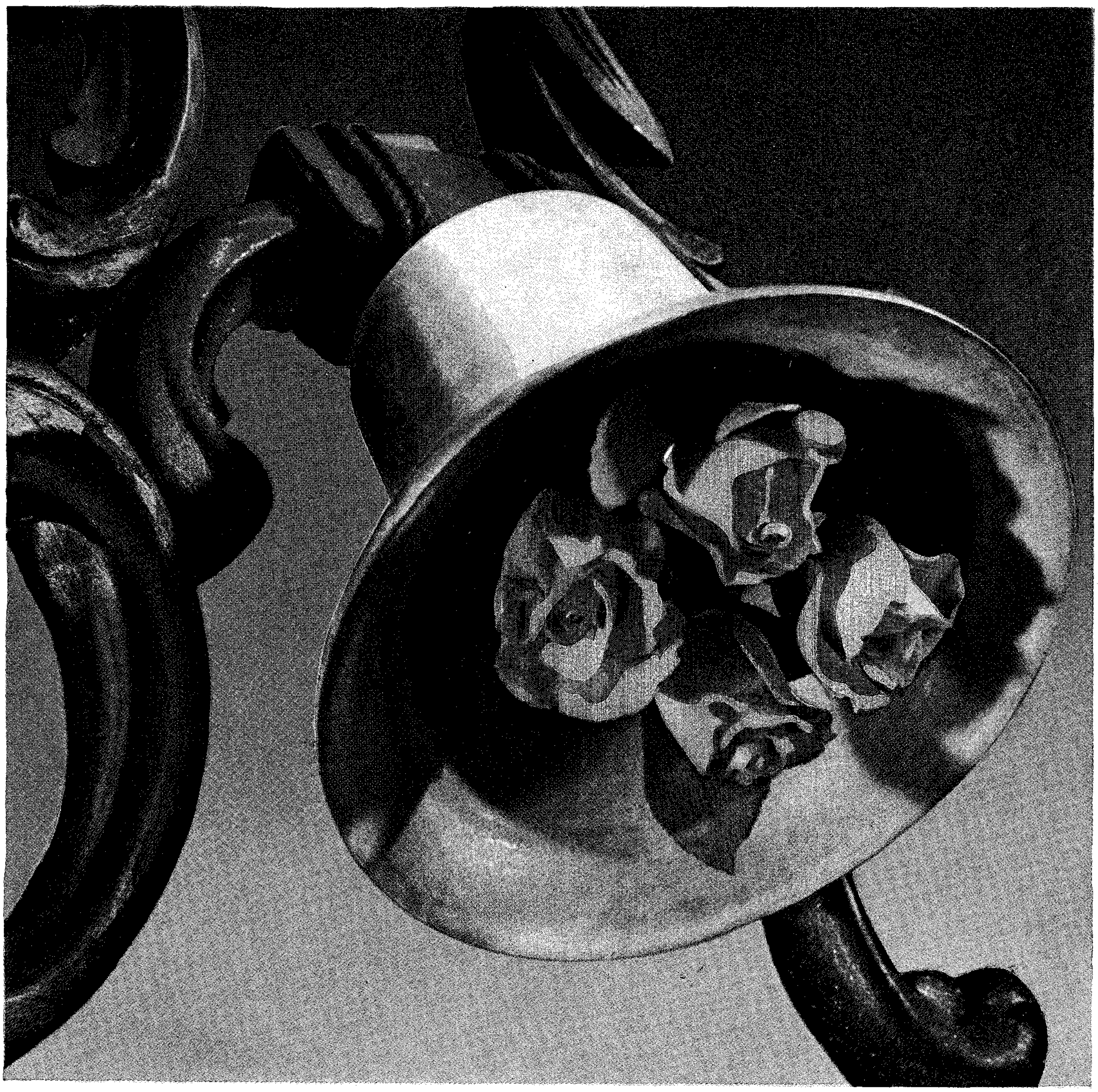
problem of providing every meal every day for a family of 47,700,000. Much of the machinery for doing this was already installed when he took over. The British government had shown a laudable determination not to repeat the mistakes of the first World War, during which food control was not introduced until late in 1916 and was not fully in force even in 1918. As early as 1936, a skeleton Food (Defence Plans) Department had been set up, with Sir Henry French at its head, to evolve a system of price and allocation control which would come into immediate operation should war break out. On September 3, 1939, French's schemes began instantly to operate, and five days later his Department blossomed out into the Ministry of Food, employing forty thousand people, of whom thirty thousand were assigned to district food offices in the nineteen divisions into which Great Britain and Northern Ireland were split up. Each division was to take charge of the rationing in its area of staple commodities, which was to start almost immediately. Stocks of food had already been salted away while Chamberlain was still talking about peace with honor. Altogether, the machinery of rationing was in fairly good shape. What no one had foreseen was the sudden series of catastrophes which was to make Woolton, after he took office, uncomfortably resemble Mother Hubbard. In 1940 the British cupboard looked dangerously bare.

The fact that less food would be coming into the besieged fortress was an elementary worry which any man-in-the-street could recognize. The even more serious problem facing Woolton and his advisers was how to safeguard the precious food shipments which did arrive. After the fall of France, London and the southern ports became very vulnerable targets, and England was forced, practically overnight, to turn her back door into her front door. Hustling hundreds of electric meat trolleys from southern ports to West Country ones was just one small chore of the nightmare moving day Woolton was faced with. Also, he had to look round in a hurry for new places in which to disperse his stocks, to save them from the wrath of the Luftwaffe. Before he was through, he was tucking away his fragile eggs in a variety of surprising baskets, such as requisitioned cinemas, parish halls, mills, and Baptist chapels. This dispersal system was not operating fully when the big raids started in September, 1940, and the report of the night's damage laid every morning on the Minister's desk frequently made fidgety reading. In his rare spare moments, Woolton sometimes put on his hat and took a glum stroll past gutted warehouses filled with sides of beef roasted rather more thoroughly than Simpson's of the Strand would have approved, or sugar storehouses still burning with the blue effulgence of a monster crêpe Suzette.

Worrying where the next 47,700,000 meals were coming from was a strain, but Woolton's new position offered opportunities which would have gladdened the heart of any social reformer. Before the war, a third of England's population had been underfed. Woolton decided that all members of his vast family should get a fair cut of what was on the national table, irrespective of the size of their income, and that what was on the table should build strong bodies. To do the first job, he took over control of wholesale distribution, fixed the retail prices of ninety-five per cent of the most commonly used foodstuffs, sold many of them to the public below cost, and, on top of basic rationing, introduced the point-rationing system, so that comparative luxuries such as canned fruit and sweet biscuits should not be the monopoly of the housewife with cash and plenty of shopping time. To do the second, he had to change the country's feeding habits. Theretofore the mass of low-income British had enjoyed meat when they could afford it, tinned salmon when they couldn't, and had made up the rest of their diet with fish and chips and endless strong tea. The bitter distaste with which evacuated London children regarded green vegetables was one of the earliest crosses borne by the ladies at country-school canteens. Woolton had to overcome this distaste and get the public to eat the home-grown foodstuffs which were being feverishly cultivated, in that first hunger-conscious spring of 1941, in backyards and parks, among the squire's prize roses and the debris of bombed houses. Clara Carrot and Potato Pete, two sprightly cartoon characters, pranced through the weekly "Food Facts" advertisements issued by the Ministry, and possibly even through the fevered dreams of Britons, whose unspoken war aims began to include menus from which both Clara and Pete would be missing. Potato production was up eighty per cent over prewar days, and Woolton plugged potatoes as enthusiastically as a press agent building up a movie actress.

Woolton had a staff of experts headed by Professor (now Sir) J. C. Drummond, for many years Professor of Biochemistry at London University, to work on problems of nutrition. What Britain was going to eat was calculated a year in advance—calories, proteins, fats, and minerals, all carefully balanced. The Woolton Diet, when Woolton left the Food Ministry, included about one pound of meat with bone a week for each adult, as against a prewar average of nearly three pounds. The fat allowance (butter, margarine, and cooking fats) was eight ounces weekly, as against a prewar average of ten and a half ounces. Sugar, which prewar housewives bought at an average of just over one pound a week per person, was cut to eight ounces. On the other hand, the three-ounce cheese ration was slightly in excess of prewar consumption. The tea allotment stood at two ounces a week, an ounce less than the old average, and shell eggs, which used to be bought at the lighthearted rate of fifteen a month, were frugally allotted at the rate of from one to five a month. For these and other important foodstuffs, housewives were not allowed to flit from retailer to retailer as the spirit moved them; they had to register in certain shops and stick to them.

Woolton is proud that the adult population's health has remained good on this basic nutritional standard and that the children's health has definitely improved. For instance, the Glasgow schools reported that in 1942 boys were two and a half pounds heavier and girls two pounds heavier than the average in the five years before the war broke out. Woolton's staff quickly found that such reports were the surest way of making the Minister beam. He particularly enjoyed letters from servicemen thanking him for looking after the wife and kids so well. Expectant mothers had—as they still have—priorities on eggs and milk, and recent fathers often wrote to Lord Woolton with chummy details of the accouchement and the baby's weight and coloring. In reply to this sort of letter, a little note always went back: "Lord Woolton has asked me to thank you very much for your letter, and to



Bell-ringer

IF EVER a whiskey rang the bell on *every* count, that whiskey is Four Roses!

Its delicate aroma may be the first thing that tells you that you have found an unusually excellent whiskey.

Then, as you sip Four Roses, and savor its rich deep flavor, its mellow smoothness, we think you'll arrive at the same conclusion so many others share:

In a cocktail, highball, or straight, Four Roses is the one whiskey that simply can't be matched.

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies —90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

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A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

HAT AND NET BY LILLY DACHE

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Cool oasis for summer in Oxford Mesh, a wonderful new porous fabric, woven by Bloomsburg to catch each errant breeze. Fashion prospectors will find it a treasure because of its versatility—its smart simplicity. $29.95

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JARMILA NOVOTNA
in MAX REINHARDT'S
HELEN GOES TO TROY
New Musical Operetta with
ERNEST TRUEX
Full Corps de Ballet and Cast of 100
Production Staged by HERBERT GRAF
ALVIN Theatre
W. 52 St. • CI 5-6868
Eves. 8:30, $1.20 to $4.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30, $1.20 to $3.00. Tax incl.
"A Triumph" —BARNES Herald Trib.
JAN KIEPURA in
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
Directed by FELIX BRENTANO
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—Morehouse, Sun
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
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EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT. at 2:40
"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with MARY PHILIPS • RHYS WILLIAMS
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre • 43 St. E. of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"A REAL EVENING IN THE THEATRE"
—NICHOLS, Times
DECISION
AMBASSADOR 49th W. of B'way
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Sat. and Sun.

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS in
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —Rascoe, World-Tele.
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 MATS. SAT. & SUN.

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

say that it has given him great pleasure to know that the privileges he has been able to allow to expectant mothers have been the means of bringing into this world such a fine baby girl [or boy]." After a lot of thought, Woolton hit on the slogan "We not only cope, we care" for his Ministry, and decided that the shortest cut to a nation's heart was through its children's stomachs. When fruit became scarce, he swept the season's black-currant crop into the Ministry's stewpans to make free black-currant syrup, rich in Vitamin C, for children under two. Later he was able to include children up to five in his free-fruit-syrup scheme, but that was as far as he could go. Almost the only uncomplimentary letters in Woolton's mail bag were ones accusing him of not giving enough attention to old people, who often have had a hard time existing on the ration, and of over-cosseting the youngsters. To this sort of thing, Woolton, who is fond of children, as children, quite apart from his scientific interest in them as little bundles of calories, always replied stubbornly that the youngsters were the wealth of the nation and must be treated as such.

NEXT to having done right by the children, Woolton's most constructive achievement, he thinks, was to introduce communal feeding as a British habit. Hot dinners for schoolchildren, either free or at cost (a notion thought up partly to take some of the burden off demented hostesses with whom evacuees were billeted), were served to 300,000 children a day in England in 1941, but they are now served to around 1,750,000. The so-called British Restaurants, an undertaking which extended the idea to the grownups, began as an extemporaneous device during the 1940 blitz, when thousands of London cooking stoves were blown from under their owners. This organization is now a flourishing chain of state-aided restaurants, which serve over 600,000 good cheap meals a day and ease the strain on Britons' home rations. In 1940, Woolton, who was having a frantic time nursing his precious food stocks and rushing from one communal feeding centre to the other to be photographed cheerfully sampling soup with bombed-out citizens, got the idea for another emergency meal service. Dashing somewhere by car with Howard Marshall, a B.B.C. commentator who was working at the Food Ministry, he asked his companion what he thought of a sort of flying food squad which would turn up in a blitzed city

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE • Alfred DRAKE • Joseph BULOFF • Joan ROBERTS
ST. JAMES Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • ANNABELLA • OSCAR KARLWEIS
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
The MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT Thea. 44 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COAST TO COAST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK • BILTMORE THEATRE
CHICAGO • HARRIS THEATRE
MIDDLE WEST • ON TOUR
WEST • ON TOUR
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Mr. Abbott

MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC • GEORGE GIVOT • WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St. Mats Wed. Sat

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46th ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A RIBALDY AMUSING FARCE COMEDY" —George Jean Nathan
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
The Laugh Hit
by Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE Seats Now
S. HUROK'S
Fabulous Season of
RUSSIAN BALLET
BY THE Ballet Theatre
with MARKOVA • DOLIN • GOLLNER • EGLEVSKY
CHASE • KAYE • LAING • TUDOR • PETROFF
Season Extended Thru May 21
DON'T MISS THE NEW
SMASH HIT BALLET "FANCY FREE"

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES • CHRISTINE AYRES • SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE • TOMMY WONDER and SUE RYAN • JACK McCAULEY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. CO-5-2412
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"ITS WISE—ITS WITTY. Its wonderfully well acted." Garland, Journal American
BILLIE FRANK
BURKE • CRAVEN
Mrs. January & Mr. Ex
A New Comedy by ZOE AKINS
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The U.S. Army Air Forces
PRESENT
Winged Victory
by
MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEATRE
WEST OF BROADWAY
CLOSES MAY 20th

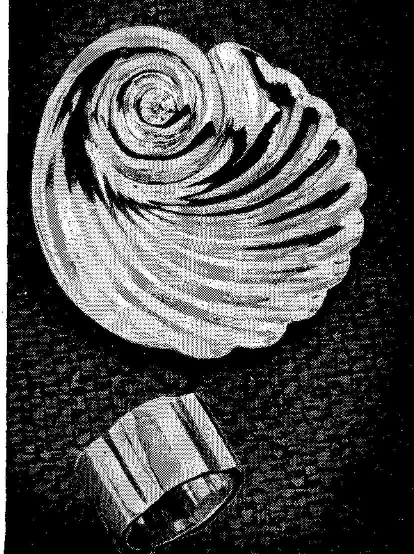
HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER • DENNIS KING • DUDLEY DIGGES
in
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL and ARNOLD KORFF
FULTON Theatre, W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Big and important...human, convincing"—News
THERON BAMBERGER presents
TOMORROW THE WORLD
By JAMES GOW & ARNAUD d'USSEAU
Staged by ELLIOTT NUGENT
CONRAD NAGEL • SHIRLEY BOOTH
BARRYMORE, W. 47th. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

almost before the bombers left and help civilian morale with hot soup and snacks. Marshall said fine. At lunch in Buckingham Palace soon afterward, Woolton interested Queen Elizabeth in the scheme and got her permission to name the mobile canteens, the first of which she promised to endow, the Queen's Messengers. His next step was to send to Liverpool for one of the directors of Lewis's, P. G. Whalley, who had worked for years under him, to put the idea into operation. Whalley was undismayed by the Minister's typical ultimatum: "I'll give you two months to get the Queen's Messengers on the road." Whalley, who managed to bring off the highly complicated job in three months, recalls that Woolton came into his room one morning with a triumphant "Well, I've got Bertram Cruger of British War Relief to give us twenty thousand pounds." "I had to tell him that I'd spent eighty thousand already," Whalley says, but Cruger handsomely came up to scratch, and the Queen's Messengers were soon taking their message of cheer to the bombed people of Britain. Woolton was especially proud that the service was quickly on hand when Liverpool took a beating in May, 1941.

The slackening off of the raids didn't mean that Woolton's troubles were over. The Germans, after trying to burn England's food stocks by bombarding them from the air, now set about trying to deliver them to the fishes. While shipment after shipment was being disposed of by the U-boats, Woolton had to think up new ways of saving shipping space. He imported more and more condensed foods, such as dried eggs, which take up a seventh of the shipping space needed by shell eggs. Meat, which before the war made the sea trip as chilled carcasses, each elegantly hanging by itself, was now hard-frozen and stacked solid. Still later it was de-boned and compressed before shipment, so today British housewives, watching their butcher stripping a layer off a side of beef, see something which depressingly resembles a boiled dress shirt just back from the laundry. This innovation saved Woolton twenty-five per cent of the vital shipping space he had been using for meat, and the introduction of National Flour, which made use of eighty-five per cent of the wheat grain, was estimated to have released between 600,000 and 700,000 tons of shipping a year to other purposes.

By 1942, Woolton was firmly established as England's great provider, trusted by millions of women with



Gold and diamond shell clip . . . $225.00*
Modern gold wedding band. . $105.00*
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American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
in the 44th Street Theatre (W. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

NEW YORK'S
DE LUXE CHINESE
RESTAURANT
Luncheon Dinner
a la Carte
HOUSE of CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

Josephine HULL • Effie SHANNON
in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—Atkinson, Times
HUDSON Theatre. W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
RITA HAYWORTH • GENE KELLY
"COVER GIRL"
in TECHNICOLOR • A Columbia Picture
Music by Jerome Kern • Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Gala Stage Show • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

string bags on their arms and disliked by astonishingly few of them. The ordinary Briton's comfortable feeling that Woolton had his personal food problems well in hand was so strong that when the Minister was touring the Glasgow docks, a hefty docker asked him earnestly if he couldn't for Pete's sake start putting more meat in the bready wartime sausages. "You keep on turning the ships round as quickly as you're doing and maybe I can manage meatier sausages," Woolton said, and the docker seemed satisfied. Though the public was confident that Woolton would provide its daily bread and something to spread on it, his job, as 1942 went on, more and more resembled a grim parlor game in which the players are given a pencil and paper and an atlas and are obliged to hunt up new places on the map as the game eliminates the ones they started with. After Danish butter and eggs had been diverted into Nazi larders in 1940, Woolton had to depend increasingly on the Canadian market. Between February and June, 1942, the loss of Singapore, Burma, and the East Indies meant that a heavy Japanese pencil line had been drawn through Woolton's shopping list of oils, spices, rice, tea, and a number of other foods. At that difficult juncture, the lend-lease program began to brighten the outlook, delivering quantities of high-protein foods, such things as bacon, cheese, and pork, and enabling Woolton to come out on the safety side of the line. "Thank you for feeding us so well, even though we're fed up," a disgruntled but fair-minded Briton wrote to him. The rate of sinkings often forced him to dip deeply into his reserves. These bad times were somehow weathered, and the food situation was described by a cautious colleague as "reasonably reassuring" when, in 1943, Woolton said goodbye to his Ministry staff in a speech which caused emotional typists to sniffle into their pocket handkerchiefs.

THE Minister's working schedule has not greatly altered since he left Food and tackled Reconstruction. He and Lady Woolton live in a service flat on Whitehall Court, from which Bennett, his chauffeur, drives him to his office after an early breakfast. His day may include attending a Cabinet meeting, making a speech in a House of Lords debate, and presiding over a series of conferences. In conferences, according to those who have worked a great deal with him, his talent for bringing opposing factions together amicably and getting the best out of everybody is

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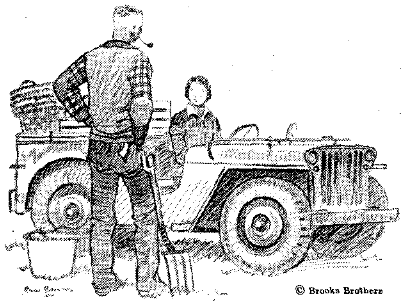

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WHAT TO WEAR IN WARTIME

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OFFICERS' UNIFORMS and all needed accessories for every branch of Military and Naval Service. Brooks Brothers have been recognized Military and Naval Outfitters during five wars (and in all the years of peace) since 1818.

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SPORTING CLOTHES for whatever leisure and recreation you may be able to get these days. Things for Fishing, Tennis, Golf, Riding, Swimming, etc.—designed by Brooks Brothers with sportsmen's practical knowledge of what is correct.

WORKING COUNTRY CLOTHES designed by Brooks Brothers for every civilian Home Front activity, from Victory gardening to general handy-manning indoors or out. Sturdy, practical, good-looking clothes to save your other things for less strenuous requirements.

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EVERYDAY CIVILIAN CLOTHES for every occasion in town or country, and complete assortments of Brooks Brothers' celebrated Furnishings—things in lasting good taste that wear long and well.

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Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
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LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

LISTEN: MAY 6, 1944

Sunday, April 23, the voice of Jig Jig Roger Peter spoke to the world for the first time from the Anzio beachhead. Jig Jig is a radio transmitter, call letters, JJRP. Located on the roof of a summer residence, it arrived via an American LST. From the roof you can see the enemy's front lines.

A dispatch from CBS correspondent Eric Sevareid says:

"Jig Jig came ashore on Anzio on D-Day, H-Hour, plus six and a half, or 8:30 am, January 22, the morning of the Fifth Army's invasion."

Jig Jig is under constant fire. Members of the radio crew keep busy dodging shrapnel. Until April 23 it broadcast press news exclusively in code, except for a 5-day interval when General Alexander ordered direct news from the beachhead stopped.

"CBS broadcasts," writes Sevareid, "go from here to a receiver in South Italy, thence to Naples, thence to a transmitter in South Italy, and finally to a receiving station on Long Island and thence to 134 CBS stations throughout America."

"On April 8th when the beachhead operator first contacted New York, New York simply said: 'Oh, is that you, Anzio?' in the calm manner in which these men accept the magic of radio."

There are 10 shellholes in the garden of the house where Jig Jig lives. Two soldiers, members of Jig Jig's crew, were wounded by a 70 mm. shell. But they are back now, tending Jig Jig.

★

"P-S-E-U-D-O-N-Y-M" said Lee Jennings, 8th grade pupil in the Brown School, Dayton, O., and spelled down 25,000 other school children in the Miami Valley; won the Seventh Annual Spelling Bee sponsored by CBS affiliate WHIO in Dayton.

The Miami Valley schools think spelling is important. That's why WHIO started sponsoring spelling bees in 1935, and only stopped because the war makes it tough for children living out in the country to get to broadcasting studios.

On October 28, 1938, all public schools in Dayton closed down for 3 weeks: no funds. So for 3 weeks teachers came to the WHIO studio and broadcast lessons.

★

Eager to spark its sixth Victory Loan Drive, the Canadian Government invited the popular CBS cast of "*Great Moments in Music*" (Wed. 10:00 to 10:30 p.m. EWT) to broadcast from Montreal over the Dominion network of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The following night the same cast sang over the French network which includes Quebec Province. Canadians reveled in the performance; went overboard to buy bonds.

★

The "ham", or amateur radio operator, is performing a most useful service to his country. Under rigid government supervision, he is helping the FBI locate and uncover enemy radio communications. Here's a peace-time example of how alert and useful the "ham" can be:

When President Roosevelt was on his way to the 1936 Buenos Aires peace conference, he stopped en route at Port of Spain, Trinidad. To cover the story CBS News Director Paul White flew to Port of Spain, quickly discovered that Trinidad had no transmitter. Scouring the island he located a "ham" operator; sent out this repetitive message: "Anyone hearing this notify Master Control, CBS New York to pick up program at 6:00 p.m."

White didn't expect much to happen. But within two hours, 500 phone calls came into CBS New York. CBS picked up and rebroadcast the specified program.

★

Only by tuning in CBS at 6:00 p.m. EWT on Saturday, May 6 can the U.S., Hawaii and Puerto Rico hear the 70th annual running of the Kentucky Derby, described by Ted Husing. 22 stations of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation also carry the broadcast. This is the 12th Derby covered by Husing for CBS. Stir Up is the favorite. Don't bet on races.

★

This is CBS the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

equalled only by that of General Dwight Eisenhower. A recent minor engagement was to sit for a photographer in one of the preliminaries to the fabrication of a wax Lord Woolton, who is shortly going to join the other celebrated figures at Madame Tussaud's. Like Winston Churchill, Woolton is a believer in a short nap sometime during the day. He takes his before dinner, a meal at which there are often friends, for both he and Lady Woolton are sociable. Lady Woolton, a comfortable-looking woman who hasn't lost her North Country directness and dresses in the not-too-elegant, matronly way that Liverpool burghers approve, keeps largely to private life. On occasions, however, she makes public speeches on her own which are businesslike enough to remind her hearers that she did a great deal of social work in her husband's Settlement days. According to Woolton, she is better read than he is. She probably has more time for reading in the evenings now, since it is Woolton's habit to seclude himself with his Cabinet dispatch box when there are no guests and work until about one in the morning. He has kept fit enough under his regimen, but he does have occasional bouts with neuritis. Before the war, he was able to indulge a passion for stained glass by making occasional motor tours of the English cathedrals with Lady Woolton. His old affection for the Lake District, which dates back to his years with the Coöperative Holiday Association, is among the things that have been set aside for the duration. He is still able, however, to take time now and then to look contentedly at his collection of water colors, of which he owns some fine examples.

In his new job, Woolton is assisted by Sir William Jowitt, Minister without Portfolio, and, since housing naturally is important in bombed Britain's reconstruction program, he works closely with Lord Portal, Minister of Works, and Mr. W. S. Morrison, his predecessor in the Food Ministry, who is now Minister of Town and Country Planning. Woolton gets somewhat impatient with people who ask him outright what, as Minister of Reconstruction, he is going to do about this or that, or who brashly suggest that the increasingly restive British public feels that the government may not go all the way with the reforms of the Beveridge, Barlow, Scott, and Uthwatt reports. The Minister of Reconstruction's job, he points out, is mainly one of coördination. "I'm simply an instigator," he told an inquirer recently. "I exist to get the machinery under way, but if the public expects me to produce Utopia suddenly, overnight, they'll be disappointed. People will have to give up that sort of easy golden dream and accept hard, possibly unattractive reality from a businessman." Woolton frequently calls himself a businessman. "I was a *very* good businessman," he will say with a touch of wistfulness, sitting behind his Minister's desk in a big room decorated with photographs of his family. His own war aims are simple; they are much the same as those of many a stockbroker or insurance man thinking of his interrupted private life as he bumps across Italy in a tank. After easing Britain back into civvies again, Woolton hopes to be able to return to Liverpool and business. Politics and the party game have no attraction for him. Doubtless he cherishes as a compliment the pious observation made by one of his many unknown correspondents when he was Food Minister. "Thank God," this admirer wrote Woolton, "they put a businessman and not a politician in charge."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES

[*Theme handed in by an aviation cadet at a pre-flight school*]

CADAT'S WAREBORE

The clothing or warebore of an aviation cadet is possible no better than any other soldiers in the service of the United state.

This whole warebore can possible be places in two section, the outer & inner garments, with the outer garments considing of many things, the most used possible is the overcoats, because it is used over all the other clothes woren.

The arangment of a cadets cloths when one is looking into a clothet is a followed, from left to right, flight jacket; overcoat, when not worned; blouse; 2 sets of olive drad, pants & shirts; 3 sets of sum tans, and this is the way it is to be found at all time.

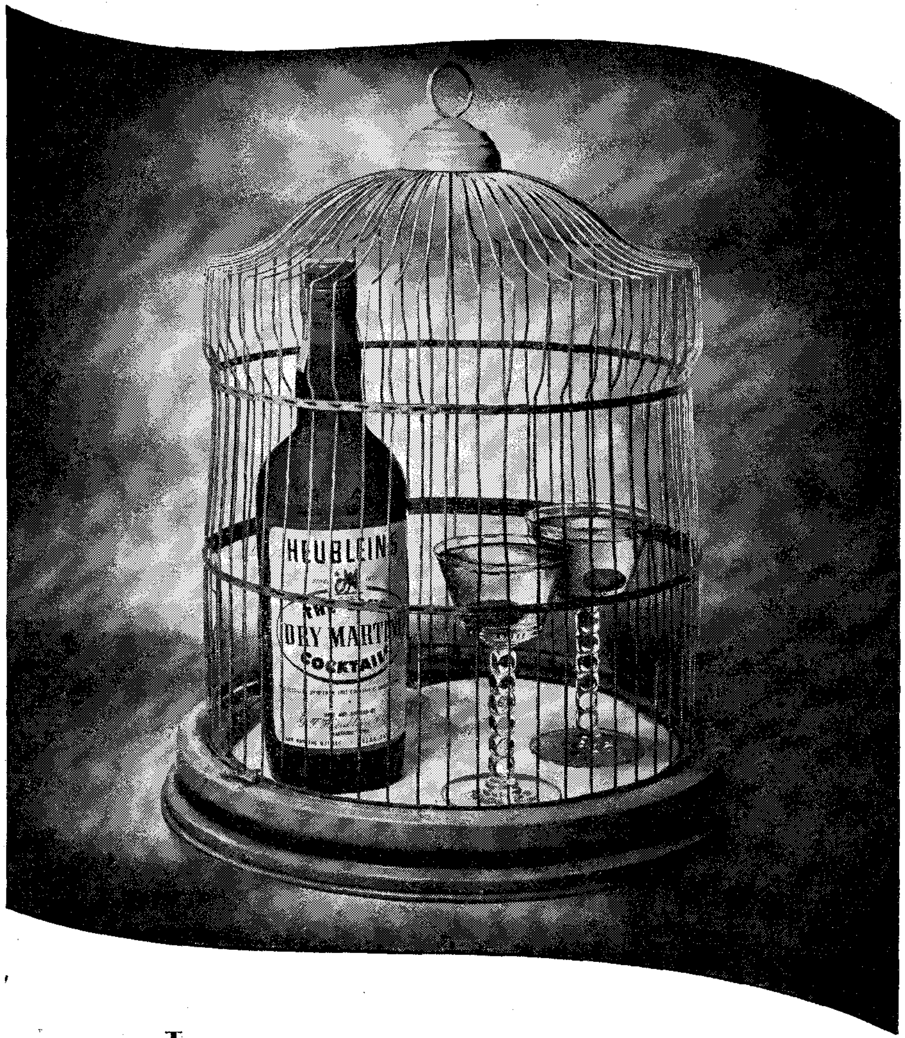
Them we go to the inner garments which conside of towels; underwore, shorts and shirts; and handerchief; socks and ties; they are in the order just describe with the handerchief & ties in the back. The clothes in the drawer must be rollen at all times at apporixatlly the same lenght.

Possiblly the last things & only one's not mention are the shoes and these are overshoes or rubber and 2 pair of havey work shoes what are kept shines & neat looking all the time & a pair of slipper, which the cadet bought up himself, for his own use.

The warebore is not large, but it have enough clothing to kept. the cadet in clean cloths at all times, and to kept him warm in cold weather & comfortable in warmer weather.

On a whole an aviation cadet have a nice & neat warebore & nothing to complain above during his training in the program that he is following.

It's the cagey thing to do



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THE THEATRE

HELEN AND SOME SPOOKS

IT is just possible that a few too many minds have been mixed up in "Helen Goes to Troy," at the Alvin. It is a pretty thing, with lovely music, but sometimes there seem to be a good many warring styles of singing and comedy on the stage at once. There are, for instance, the romantic leads—Jarmila Novotna, as Helen, and William Horne, as Paris—who treat the Offenbach score as if it were Wagner, and then there are a couple of comics, Ralph Dumke and George Rasely, as the High Priest of Jupiter and his assistant, who make their parts sound like Gilbert and Sullivan, and finally there are several people hanging around, like Ernest Truex, as Menelaus, and Donald Buka, as Orestes, whose voices are little better than mine but who sing nevertheless. I'm sure this queer mixture of talents is in the accepted tradition of operetta, but not, I think, to the degree achieved here. From Miss Novotna's highly professional rendering of the Barcarole rechristened ("Love at Last") to some of the sound effects produced by Mr. Truex may be too much of a leap for the human mind.

There also appear to be some contradictory ideas about the production in general. At times the settings and costumes, supplied by Robert Edmond Jones and Ladislas Czettel, have considerable humor and taste; at others, such as the scene in which Paris is accompanied on the stage by a flock of nodding mechanical sheep right out of F. A. O. Schwarz's front window, things got too cute for me. (I am obliged to admit, however, that many ladies in the vicinity were clearly enchanted.) Mr. Czettel also makes the evening a little difficult by putting almost identical first-act costumes on Paris and Orestes, so that half the time you are apt to get the impression that Helen's lover is her nephew and the other way round. None of these complaints, of course, are important in themselves, but their sum is considerable, and I'm afraid that "Helen" can't be described as a very carefully integrated work of art. Up until his death last fall, Max Reinhardt was responsible for this project, and while it is foolish to try to guess what he would have made of it, I have a feeling that, for better or worse, there would have been a unity of treatment and an attention to detail too often lacking now.

Since my knowledge of the history of opera is just about as faulty as my mythology, I won't attempt to say how the current version differs from "La Belle Hélène," as first offered in 1864. The music, according to my program, has been drastically edited by Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the conductor, who has cut a great many of the original numbers and substituted fourteen new ones, including the Barcarole. Since the score has been changed to this extent, it seems likely that the present book, by Gottfried Reinhardt and John Meehan, Jr., isn't much like the old one, either, except in general outline. The wit is certainly contemporary. Once, somebody turned up with a pun about "The Last Time I Saw Paris" that made me jump mildly, and a good many of the quips exchanged by Jupiter's priests would have been as timely (and as painful) in "Mexican Hayride." I suppose the jokes about Leda and the Swan were present in the first production, though probably in a somewhat less robust form, but otherwise I guess the humor is mostly the work of the new boys. As a man who has been baffled for years by the comedy displayed in light opera, I can only say they didn't make me laugh. The story, for your information, stops with Helen still this side of Troy. It is, I'm sure, no more elementary or tiresome than many another jocular treatment of this legend. Leonide Massine's choreography seemed to me rather haphazard, seldom offering any logical focus for the eye, but I am no expert on these matters, and what looked to me like confusion may appeal strongly to others as art.

Altogether, I think "Helen Goes to Troy" can be recommended to those who admire Offenbach and would like to hear a medley of his airs delivered under generally handsome circumstances. If you expect more than that from such rearrangements of the musical past, however, you'd better go to "Carmen Jones."

THE third ghost story of the past few weeks turned up on Friday night with the production of "A Highland Fling," by Margaret Curtis, at the Plymouth. In many respects, this is an amiable piece of work, but it is probably a little too slight and fey for mass consumption. The fact that it is delivered in Scottish dialect, presumably accurate but occasionally rather difficult for American ears, may also operate somewhat against its success. The speech of Scotland has, of course, a quaint appeal all its own, but even native charm can go too far, and a play in which two of the principal characters are known as Ghostie and Daftie is apt after a while to arouse a curious mixture of irritation and embarrassment in the spectator. I am quite willing to admit that the Scotch would indeed use these repulsive words, but just the same they sound like babytalk to me.

Margaret Curtis, who plays the part of Daftie (alternately known as Silly) in her own piece, has contrived a remarkably intricate plot. The Laird of Cairn McGorum has been dead for a century and a half but, made up like Leonora Corbett in "Blithe Spirit," continues to hang around the family castle, alarming the natives from time to time with banshee wails from the battlements. These can be heard by everybody, but the Laird (Ghostie) is visible in person and audible in speech only to children and half-wits, which is where Daftie comes in. She is convinced that she is the Lady of Shalott, and right here I can see that the task of synopsizing Miss Curtis is going to be too much for me. There is a lot of business about the Stone of Scone, and the reformation of the village drunkard so that the Laird may be admitted to Heaven, and a visiting angel, and an American businessman, but anybody who wishes to know how all these themes fit together will have to consult another authority, or even drop in at the Plymouth, an expedient really not as desperate as it sounds. Miss Curtis may be complicated and sometimes coy, but her play has its moments of simple, humorous charm. Ralph Forbes, as the ghost, heads an attractive cast, which, while not always agreeing on its Scotch accent, at least plays in a cheerful, rather mannered style quite suitable for fantasy. John Ireland, Karl Swenson, Frances Reid, and St. Clair Bayfield have most to do, but I also admired Gloria Hallward, as a fancy barmaid, and a very eerie little girl called Patti Brady.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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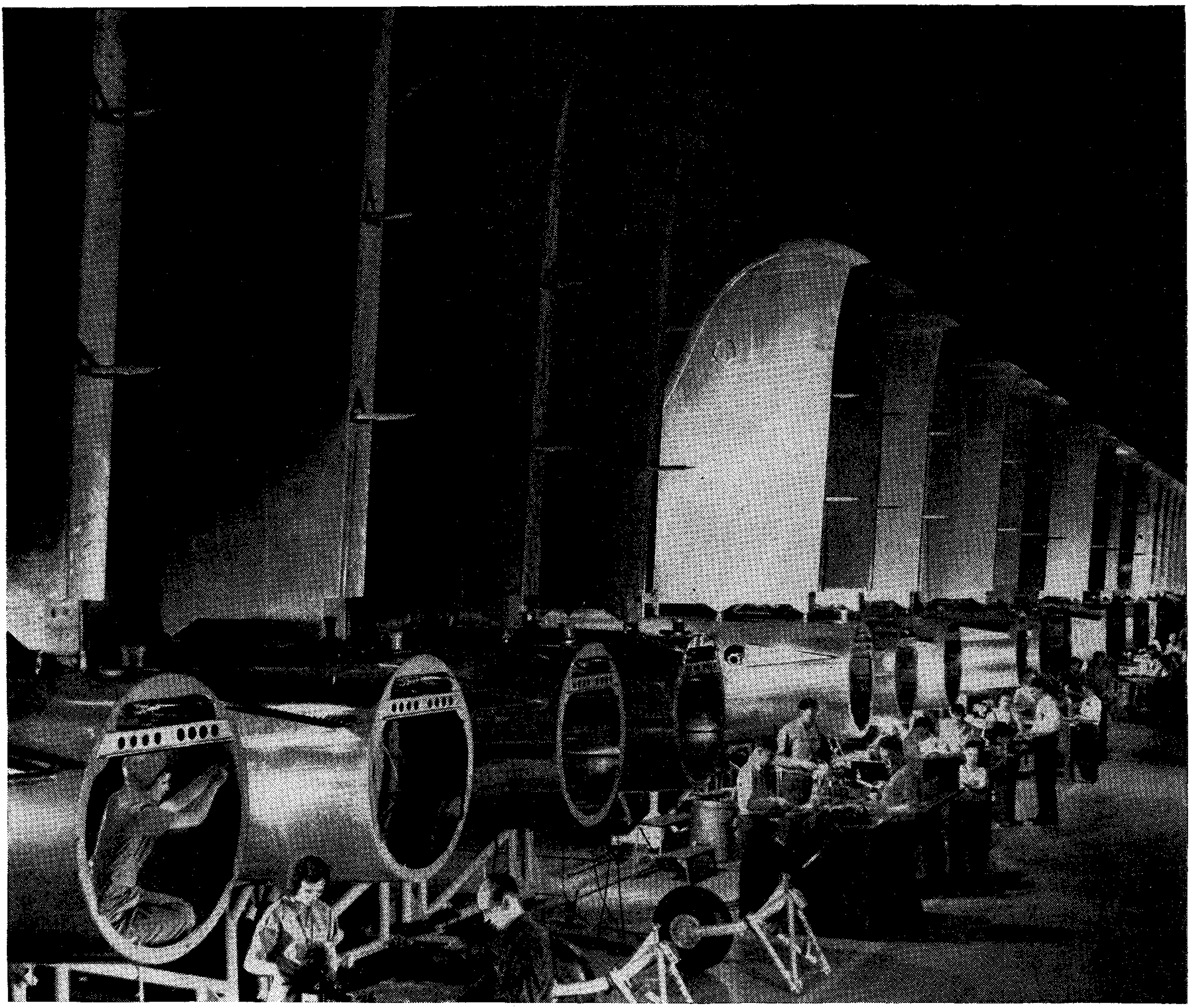

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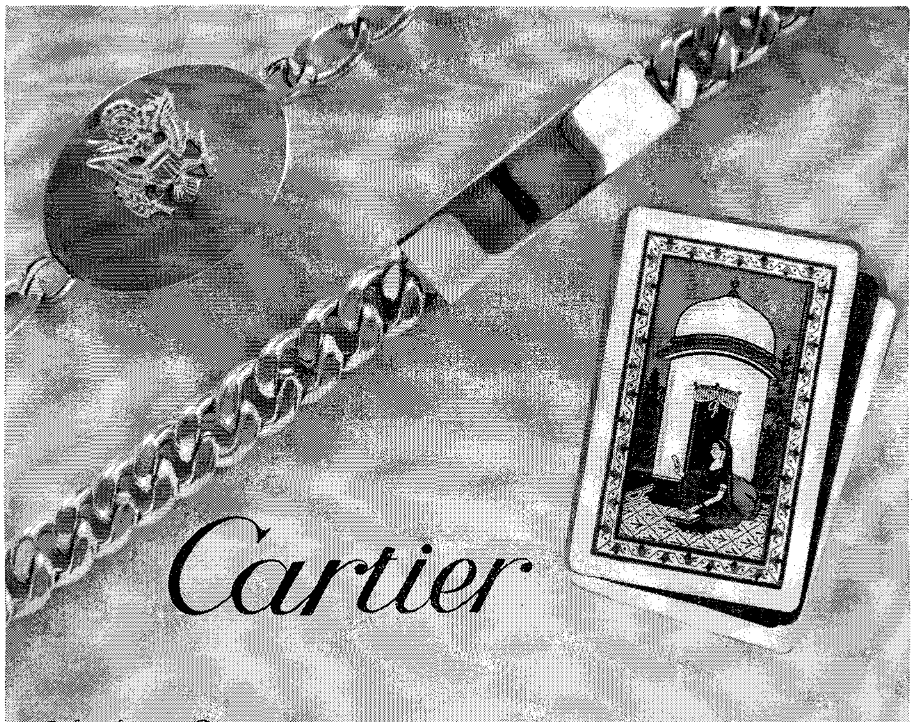

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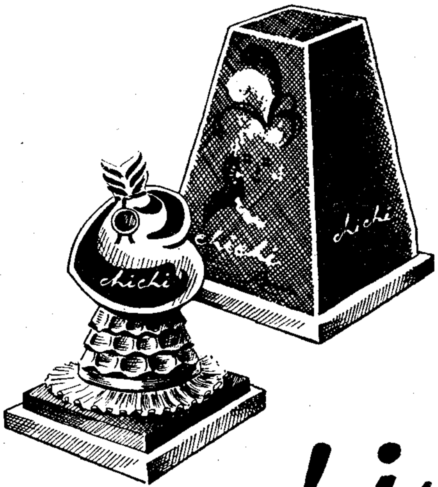

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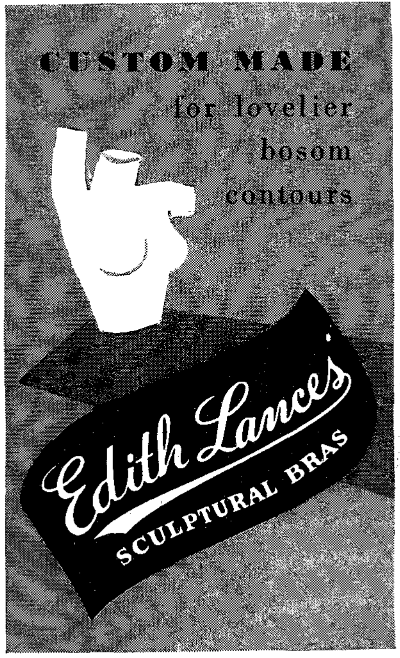

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Great Britain is now completely locked up, awaiting invasion day. The tight little island has probably never been tighter in all her history.

•

The Germans are reported to be in a state of jitters as invasion time draws near. We can understand how they feel because we are a little nervous ourselves.

•

Everybody is talking about the latest triumph of the Army. On the Chicago front our soldiers captured Montgomery Ward & Co. without the loss of a single man.

•

Both Bricker and Dewey have taken new positions in favor of postwar collaboration among the nations. All that Colonel McCormick can do now is wither on the vine.

•

General MacArthur has said that he will not be a candidate for President. There are strong indications, nonetheless, that he will carry New Guinea.

•

Photographs of the Hitler-Mussolini meeting seem to disprove the rumor that the ex-Duce is gravely ill. Our guess is that he is probably not half so sick as Hitler.

•

We are told that the anti-Roosevelt Democrats who are to meet in St. Louis are considering such Presidential possibilities as Senators O'Daniel, Reynolds, and Wheeler. We assume that the platform would call for a vigorous, all-out effort to lose the war.

•

Churchill says that the British Empire will not make the United States a present of the air bases now leased to us. He expects us to return them promptly in 2039.

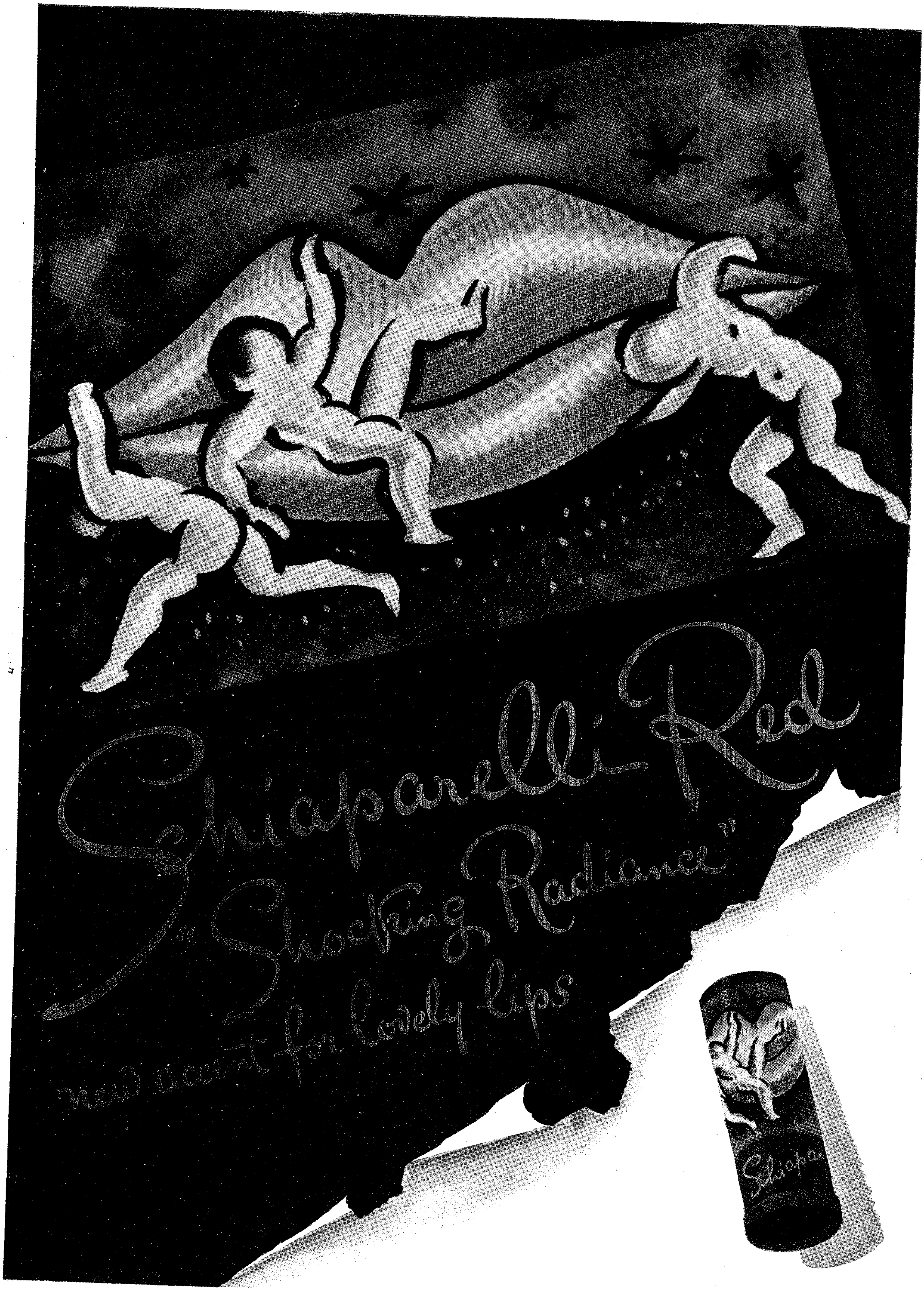
•

Traffic in the port of New York is now ten times its prewar peak. One can still remember the peaceful days when the harbor often contained nothing but the Statue of Liberty and water.

•

German papers are elated over an increase of 5.4 per cent in the national birth rate for 1943. This assures the Reich of a larger population for use when somebody has another intuition.

—Howard Brubaker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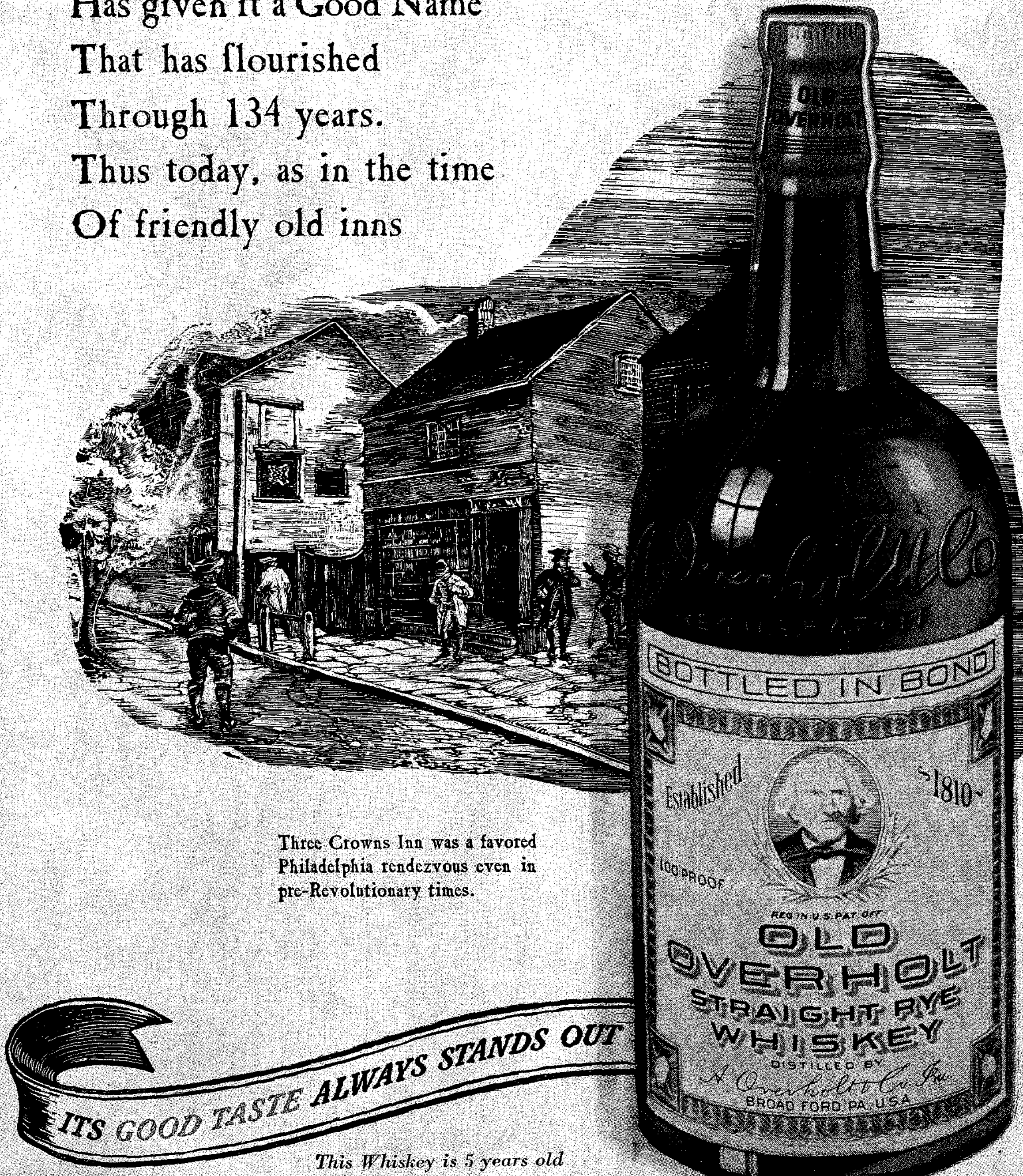
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

NOTES FROM THE KIDNAP HOUSE—III

"NO one knows the frightful sadness that comes up from the banks of the Seine unless he has heard an old street organ wheezing away in the afternoon in front of the Plaza-Athenée, where the German sailors laugh—unless, under the great trees of the boulevard, where formerly he would have heard all the sounds of a happy day drawing to its close, he has been oppressed by a silence so complete that he has heard even the rustling of the leaves. Paris is a city emptied of its wine—the phantom of a city. Walk of a Sunday along the streets leading to the Champs-Elysées. You will see Nazi flags drooping from the façades of luxury hotels. Nobody . . . Germans . . . nobody . . . more Germans . . . nobody . . . nobody but Nazis in white summer tunics walking as if they were in the park of a garrison town. A horse-drawn carriage passes. In it are two Junkers, who look around through field glasses, vapid. No distinct sound anywhere, except the sound of *their* boots and *their* motors." So a writer in *Le Père Duchesne*, one of the many French clandestine newspapers I have been receiving in London from a friend in the underground movement, describes the slumbering, waiting Paris.

Gaiety is gone from Paris, but wit, of the bitter, railing sort François Villon practiced in the same setting, remains. Laval is the main target. He attracts ten insults to Pétain's one; the remaining insults are shared about equally by such smaller fry as Joseph Darnand, Philippe Henriot, Anatole de Monzie, Georges Bonnet, Charles Maurras, and Marcel Déat. Laval and his family are the protagonists of a cycle of anecdotes in which greed, shamelessness, cynicism, and rapacity are made to seem almost comic. As a mild example, *Libération*, another clandestine journal, notes that the horse Pennsburg, which won the Grand Prix de Paris last summer for one Madame de Bonard, was really running for José de Chambrun, née Laval, who uses de Bonard as a *nom de course*. The horse was one of several confiscated from Ralph Beaver Strassburger, the American horseman, before he left France. *La Vie Ouvrière*, a secret trade-union newspaper, tells how workers in the perfume industry, feeling themselves exploited, appealed to the Vichy government for help. Vichy announced that it would set up, as it already had for other industries, a corporation of perfumers, like a medieval guild, for the protection of both the workers and the employers. The perfumer Guerlain went to René de Chambrun, Laval's son-in-law, and gave him a contract according to which he will represent Guerlain in America after the war, with a ten-per-cent commission on gross sales and a nice sum down as a binder. The government then appointed Guerlain czar of the perfume industry, free to dictate terms to the workers who had made the appeal. Another paper, after listing a stupendous menu that had been served at a love feast of collaborationist factions in a hotel in Dauphiné, adds, "Humanitarian Note: Madame de Chambrun fed to her dog the carcasses of two chickens," this in a country in which at least four-fifths of the population is undernourished.

Laval, who is usually referred to either as Kalmuk, because he looks Mongoloid, or as Bougnat, a contemptuous term for an Auvergnat coal-and-wood seller, divides his time between running errands for Hitler and devising schemes for making money which even he must now realize he has no chance of keeping. His avarice is pathological, a classical case of the kind described in fine, clinical detail by Molière and Balzac. Each of his new rackets is recorded in the clandestine press. Recently, for instance, he decreed that all mayors must subscribe to a certain new municipal-affairs magazine; the magazine, of course, was to be printed in the plant of *Le Moniteur de Clermont-Ferrand*, Laval's newspaper—"an affair of only 300,000 francs' profit yearly, but nothing is too small for him," *Libération* notes. François de La Rocque, the more or less comic leader of the Croix de Feu, the first French Nazi-model costume organization, induced some industrialists to stake him to a newspaper in Paris, *Le Petit Journal*, just before the war, but he got into the bad graces of the Germans and Laval because he couldn't help them enough. A more violent form of Fascism than his was needed. In the winter of 1942, Pétain appointed de La Rocque to his staff, an organization which has served as a refuge for collaborationists who are on their way out. However, the Gestapo, at Laval's request, arrested de La Rocque in Vichy and he has not been seen since. *Le Petit Journal* nevertheless continues to appear with the legend "Editor de La Rocque" at the masthead. This trademark still carries weight with some of the small bourgeoisie, who used to think the Croix de Feu was a good thing and have never quite reconciled themselves to the more brutal organizations, like Doriot's and Darnand's, that supplanted it. This paper, moreover, is printed on Laval's presses. It is perhaps his compulsion to amass money that keeps Bougnat alive in a world where he knows that he is unwanted.

René de Chambrun was in the United States at the time of the armistice, preparing a moral climate for the acceptance of treason by advertising papa-in-law as a nice safe man. He evidently believes that he himself will be received there again, either as a perfume sales-

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man or, possibly, as a State Department adviser on French affairs.

WRITERS in the clandestine press take the same sardonic pleasure in contemplating the present terror of the collaborationists that Villon felt when he predicted that his oppressors would die and rot. Journalists and other writers who have worked for the Nazis naturally are attacked in the clandestine press, because writers are peculiarly sensitive to the treason of other writers. There are things which the French intellectual had learned to expect at the hands of the industrialist or the politician but which he was not prepared to expect from writers. "It was not enough to have delivered the capital of the world to the Nazis, to the Schutzstaffel, to the firing squads. It was not enough to see posted on walls handbills announcing the execution of hostages. It was not enough to have to see the Vélodrome crowded to the gates three nights with [doomed] Jewish women and children," *Le Père Duchesne* said. "There had to be men, Frenchmen, who every day with zeal, with joy, with ecstasy followed out and even exceeded the shameful orders, flattered the executioners, thanked the assassins." The clandestine writers have been gloating over the growing discomfiture of newspapermen like Charles Maurras of *L'Action Française*, Marcel Déat of *L'Œuvre*, and Stéphane Lausanne of *Le Matin*, but their gloating is perhaps occasionally interrupted by anguish and impatience as the liberation, of which Frenchmen felt sure soon after Tunis, is again and again postponed.

I can easily visualize the reactions of two collaborationists I once knew whose names recur in the resistance newspapers. One, Alfred Mallet, who wrote in *L'Intransigeant* under the name of Gallus and in other papers under other names during the first nine months of the war, when I knew him, was then trying to make himself *persona grata* simultaneously with Reynaud and with Laval. He had a round, waxy face. It is probably as round as ever, because the black-market restaurants in Paris are good, if expensive, and Mallet could always get money. The disasters of May, 1940, decided his political reorientation; he took the Laval line, repeating everywhere that resistance was hopeless and capitulation was the only way out. For once he was not motivated only by the hope of profit; the thought of an air raid made him ill with terror. I remember him in a restaurant on the Rue Saint-Augustin in the spring

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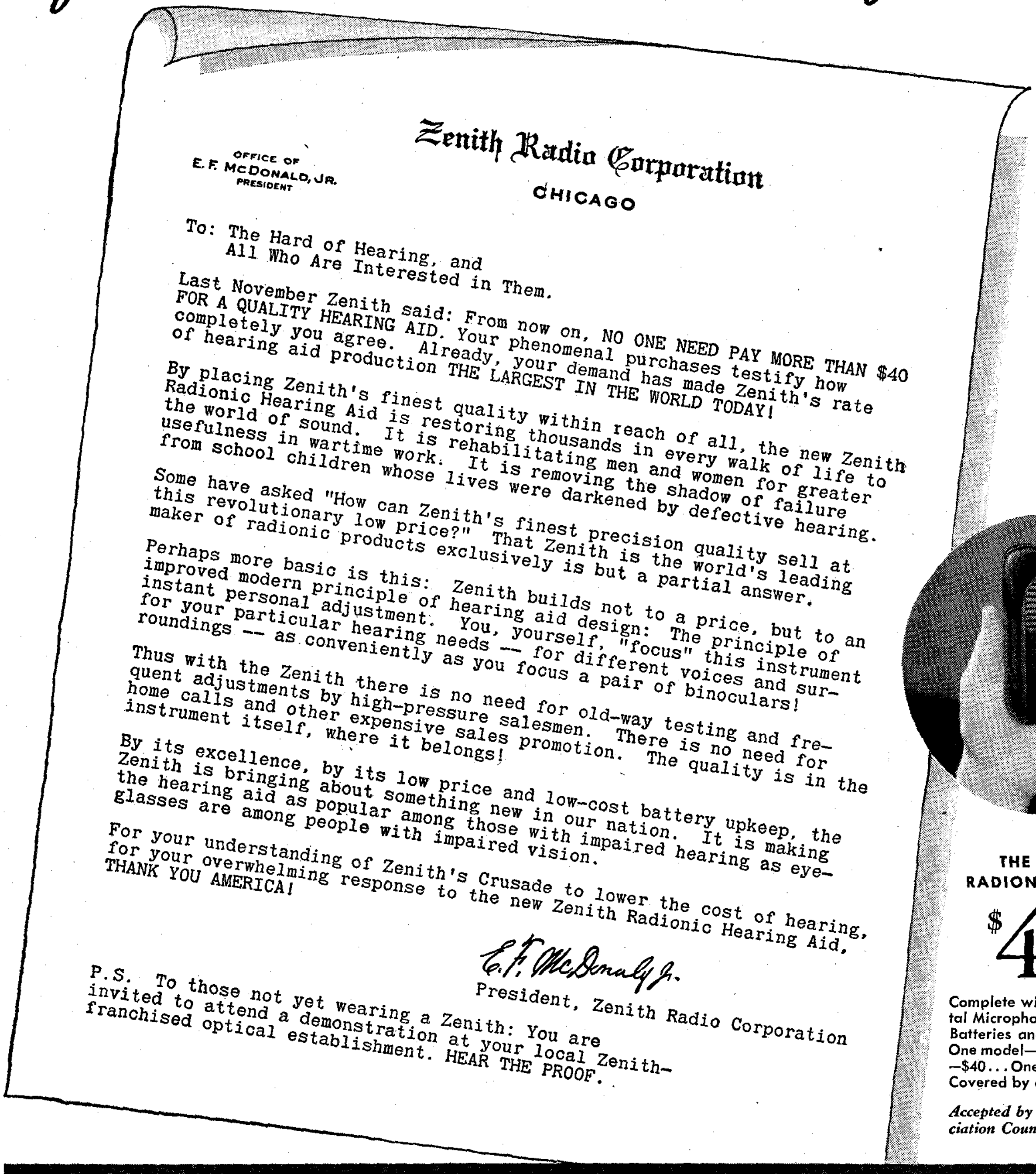

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of that year, eating asparagus and crying. The tears from the corners of his eyes were running down his cheeks to mingle with the drawn butter around the corners of his mouth as he sniffed and stuffed. Unable to repress either of his dominant passions, greed and fear, for an instant, he let them have a go together. Within an hour of the coup d'état that set up the Pétain government, Mallet was giving everyone the impression that he had never even known Reynaud. He soon became one of the ranking Germanophiles of the collaborationist press. He must have flattered himself on his adaptability, but now, facing the certainty of a German defeat, Mallet, who is a realist, must be close to tears of terror again.

The second man I knew was Louis Ferdinand Céline, author of "Voyage to the End of the Night" and "Death on the Installment Plan," which, whatever I think about the man who wrote them, I still consider to be two of the best books written between the wars. At least he can say that he was as hysterically pro-German during the last few years before this war as he has been since the armistice. Céline, who suffered from insomnia and hallucinations while he was writing his first novel, is by this time undoubtedly mad. Ten years ago he complained incessantly of the aftereffects of a head wound, suffered in the last war, which caused what he called a "buzzing" in his head. Recently he wrote in *Je Suis Partout*, a Nazi organ in France, "Are collaborators, then, so broken, so timid that they insist on dying . . . like fools and calves, assassinated, chained, without having spit back into the faces of our murderers, all their dirty hypocrisy, their rotten cant?" The clandestine *Lettres Françaises*, the organ of the patriot men of letters, comments, "Céline will die as he has lived, raving and foaming at the mouth." It is easy for a Céline reader to imagine the furibund and fear-stricken Céline; few other authors have so well described paroxysms of rage and terror. For myself, I shall always remember him as a big-shouldered man, unexpectedly rugged and tweedy for a Frenchman, sitting in the dining room of the Hotel Vanderbilt in New York in 1934, eating strawberry ice cream after rare roast beef and at intervals pausing between enormous mouthfuls and great, gasping swallows to shout obscene regret for the Middle Ages, when the Church assured the common people that they would go to hell after death and be miserable in the meantime. "Then, at least, there were

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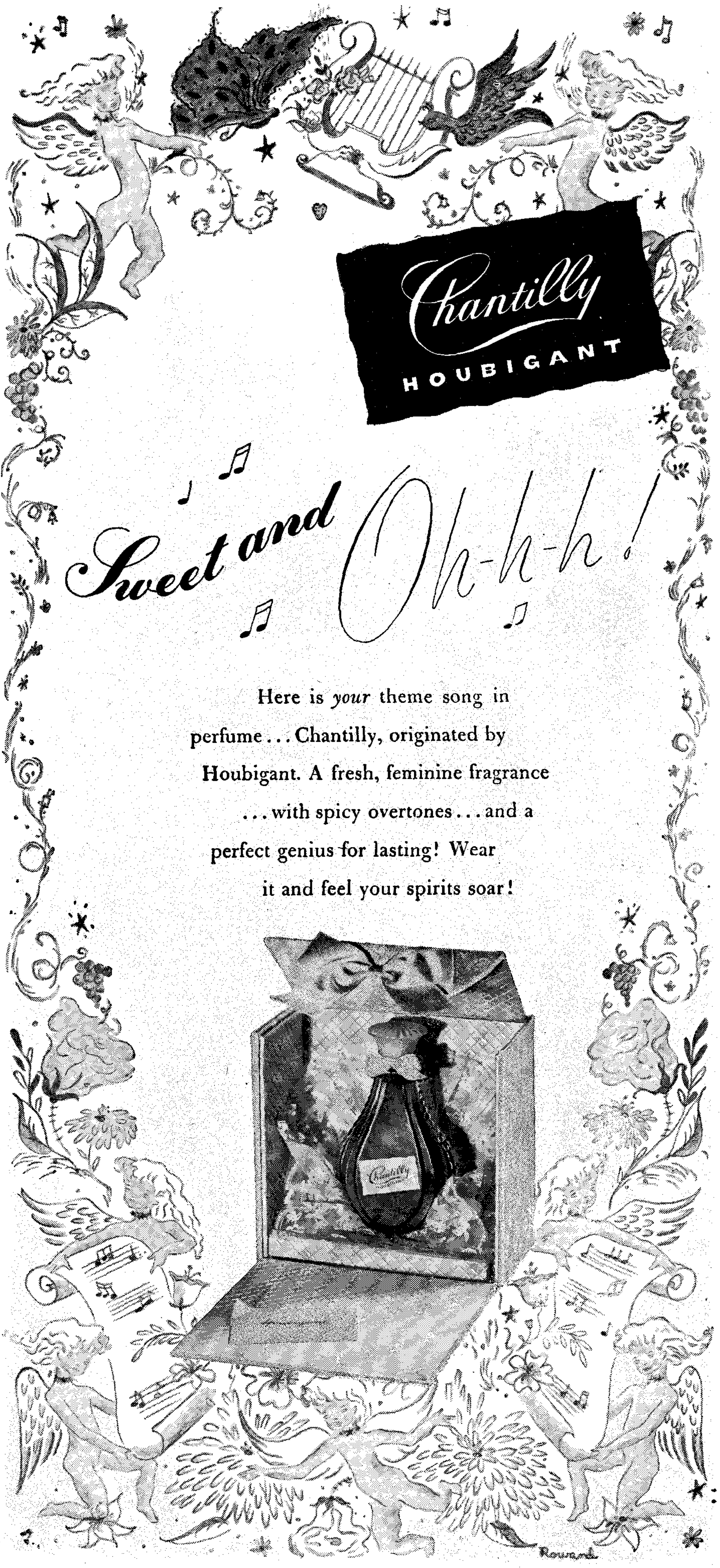
no false hopes," he said. He will die, I think, like a character in a Céline novel, perhaps like the professor of medicine in "Death on the Installment Plan," who preached stoic dignity and then, stricken by angina, died in humiliating contortions at the feet of his students.

Perhaps the most revolting example of collaborationist prose is a maudlin paragraph by Clément Vautel, for years the author of tasteless best-sellers, who in Paris wrote in the collaborationist daily *Le Journal* of his pleasure at hearing the German military band play "La Madelon" on the Champs-Elysées. It showed that the Germans were good fellows after all, he said. "He is enraptured, the *canaille*, that the Germans are there," exclaims an underground paper called *Franc-Tireur.* Of the well-known writers who went over to what seemed the stronger party—the group includes Jean Cocteau, Paul Morand, Henri de Montherland, Jean Giono, Jacques Chardonne, Henri Béraud, Abel Hermant, Abel Bonnard, and Henri Bordeaux, who make a strange gamut from surrealism to academic senility—none has a truly great name in the English-speaking countries. A number of the important writers, such as Maritain, Romains, Gide, and Malraux are now in exile or in North Africa, but several famous faces in the gallery of contemporary letters are completely missing. The high quality of both the prose and verse in the clandestine press leads one to suspect that some of the ranking writers have "disappeared" into the resistance movement. There exist not only clandestine newspapers and magazines but at least one clandestine book-publishing house, Editions de Minuit. But the writers do not claim credit for inspiring resistance. "Resistance started from the depths, from the people, without guidance," *Lettres Françaises* says. "The intellectuals merely contributed."

THE treason of a writer is explicit, because he puts it in words; a painter's thoughts can be his own. *L'Art Français*, which is for the graphic arts the opposite number of *Lettres Françaises*, records a friendship tour of the Reich by twelve painters, including van Dongen, Dunoyer de Segonzac, Vlaminck, Derain, and Despiau. That was in the days, not long after the armistice, when Otto Abetz was still trying to flatter France, and these fashionable masters may have felt a patronizing sympathy for the amateur painter Hitler. One of the few painters invited who turned the junket down was Albert



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Marquet. In 1941, when a Paris art gallery proposed a retrospective show of Marquet's work, he refused to permit one until the Germans had cleared out. Naturally, he was not then in the occupied part of the country. *L'Art Français* reports that all the students of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts called up for compulsory labor service failed to report and are now fugitives from the Gestapo. Most of them presumably have joined the Maquis. Also according to *L'Art Français*, a painters' and sculptors' resistance committee, in which artists of all tendencies and schools work together, has been functioning since the fall of 1941 in Paris. This is very probably the first time such unity has ever been achieved in France. The committee helps young artists to obtain false identity papers, hiding places, ration coupons, and money. The same issue of *L'Art Français* which records these things tells of the confiscation by the Germans of all collections of art belonging to French Jews and of the delivery by the Laval government to the Reich of van Eyck's painting "The Mystic Lamb," a Belgian national treasure entrusted to the custody of the French State in 1940, after the invasion of the Low Countries. It also carries a report on the Autumn Salon of last year, which, it says, was refreshingly good, perhaps because the Nazis are now too busy to devote time to the persecution of modern art.

There is no resistance publication for the stage and screen, as far as I can find out. Clandestine newspapers of all types take Gallic digs at Sacha Guitry, who seems to have carried over into real life his rôle in "The Story of a Cheat." He, these publications say, enjoys such favor with the Germans that when another collaborationist movie producer not long ago made a film on the same subject as one of Guitry's, Guitry simply had the other fellow's film suppressed. The worst record, by percentage, of all seems to have been compiled by the lovely

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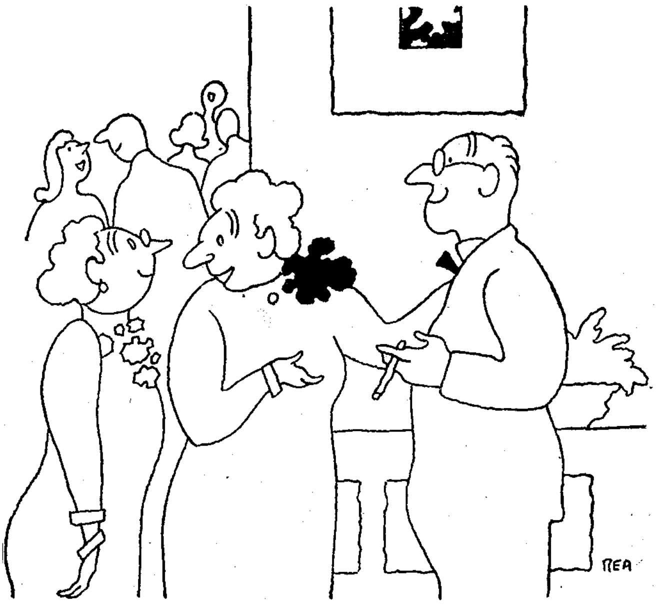

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women we learned to know in French films just before the war. Collaboration is a euphemism for the behavior of several well-known actresses, according to the clandestine Winchells. The temptations of actors are, of course, great. One can conceive of a clandestine writer but not of a clandestine movie star.

Another character who frequently engages the attention of the clandestine paragraphers in their lighter moments is Sisley Huddleston, a veteran British foreign correspondent who recently became a naturalized Vichy French citizen, which is tantamount to his becoming a second-class German subject. There is at least one clandestine humorous publication, *Le Gaullois.* The spelling of the name is a play on the general's name and *esprit gaulois.* This paper recently reported that, following Huddleston's example, Hitler asked Laval to have him naturalized as a French citizen. Laval took him to Pétain's office. Hitler went in, got naturalized, came out, and walked past Laval without speaking. Laval asked, "What is the matter, my Führer?" Hitler said, "I don't speak to Boches."

JOKES are only one facet of the obsessive fear, more solemnly expressed by editorial writers, that all the people who have disgraced France will try to escape the consequences of their treason by uniting, after the inevitable defeat, to support a government of "demi-virgins" like Georges Bonnet, Anatole de Monzie, and Ludovic Frossard. Such men have lived on good terms with Vichy but have never entered the government, either because, like Bonnet, they were excluded from it, or, like de Monzie, were too shrewd. This particular Kolchak government, the resistants fear, will appeal, in the name of law and order, to the English-speaking powers to prevent a massacre of collaborationists and especially to forestall the setting up of a Communist regime. One clandestine paper says, "These people are calling everybody a Communist who believes in universal suffrage. They would impose their own Fascism after the defeat of Hitler's." The same paper says, diplomatically, "The industrialists slander Americans by letting it be understood that they have an agreement with the United States." The fact is, nevertheless, that millions of Frenchmen in the resistance movement suspect that the "slander" has a basis in truth. The elaborate double-talk of our State Department does nothing to reassure them. The resistance press also reports uneasily that many collaboration-

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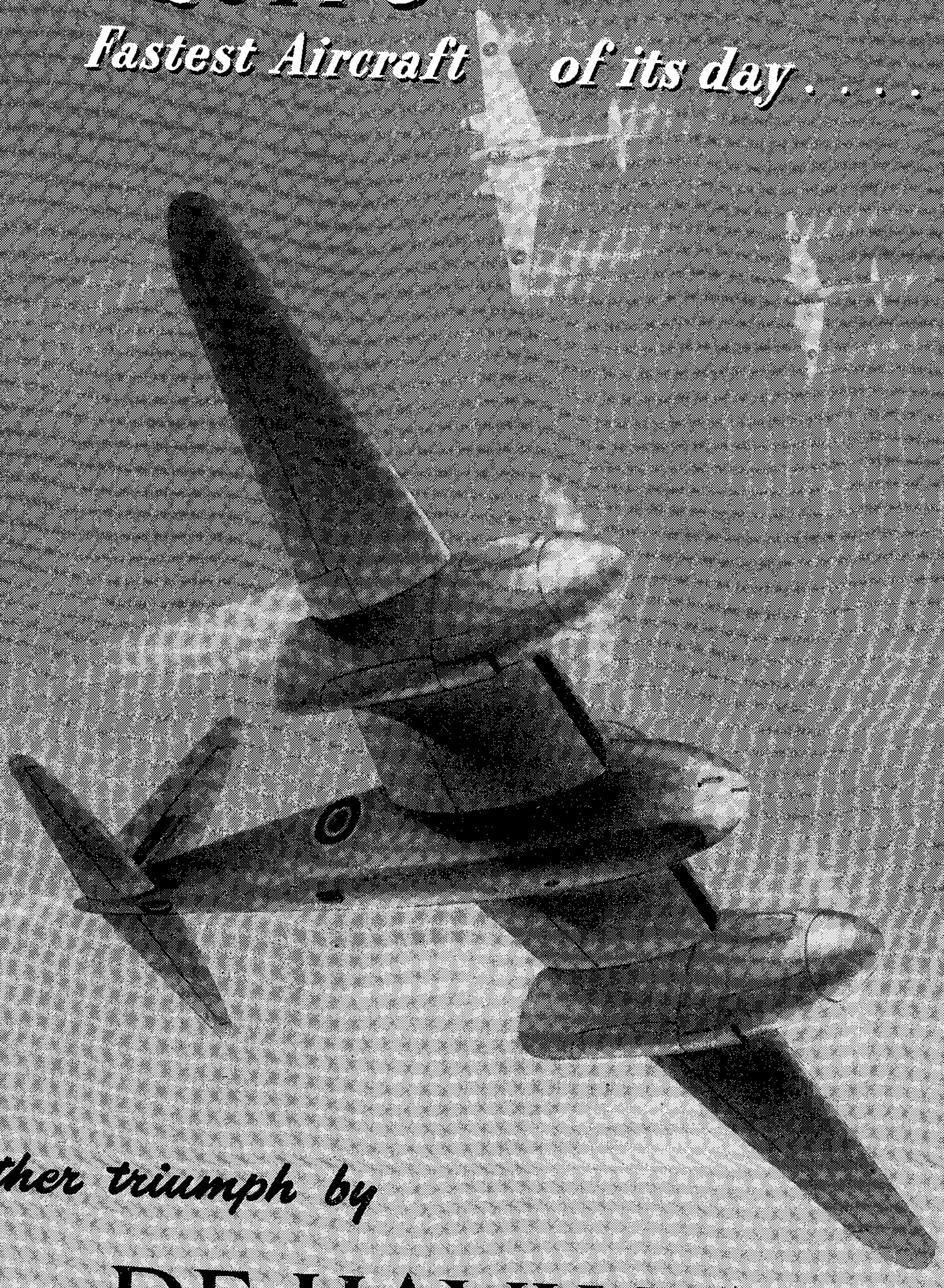

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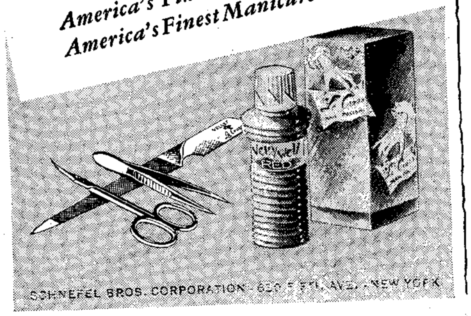

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ist industrialists are beginning to hedge against the evil day of collapse by contributing to the support of certain Maquis groups. By donating a small part of the profits they have piled up in making war matériel for the Germans, they hope to prevent the seizure of their plants after the liberation. Clandestine papers detect in this maneuver a plan by the industrialists to set the politically conservative Maquis groups against the Leftist Maquis groups, just as the Germans split the Yugoslav and Greek resistance movements. This plan would be successful only if the Comité Français de la Libération Nationale were prevented from setting up a firm provisional government in France. The resulting anarchy would weaken France for years. I regret to report that a prominent member of the not sufficiently defunct Cliveden set is now saying in London that we should keep the Algiers government out of France and "let the Frenchmen fight it out among themselves." There are a number of people in London who share his views, either because they dislike de Gaulle's intransigence or because they feel that the French are an inferior nation, whose "politics," by which they mean sentiments, are beyond English understanding. They seem unconsciously to loathe the idea of a strong France. According to them and, I am afraid, some Americans, all Frenchmen are on the same ethical level and the attitude of the resistance movement toward Vichy is merely vindictive. When I hear one of these Londoners talk, I think of a document printed in *Lettres Françaises*—the last letter of Daniel Decourdemanche, the paper's founder, whose nom de plume was Jacques Decour. His name appears on each issue of *Lettres*, along with the notation "Shot by the Germans, Saturday, May 30, 1942."

"My dear parents," the letter begins. "For a long time now you have been waiting for a letter from me. You did not think you would get this one and I hoped I would never have to give you the pain of reading it. . . . Look, I might have been killed in the war or even in last night's air raid, so I am not sorry to have given meaning to my death. You know I have committed no crime; you don't have to blush for me. I don't think of my death as a catastrophe when I think that at this moment thousands of soldiers of all countries are dying. . . . You know I have been two months waiting for what will happen to me this morning. I have had time to prepare, but as I have no religion I have not foundered in meditation on death. I

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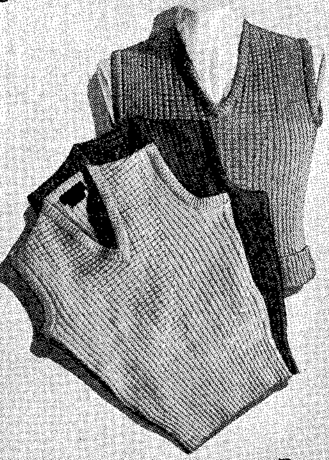

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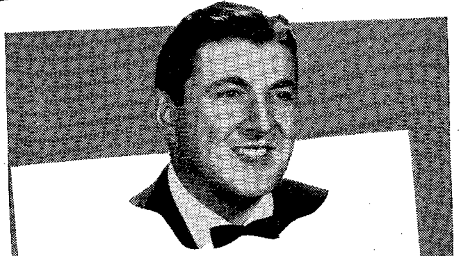

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look upon myself as a leaf that falls from a tree to make new soil. The quality of the soil will depend on the quality of the leaves that fall. By soil I mean the youth of France, in which I place all my hope. . . . You must pardon me for causing you this pain. . . . And now here are a few things you can do for me. . . . If you see my beloved, take her to your heart. Give her the things that are in my apartment: the volumes of the Pléiade, La Fontaine's Fables, 'Tristan,' the two water colors, the old map of Paris. . . . I want you always to think not of the fine things that might have happened if I had lived but of the fine things that really did happen to us all together. During these two months of isolation, without reading matter, I have relived all my travels, all my experiences, all my good meals. I have even made a plot for a novel. . . . I am going to write a message for Brigitte at the end of this letter; you will copy it out for her. She has not seen her papa for two years. . . . It is eight o'clock, nearly time to go. I have eaten, smoked, drunk coffee. I can't think of anything more to do. My dear parents, I kiss you tenderly. I am near you and the thought of you remains with me. Your Daniel."

Under that, *Lettres* adds simply, "It was Pucheu who handed over Jacques Decour to the executioner."

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the last of three articles on the French underground press. The first and second appeared in the April 15th and April 22nd issues.)

•

Louis Simpson of West Frankfort entered his plea of guilty to a charge of patronizing a disorderly house, and was sentenced to one year at that institution. —*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

Maybe he can get paroled soon for bad behavior.

•

When you learn in Russian that the first person singular of *is'katʲ* ("to search for") is *ishchu* [iʃtʃʲu], you will remark: "Quite understandable and easy to remember: the first person singular has merely palatalized the *-sk-* of the infinitive."—*From "The Gift of Tongues," by Margaret Schlauch.*

You don't know *us.*

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Journal-American*]

HOLLYWOOD, March 27 (INS)—Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cooper, parents of screen star Gary Cooper, today gave the reason their marriage has been a success for 50 years.

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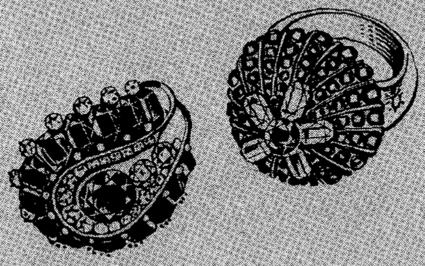

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

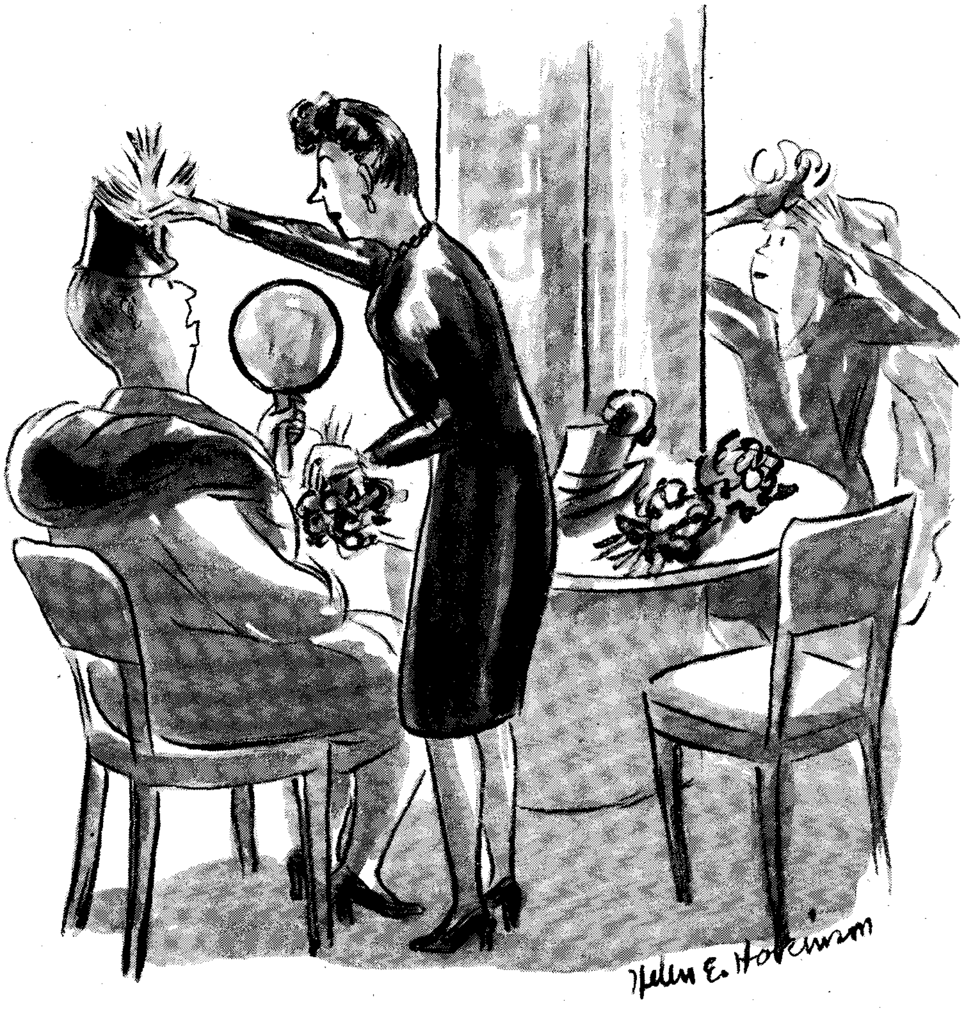
As the Easter parade so vividly reminded me, even the wartime effort toward simplicity in everything has not taught New York women all they should know about clothes. The women who looked the smartest wore tailored suits, but the majority depended on the conventional violent color and fussy trimming for effect and succeeded only in looking messy. Women wearing beautiful felt hats with only a few ornaments stood out among a mass of females who still seem to believe that a lot of stuff, plastered haphazard over the temple, constitutes good millinery. If, like me, you are tired of clutter masquerading as fashion, the clothes at Chez Ninon and the hats at Mary Goodfellow will be as refreshing as a scented bath at the end of a frenetic day.

The clothes at Chez Ninon, to begin with them, have no eccentricities except good line and a look of complete effortlessness. The skirts move easily when you walk, for they are wider than most you see, with soft gathers or shirrings in front to give a slight rounded-hip effect. The prints (for example, tiny violets widely scattered on a black ground, or green-and-white bowknots on a navy ground) are never trite. The shop still has real silk for its custom clothes, which have a habit of making women look charming but not conspicuous. There is, say, heavy white crêpe, with a dark blue, all-over scroll, used for a two-piece dress with a bolero back, a deep band of dark blue crêpe through the waistline, and a short, close-fitting, buttoned jacket. A turquoise silk suit with white pin-point polka dots has a blouse of white silk with navy pin dots and little turquoise bows at each end of the puckered tucks across it. A dress-and-jacket affair of black-and-white polka-dot crêpe has a skirt with a high waistband just below a short-sleeved, pink silk jersey blouse. You'll find here those invaluable black crêpes that can be worn with a big hat all summer long, as well as little print dresses accompanied by a matching jacket or by a straight coat in a bright color. There are also handsome, simple chiffon and sheer evening dresses. Some have deep oval necks, stitched bands through the torso, and gathered skirts; another has cascades of vertical ruffles down the front of the skirt and a back as plain as your slinkiest crêpe. These are all custom-made.

The ready-to-wear clothes are also designed on the premises; they run from $85 to $110. Among them are simple, tubular rayon crêpe dresses. There are separate doodads to give variety to them—things like lace peplums, or net overskirts, or lace or flowered-chiffon aprons.

Mary Goodfellow, who has a tiny shop at 23½ East 61st Street, is a designer whose hats respect the shape of the head, the shape of the face, and the silhouette of the body. They are all custom and they are all charming. Her half hats are likely to have brims, and they may be high on one side (sometimes there is a rose underneath) and sweep low on the other. One, of black satin, has a small, peaked-bonnet brim, with very flat satin bows, above and beneath, matching the color of your favorite print. She has felts, beautifully draped down one side, to be worn with suits (more and more, smart women are wearing felt the year round). Her pert fringe-on-top pillbox is all white fringe with a simple band of navy grosgrain across the top. Prices start at $18.50.

The beauty business is always in a whirligig of changing moods, one moment demanding that women look vibrant and efficient, the next that they look tanned and idle, the next that they prepare to look frail and helpless, effective a week from Wednesday. And who cares any more? At the moment, the emphasis (a lovely new word I just picked up) is all on daintiness and femininity—on the scent of roses and violets, on the creamy-looking skin that is unashamedly pink and white, on soft instead of arrogant lip colors. For instance, Dana, inventor of the intrepid, have-at-you perfume Tabu, now offers Platine—a perfume or toilet water with silvery flakes swirling through it, one of the most delicate rose scents imagina-



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ANTOINE

COSMETICS

ble and suggesting white satin boudoirs rather than the illegal rendezvous with a gypsy violinist that seems to be the trademark of Tabu. Don't worry about those silvery flakes; they're just a touch of ornamental foolishness, living placidly down around the bottom of the bottle except when you shake it. And there really isn't any reason to shake it. Charles of the Ritz has a new Moss Rose body sachet, which is very subtle but lasts all day long. There are also two new versions of wood violet that manage to be romantic without being old-fashioned. Ann Haviland does a refreshing sample in perfume, toilet water, sachet, and bath oil; Tone's violet-scented toilet water will win over many women who never liked such an odor before. Tone has had a lipstick in this scent for some time, and it is a lipstick that has never been bettered.

The peremptory demand for creamy skins has brought forth enormous numbers of finishing creams which can produce that look. Some women complain that the pancake type has a tendency to dry the skin, but it shouldn't if you clean your face with cream beforehand and use very little powder over the makeup, whose matt surface makes a lot of powder unnecessary anyway. Lenthéric has a good new pancake makeup, which has more oil in it than most and is easy to put on smoothly. There are three shades, ranging from light to tan, in one of the best-looking cases around—black plastic, with the firm name sprawled across it in turquoise script. It's $1.50, and I am dotty about it. As for liquids, a beauty is Lucien Lelong's Quick Change, a thickish business which is creamy enough to make your skin soft even after soap and water. This is made in five shades and costs $2. Lastly, Dorothy Gray's Finisheen is one of the best of the new cream foundations.

The English, of course, are experts at those pink-and-white complexions. Yardley is offering an excellent cleansing cream for dry skin. It's light and fluffy. After you've finished with it, Yardley's mild toning lotion will remove the last bit of grease. The firm's Bond Street makeup base (a cream type) is successful at giving a firm foundation to powder without also contributing a caked look. Cyclax of London, at 7 East 53rd Street, is already known for its superb facials and its Special Lotion, a medicated affair that does a nice job of erasing skin blemishes. Right now, the big fuss at this shop is over its Dresden makeup (something to do with Dresden china or Dresden

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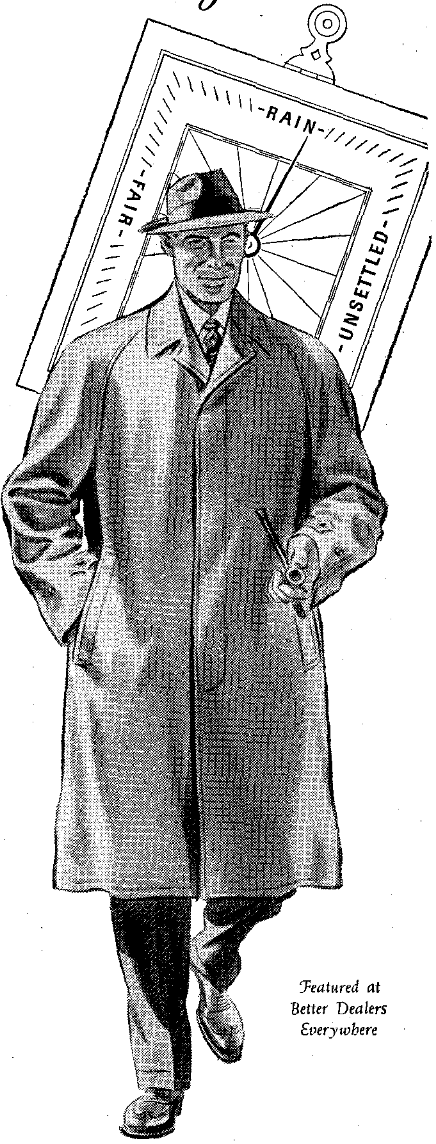

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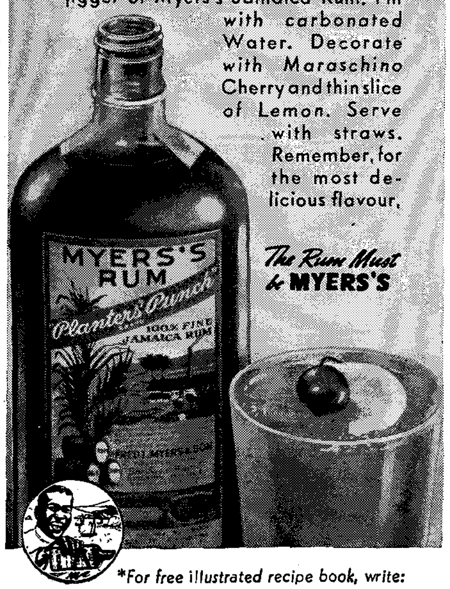

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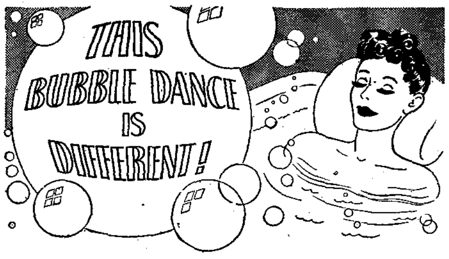

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dolls, presumably), which consists of rouge, lipstick, liquid powder foundation, and a cream-colored face powder. Whatever the intent, you'll look a pretty pink-and-cream, and not doll-like at all, when you're through.... More and more face powders with lots and lots of pink are appearing. Macy's Rose Cuivre is not new, but it is still rare in that it is a darkish shade which doesn't go dirty around the mouth and nose (even on a fair skin) and is splendid for giving a sallow skin a glow. Frances Denney's Pink Lilac face powder is pink, and I mean really pink. This is heavenly for nighttime, even on a brunette. It goes well with Denney's Red Lilac lipstick, a red that achieves a definite lilac tone without being purple.... Heavens, even Schiaparelli's newest Radiance lipstick is a deep rose (it has no orange or blue tones at all, but it isn't flamboyant red, either). This appears in a cockeyed purple case covered with Dali cupids. Incidentally, hers is one of the shiniest lipsticks made. It's succulent, too, but it lasts very well despite this, if you have the sense to let the lipstick set before licking your lips. It is, naturally, scented with Shocking.

I could go on and on, and I will, too, but not forever. Next, Elisabeth Rae has a thing called Face-Rest, a three-minute facial that comes in the form of a greenish liquid which dries on the skin and, when washed off, leaves it taut and glowing. It's $1.50 at Franklin Simon. ... There is a jewel of a manicure salon which rejoices in the down-to-earth name of Mary Abels-Miss Champney, at 70 East 56th Street. A manicure there takes half an hour, but it's one of the most competent in town and lasts like anything; $1 for the regular one, $1.50 for a hot-oil affair.... A gay, pleasant hairdressing salon (they even put you in a pink shantung house coat) is John Hall's, at 26 East 56th Street. No conversation, no cooing, no nonsense—just a good shampoo and set for from $2 up. If you haven't time for a shampoo, you can have a fifteen-minute brushup, which costs only a dollar. The place is open late (until eight on Tues-

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days and Fridays) and is one of those nice experiences.

A brand-new idea in leg makeup, which will come in handy this long, nylonless summer, is supplied by Delettrez—a bath mitt which you soak in cold water and rub on your legs. Simple, what? The stuff in the mitt doesn't spatter when you put it on, it dries quickly, and your legs emerge with the requisite stockinged look. It's $1.50 at Oppenheim Collins, Bloomingdale, and Stern, to name a few.

As for maintaining the body beautiful, or as for just plain pulling a weary, warped framework into shape again, there's the Symetra Salon at the Hotel Chatham. They start you off with heat, in a cabinet that is slid away when it is time for the massage to begin. The massage is one of the best, particularly on the back, and the warm pine lotion they rub you down with at the finish makes you feel wonderful. This refurbishing is $5 complete. Another place to have yourself repaired is the Ansonia Hotel Turkish baths, which are entirely for women and are open from ten in the morning to nine at night every day except Sunday. There is a big pool, and a gymnasium equipped with plenty of reducing apparatus. Bring your own bathing suit and slippers; this is war. You might also try the Turkish baths at the Biltmore, which are open to women from nine in the morning until quarter of two in the afternoon Monday through Friday. The masculine black leather chairs and the icy coldness of the pool (it's too cold for more than a plunge) are quite a change from the pink-and-blue décor and the there-there pampering of the usual beauty parlor.

Anything else you want to know?

—L. L.

•

ALTERNATIVES

I thought that I had found a friend;
Either I erred or friendships end.
Both things can happen, sages sigh,
Mistakes are made, affections die.
I cannot say I care to know
In this hard instance which is so;
One learns by chapters as one lives
How bitter are alternatives.

—Irwin Edman

•

The Hollywood gossip says that K—— G—— will retire from the screen presently to await the stork. Her Washington trip was a glorious success.—*Washington Daily News.*

Ah, travel!

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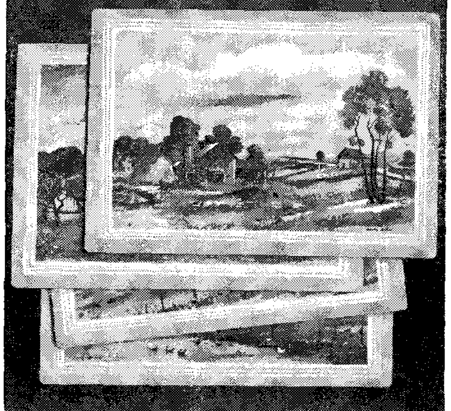

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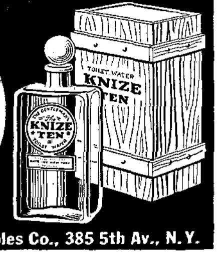

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Two-Gun Salute

PICTURES about the past, present, and possible future of the Negro have appeared lately from two sources. The first source is the United States War Department, and the second is one Jack Goldberg. The War Department's product, "The Negro Soldier," has something of an edge on Mr. Goldberg's, which is called "We've Come a Long Long Way." Apparently the government had better equipment and access to better library material than Mr. Goldberg, who has been obliged to fill in with several familiar and irrelevant shots of the Japs bombing Pearl Harbor and the President asking for a declaration of war. Both pictures are perhaps a bit too sunny in their outlook, especially Mr. Goldberg's, as, for example, when it demonstrates the high level of medical care available to the Negro by giving you a glimpse of the façade of the Harlem Hospital, a place which may be an asset, relatively speaking, but which happens not to be highly thought of in Harlem. Both pictures use the same narrative device—a colored preacher reviewing the Negro's history in America to his congregation.

"The Negro Soldier" goes more clearly and comprehensively into the services rendered this country by Negroes from the Revolution on, as soldiers, scientists, writers, entertainers, and sportsmen. Both pictures, incidentally, show Jesse Owens and Ralph Metcalfe running first and second against a German sprinter in the 100-metre dash in the 1936 Olympics, which is a treat, and "The Negro Soldier" shows Cornelius Johnson, along with two other Americans, beating a Jap in the high jump. Finally, both pictures make two valid and important points. One is that the Germans and Japs have given ample evidence that the Negro will do better if the Allies win this war, and the other is that the education and technical training provided by the Army and Navy can't help but do the Negro some little postwar good.

A FAIRLY interesting, and at the same time pointless, documentary, "One Inch from Victory," has come from a studio with the high-powered name of Scoop Productions. The film is a combination of Russian, British, American, and captured German footage. Somehow, both the interest and the pointlessness happen to lie in the same places, the portions which were captured from the Germans. These are the most extensive examples of how the enemy is photographing the war which have appeared over here, and up to a point it's interesting to evaluate them. You may very well reach the conclusion that the Germans have done a certain amount of competent work with their cameras, for all the good it's likely to do them. One or two close-ups of infantry and tanks in action were done with skill, and one shot of mountain troops plodding up into the rarefied air of the Caucasus (all of the captured film was made on the Russian front) has the shocking unreality about it that good war scenes often have. On the other hand, all this German stuff was intended for propaganda with which to scare the occupied countries into tractability. Naturally, it shows the Germans doing well against the Russians. This compels the commentator to keep saying that a little while later they weren't doing nearly so well, which is certainly a fact and which makes you wonder if it wouldn't have been a better idea not to have brought the whole thing up in the first place.

Scoop Productions present, as commentator, Quentin Reynolds, who has written his own script and filled it with neat quips and also with dreadful syntax and rhetoric. A lot of his participles are what we used to call dangling in school, and at one point he mentions "the extended fingers of the Germans' mailed fist," a difficult fist to picture.

IT'S not that "The Adventures of Mark Twain," which contains Fredric March and Alexis Smith and Alan Hale and Donald Crisp and all, is much worse than most cinematized biographies, because it does have its good moments. It's just that once more biographical inaccuracy is rampant, and once more the best dramatic possibilities have been overlooked, so it's hard to think of anything new, in the line of protest, to say.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

The bride wore a gown of white marquisette with finger tip veil. She carried a white missile covered with orchids.—*Baker (Ore.) Democrat-Herald.*

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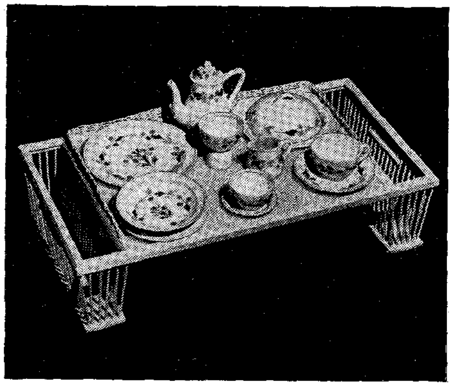

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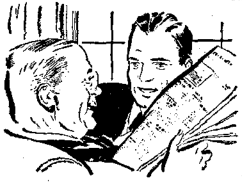

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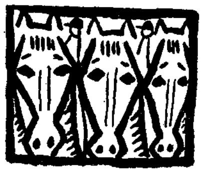
THE RACE TRACK

Derby Dissertation



FOR practically the first time I can remember, nobody seems very excited about the Kentucky Derby. Whenever the subject came up at Jamaica last week, someone usually remarked, "Oh, I suppose Stir Up will win," and everybody went back to studying *Racing Form*. Obviously, the reason for the lack of interest in this weekend's big race is that there is no Count Fleet, Cavalcade, Twenty Grand, Gallant Fox, or Whirlaway in it. The season's three-year-olds are a moderate lot by almost any standards, and the Derby probably won't be a lot different from any first-class claiming race that you could see, in slightly more comfort, at Jamaica.

Some people believe that Stir Up won't stay the mile and a quarter of the Kentucky Derby because Stimulus, his sire, was a sprinter. Stimulus, you may recall, was one of the best of the horses Marshall Field used to race before he got more interested in *PM*. Stimulus was extremely fast, but his legs were not strong enough to stand the wear and tear of constant training. If memory serves, none of his children ever won an important race at ten furlongs, or even, for that matter, an unimportant one. On the other hand, Stir Up's great-grandmother, Miss Minnie, was the mother of Grey Lag, as stout a fellow as you ever saw. As for Stir Up's chances, I feel that he is so nimble that he should be able to avoid being crowded back in the rush for a good position at that troublesome clubhouse turn at Churchill Downs on Saturday. Also, he's going to be well ridden, for Arcaro, who handles him, is in top form. Arcaro rode three winners at Jamaica last Saturday, and barely missed riding four in a row. Arcaro, by the way, is getting back to his old rough-riding tactics; it's probably the Latin in him. I wouldn't blame him, though, for looking after himself and his horse in a $75,000 race. Well, taking one thing with another, I suppose that Stir Up will win the Kentucky Derby.

I DIDN'T see Stir Up win the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah, but a man who did tells me that Skytracer, if he had been ridden by Arcaro, would have beaten Stir Up that day. Skytracer will

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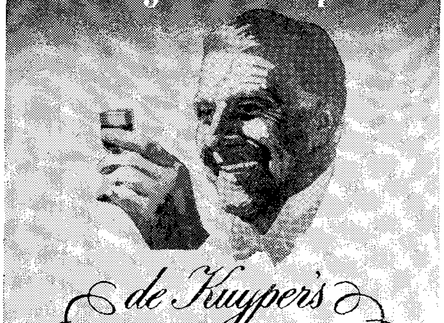

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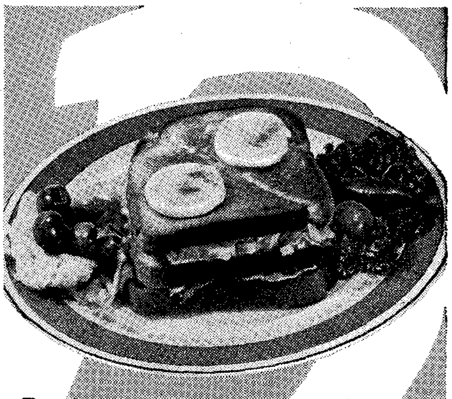

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have a lot of popular support in the Derby because of his three-length victory in the Blue Grass Stakes over Challenge Me, who was something of a public choice because he had won the Arkansas Derby, an accomplishment which may mean a lot to some horseplayers but counts for very little with me. The only other thing I can tell you about Skytracer is that he has the right sort of pedigree, for he's by Flares, who won the Ascot Gold Cup in 1938 for William Woodward.

I don't believe that the Chesapeake Stakes at Pimlico last weekend, in which something called Gramps Image brought off practically a 30–1 chance by beating Pensive and half a dozen others, revealed anything that should worry Stir Up. Nevertheless, Gramps Image—in case the name baffles you, the colt got it because he looks like his grandsire, Man o' War—has gone to Kentucky. I daresay that Pensive will start in the Derby, too, even though he wears bar plates, which, as you should know, are orthopedic shoes for horses.

It's curious, isn't it, how much more brittle the better racers are than the selling platers? Pukka Gin will be out of training for a while, and, because he bled during a workout at Pimlico the other day, will be marked as undependable. This is unfortunate; he was such a promising colt. As for Lucky Draw, who won his section of the Wood Stakes, an attack of colic will keep him out of the Derby. Last summer, a case of hives kept him from the races for months.

THERE'S not a great deal to be said about the racing at Jamaica last week except that almost three million dollars was bet last Saturday. Doublrab, although a bit grayer, seems just as fast as he used to be; he was fast enough, anyhow, to polish off the other sprinters in the Jamaica Handicap. Leslie Grey, whose color happens to be brown, won the Rosedale Stakes, but there was so much bumping and skittering all over the track that the form of the race can't be taken seriously. The meeting ends with the Grey Lag Handicap on Saturday; then the horses move to Belmont, where we'll all (I hope) have elbow room.

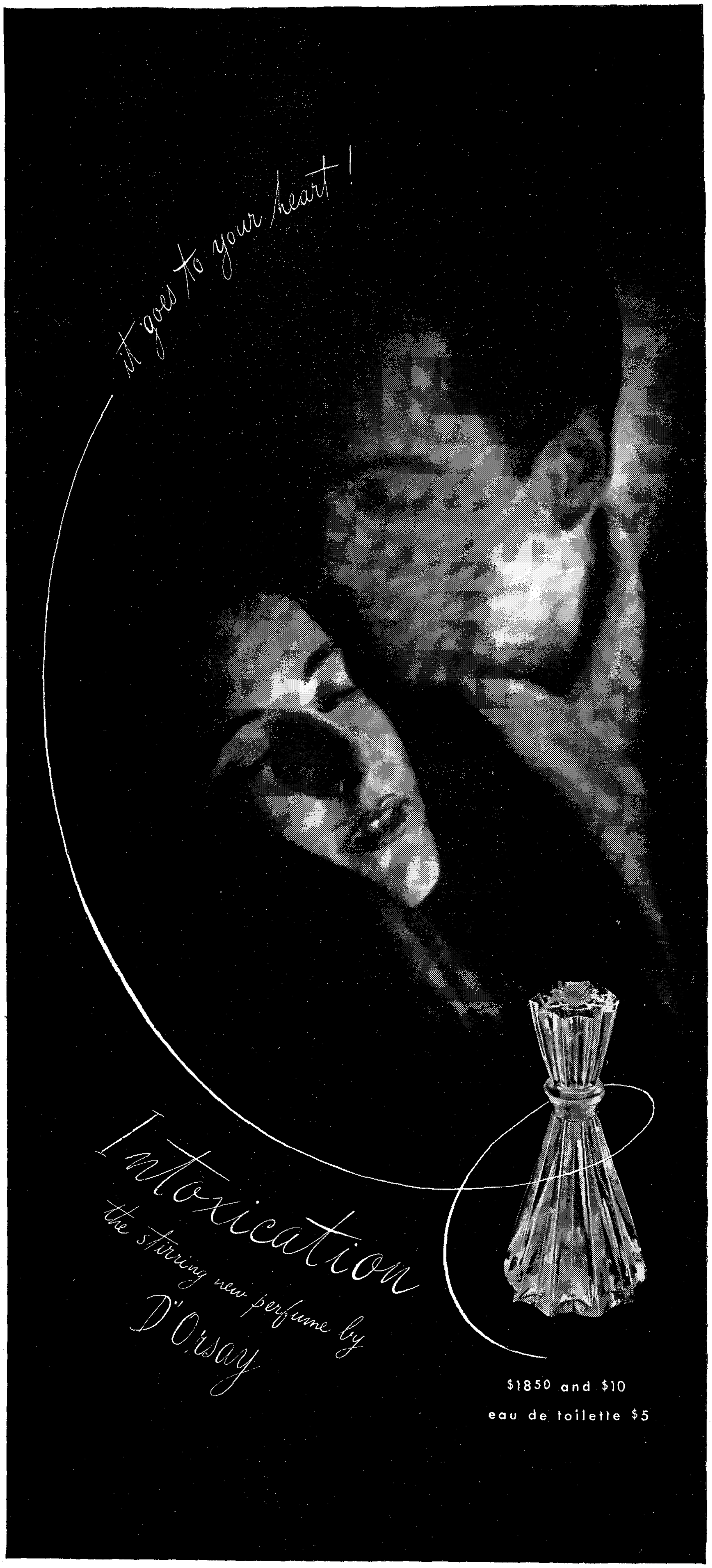
—AUDAX MINOR

•

WARM WEATHER COMES TO THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

[*From the Bennington (Vt.) Banner*]

"Summer is icumen in
Lewdly sing 'cucu.' "



I WENT TO SEE A QUEEN

IT is still a mystery to me how my Uncle 'Lish ever got the permission of the family to take me, a boy of seven, from Sicasset to Boston to see the parade in honor of Queen Liliuokalani. For my list of proscribed persons was headed by the name of my great-uncle, Captain Elisha Hathaway, retired shipmaster and, as I see it now, probably one of the most scandalous old men of a hard-bitten era. Mother's parting words as I went out to play invariably were "Don't go down to the end of the wharf, and keep away from Uncle 'Lish's house." There was an attraction about the old man's company, combined with a shivery sort of fear, that always made this order hard to obey.

Uncle 'Lish used to sit at a table under the trellis built out from the portico of his four-square old "captain's house" and drink Jamaica rum practically all day. He had a cellar full of it which he had brought in himself on the last of his voyages. The big barque of which he was master and half owner had degenerated and, in her last days, carried molasses from West Indian ports into Medford for the Lawrence distilleries. That was after long years of service as a China trader.

As the day wore on, Uncle 'Lish would get noisy. He used to roar out orders to imaginary seamen, aloft in the big cherry tree above him, to reef a tops'l or set a stuns'l, and the language he employed in giving these orders would blister the paint off the house.

But Sicasset people didn't, in those days, appear to care. Timorous old ladies passing on the street would stop their ears, but most of the neighbors just said, "By gorry, Cap'n 'Lish, he's givin' her all she'll carry this v'y'ge."

Uncle 'Lish was well on toward seventy-five years. He was very tall, standing more than six feet despite the fact that he was extremely bowed in the legs. He was clean-shaven, with fierce blue eyes, and his jaw was noticeably lopsided. Uncle 'Lish always insisted that this defect was the result of being moonstruck while sleeping on deck in the tropics, but certain old sailors in Sicasset who had shipped out to China with him told another story. They said his jaw was broken in a beating by revengeful members of his crew who waited for him on South Street, in New York, after a particularly trying passage.

His effect of height was enhanced by a tall, narrow-brimmed stovepipe hat which I never saw him remove, in the house or out of it, and by a long-tailed coat of either blue broadcloth or sailor cloth, but with black, not brass, buttons. His trousers were cut very wide, probably to camouflage his bowlegs. He wore high sea boots up to his knees, but they were under his trousers. As to linen, he wore a stiff-bosomed "boiled shirt," and in spite of his slovenly habits when in drink, it always seemed to me immaculate. He never put on a collar or tie, but in the buttonhole under his chin there was always a gold stud of remarkable size and lustre. Finally, he had a rosewood cane with a yellowed ivory knob, which I suppose had punched holes in the streets of most of the ports of the seven seas. I have that cane to this day.

Uncle 'Lish's wife, Mahala, my maternal grandmother's sister, was one of the gentlest of women, but she was far from being browbeaten by her masterful husband. As I look back at it, I believe she was the only person on earth, or beyond, whom he feared. It was this fear of her, I am persuaded, that prompted him to take me with him on that memorable trip to Boston in the year 1886. I was to be his alibi.

I HAD gone over to his house across the lane one afternoon in spite of orders. Uncle 'Lish, in a fairly sober condition, was sitting with Aunt Mahala under the trellis discussing the dusky royal visitor from the Hawaiian Islands who was to arrive in Boston the following day, and his intention of going to see her. When he noticed me, he broke off in the middle of a sentence.

"And what's more, Mahaly," he roared, "I'm going to take the boy with me! He's never seen a queen. By God, I'll introduce him to my friend Liliuokalani, and show him something of the world. Hell, I ain't seen Lili since I dined in state with her brother, old King Kalakaua, in the royal palace in Honolulu in '67. And of all the damned fish guts and gurry that I ever had served up to me. Yes, b'God, I'm going to ask Mercy to let him go." Mercy was my mother. Off he went to our house.

"I do not believe, Elisha, that Mercy will agree," Aunt Mahala called after him.

Aunt Mahala was wrong. I don't know why, but Mother said yes. So next morning, when the Boston accommodation came screeching into the Sicasset station, with the brakemen winding down on the hand brakes and the cars bumping together on the drawbars, Uncle 'Lish and I were waiting. And an incongruous pair we must have looked.

We got into the smoker and the Captain, taking four-fifths of the seat, began describing to me the wonders and grandeur of the sovereign whom I was about to see. The conductor came and stood beside us and waited for some time for him to come to a stop. Finally he tapped Uncle 'Lish on the elbow with his ticket punch.

I have been sorry ever since for that conductor, a mild little man in a frock coat and a derby hat. Conductors on the Old Colony road didn't wear uniforms in that day and his only insignia of office were a gold shield pinned on his breast and his punch. The conductor's most striking feature was a heavy, sandy beard which reached nearly to his eyes. Captain 'Lish, who had broken off in the middle of a sentence, stared at him for a moment and then turned to me.

"Boy," he said, "I don't like the rig of this bastard. He looks to me like a rat peekin' through a bunch of oakum. . . . Go for'ard, you son of a hoor, or I'll keel-haul you under you own train." The conductor fled.

There was a great crowd of people pouring out of the Kneeland Street Station in Boston and from the Albany Depot next door, most of them apparently bound for the parade to see Liliuokalani, who was going to ride in a barouche drawn by six horses, accompanied by the Governor. The Queen's retinue was to follow in hacks. There was a festivity and feeling of carnival in the air as we came out of the station, and I could hear bands playing at a distance.

Naturally I was anxious to follow this gay crowd. But Uncle 'Lish showed no haste.

"Hell, boy," he said, "don't crowd on so much sail. You'll see the Queen, all right. But there's a man over here that I've got to see about a cargo, and that's our first port of call." He steered me across and up Kneeland Street and into the first saloon I had ever been in.

Our entrance into the place had an immediate and, to me, a mysterious effect. Three nautical-looking men who were sitting at a table got up, leaving their drinks, and ran out a side door. A fourth rose and stood at the far end of the bar, where he glowered at Captain

Elisha. He was a very big man and I think he, too, was a sailor.

Uncle 'Lish was affable and roared a welcome, and the bartender came up and shook hands. "Welcome aboard, Cap'n," he said. "What's this—your new cabin boy?" But he seemed restless and there was a general air of restraint in the place. Uncle 'Lish laid some money down on the bar.

"A pannikin of rum around for all hands except that goddam swab up there," he said, indicating the man at the far end of the bar. "I wouldn't drink in the same cantina as that packrat." They all had drinks, except the big man. I was served some sort of sweet, fruity beverage, which I have never forgotten. Sometimes, in drugstores, or while passing fruit stands, I catch a whiff of odor that brings back, almost visually, that scene, with Captain Elisha leaning over the bar as if it were the taffrail of a ship, the bartender looking worried, and the tall man edging out of the side door.

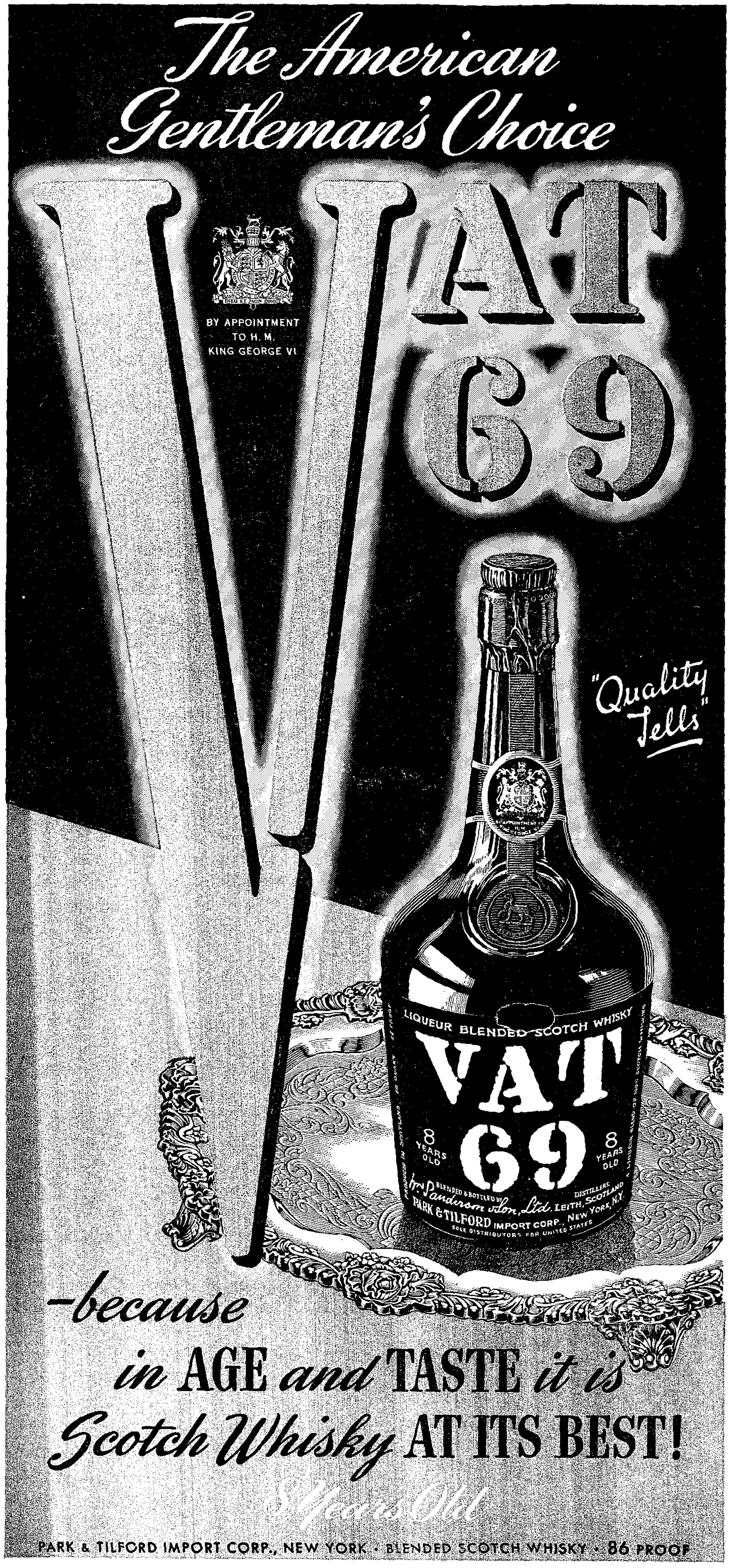
When he had gone, the bartender seemed more cheerful. He even set up another round of drinks and called on the Captain for a song.

Uncle 'Lish obliged. It was one of those songs dear to sailormen, which related the amorous adventures of a gentleman known as the One-Eyed Riley. I understood little of it at the time and now I have forgotten it.

This sort of thing went on for some time. At last we left the saloon and crossed over to the Albany Depot, where the Captain chartered a herdic, which we boarded, and I felt that at last we were well on our way to seeing the Queen.

The herdic turned south on Washington Street and headed into the South End. Somewhere in the neighborhood of Dover Street, it drew up before a dingy, closely shuttered edifice, evidently once a residence of some pretensions. I was mystified and disturbed to see that there was no particular movement in the street, no people or music or flags, and I was afraid the Captain had some further delay in mind. I wanted to see the Queen.

There was a sinister and forbidding quality about this house, and I noticed that as we got out of the herdic someone was watching us through the shutter of a front-parlor window. I had an impression of something being altogether wrong and this anxiety was not eased by the difficulties of getting into the place—peerings, whisperings, and rattling of chains. Finally the door was opened by a colored maid and the Cap-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tain ushered me into the front parlor and the presence of its only occupant.

"There, boy," he shouted, "there, by Almighty God, is the Queen herself!"

I was taken aback by my first sight of the Queen. To begin with, I had formed the idea that she was a black woman, but this personage, who smilingly greeted me, was as fair as Guinevere. She was a plump woman, about fifty, with yellow hair done up high on her head, the front of it falling in frizzy-looking curls over her forehead.

The Queen was wearing a gown made of some red material like plush or velvet, cut very low in the bodice and tight about the waist, and when she stood up, I noticed that she wore a pronounced bustle. Her ears and the fingers of both hands sparkled with what I assumed to be precious stones. Her throne was a red plush sofa with white crocheted antimacassars and at her right hand was a walnut table with a white marble top, on which stood a bottle of beer.

She was very gracious, even regal, in her reception. I had begun to tell her about my life at Sicasset when the Captain burst in. "Belay that! How about serving a drink for all hands?"

Evidently the colored maid had been standing within hearing distance, for in a very short time she came in with a large tray, bearing many bottles and glasses, which she set down on the marble table. I wondered at so much preparation for so small a party until the Captain said, "Now, boy, the Queen's ladies in waiting are coming aboard. Stand by!"

I was, of course, a very small boy and the human form divine meant nothing to me, but I remember being distinctly impressed by the Queen's entourage as its ten members entered the room in a body.

They were all very effusive with the Captain and toasted him and seemed anxious to please him. They distributed themselves around the parlor in chairs and sofas. They were all smoking. It was the first time I had ever seen women do that.

As I sat in wide-eyed wonder and watched them, it occurred to me that they were probably the ten most beautiful women in the world. They were of various complexions but mostly their hair was golden-yellow or blue-black, and they had the reddest cheeks and the whitest noses I have ever seen. But none of them was black. I worried about this. The only black woman was the maid-servant.

Some of the ladies chatted with me

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but the attention of most of them was for the Captain, who had already bought another round of drinks. Presently, it seemed that some business matter had come up and that the Captain must go upstairs for a discussion.

"Boy, I'm going aloft, but you stay here," he said to me. "You wanted to see the Queen, didn't you? Well, here she is. Don't be scared to talk to her. Get a bellyful of her. I won't be long." He went away, taking a lady in waiting, the fattest one, with him. Soon the others drifted away and I was left alone with the Queen. Somehow she appeared less gracious now. The gaps in our conversation became longer and longer and I began to feel very lonely and homesick. I think I went to sleep in an uncomfortable plush chair and I may have cried a little, for I was very miserable.

At last there was an outcry from above. The Captain, shouting something down the stairs about the timetable, burst into the parlor, saying that we had to leave at once. He bought drinks for the Queen and himself, kissed the Queen, who shook hands with me, and before I realized it we were jingling downtown on a Washington Street horsecar, headed for the depot.

We caught the afternoon train and I was very glad to get on it. On the way to Sicasset, the Captain was silent for a long time, but at last he turned to me and inquired, "You saw the Queen, didn't you?"

I admitted that I had.

"What color was she?"

I said I thought she was sort of yellow.

"Yellow? Goddamit, don't you know brown when you see it? You're a good boy and tomorrow I'm going to buy you a nice present, but if your mother asks you what color the Queen was, by God, you tell her she was brown. And don't forget it. Brown!"

Those devilish little gods who protect the wicked seem to have devoted the next few days to the protection of Uncle 'Lish. Nobody asked me anything about our trip. Some important thing had happened. Somebody had been born, or died, or married, to the exclusion of all other matters. I suppose I was asked if I liked the Queen and said I did, but that was all.

—RALPH FRYE

•

As three-time governor of New England's largest state, he [Leverett Saltonstall] . . . —*Time*.

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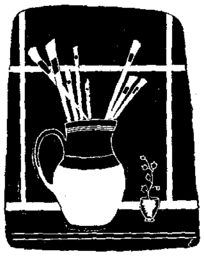
THE ART GALLERIES

Three Painters



I HAVE always been of two minds, or maybe three or four, about Max Ernst's painting. He uses too many technical tricks in his work, for one thing, and the tricks, for the most part, are ones that have largely outlived their usefulness. Years ago, for example, the early Surrealists practiced dabbing their paints on the canvas with bits of sponge, wadded paper, and the like, "graining" the surface by rubbing, and so on, and then standing off to admire the accidental effects thus produced. Ernst, I understand (and the appearance of his painting so indicates), still makes use of devices like these, but he long ago passed the point where he used them "accidentally;" they are employed now very consciously, as a means of obtaining patterns so delicate that they would be difficult to duplicate with the brush. Somehow their use in this fashion, with its implications both of the mechanical and of the easy short cut, always bothers me. I suppose I'm old-fashioned, but in the back of my mind there is a feeling that a bit of cheating is involved.

I object, too, to the general texture of his painting, which is sometimes unbearably metallic. A good deal of his Surrealist symbolism—his hairy-faced women, snake-necked monsters, and so on—seems to me just horror for the sake of horror. Yet in spite of all this, from time to time he can turn out a canvas that conjures up the nightmare sense, the actual stuff and structure of dreams, more completely than any other living artist I know of.

There is one such in his show, which runs through this Saturday, at the Julien Levy. It is called "The Eye of Silence," and though it is full of all the tricks that I have just been inveighing against, I still recommend it as a picture that will probably haunt you. It is not difficult to describe. What you see is a wide, silent pool surrounded by three steep-sided rocky islets whose surfaces are as intricately patterned and ornamented as coral outcroppings or, even, rock carvings from Cambodia. (It's in the painting of these that the trick stuff comes in.) One islet is brown and has vaguely the look of a helmeted head, half human, half bovine in profile. The others are green, one pale as if sunlit, and castellated like those fairy-tale châteaus of Edmund Dulac, the second darker and less definite in suggestion. In the foreground, on a rocky beach, a long-haired, wispy-bodied medieval lady is seated, thinking. Here and there, on the rock surfaces, pale blue discs, like eyes, stare out at you.

The picture, I think, is cheapened slightly by the presence of the female figure, since it heightens the merely fairy-tale suggestion that I've just mentioned. The paint texture, too, is a little tinny. Yet with all that, and quite beyond the powers of easy description, the thing has a silent intensity, a not quite tangible broodingness that directly evokes the quality of dreams and that is truly remarkable. There are other good pieces in the show—"Night and Day No. 2," for example, and the primarily playful "Vox Angelica"—and there are several more, such as his "Everyone Here Speaks Latin," that are really quite bad indeed. "The Eye of Silence" makes up for these last. Maybe doing one painting like that a year is enough to expect of an artist.

LOUIS BOUCHÉ is an observant and warmly sympathetic painter, the very simplicity of whose subject matter has, I feel, deprived him of the recognition his stature should have gained for him in contemporary art. If I were to coin a phrase (and why shouldn't I?), I should say that he is rapidly becoming the John Sloan of suburbia, and I give you his current show at the Kraushaar Galleries to support my contention. Like John Sloan's, his subjects are commonplace: a boy and girl on a rooftop, watching the smoke of a distant fire; backyard gardeners hurriedly putting their equipment away at the threat of a storm; a young fellow and two girls idly chatting in a bowling alley. Like Sloan, too, he goes back to reputable sources for his obvious influences; though his style is clearly in the Impressionist tradition, he doesn't just hang on the coattails of Renoir or Monet, as so many others do. Instead, he looks back to *their* sources—Boudin, Delacroix, Daumier, and so on. Finally, and again like Sloan, he can invest his everyday subjects not with melodrama (as Reginald Marsh does), not with a sense of the portentous (as does Edward Hopper), but with a feeling of the richness and geniality that underlie ordinary life. The rooftop scene I mentioned, called "Fire," is an example of this capacity of

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his. Others are "War Frieze," which is an embarkation scene, and the two landscapes "War Plant" and "Laurel Hill."

DARREL AUSTIN, who, to everyone's surprise—including, I should judge, his own—saw a painting of his bid up to three thousand dollars at the recent auction of the Barbee collection, is having a show of pastels at the Perls. That price, I've been told, is a record for the sale at auction of a contemporary American, but the show, though it is on the whole a good one, doesn't quite come up to that august standard. It's the first time Austin has exhibited pastels, and he uses the medium much as he might have done oils, laying on the color so deeply and so opaquely that such pieces as "Watching Beast" and "The Music Makers" are robbed of the delicacy and transparency they might otherwise possess. This is not true, however, of such others as "Young Dancer," "Nude with Laurel Branch," and "Mother and Child." Here the touch is light and graceful, and both the mood and the subject matter represent a cheerful change from those miasmic figures and vistas we have been getting from him in years past.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

There is no greater test of the tact of a junior officer than to have his senior make a glaring error at a social function in a foreign port. In such a case, the junior officer takes his cue simultaneously from his superior and his host. If the host ignores the matter, and the senior officer ignores it also, then the junior officer acts as if he were unconscious of anything having happened. If the host and the senior are inclined to pass it off with a laugh, the junior laughs also, but more moderately than his senior. If—as is very rarely the case—someone present seizes the incident and tries to magnify it to the further discomfort of the senior officer, the junior officer backs up his senior in "freezing up" or whatever line the senior may take.—*Naval Reserve Guide.*

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•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPT.

It is fairly long, and considered rather old-fashioned by some, but it has rich melodies and sweeps along so well that, when it's finished, you know you've heard something substantial.—*The New Yorker, April 8.*

The Saint-Saens Piano Concert No. 2, the one Mr. Sanroma played, is fairly short and is considered old-fashioned by some, but it is rich in melody and sweeps along so well when it is finished one knows that one has heard something "substantial."—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph, April 12.*

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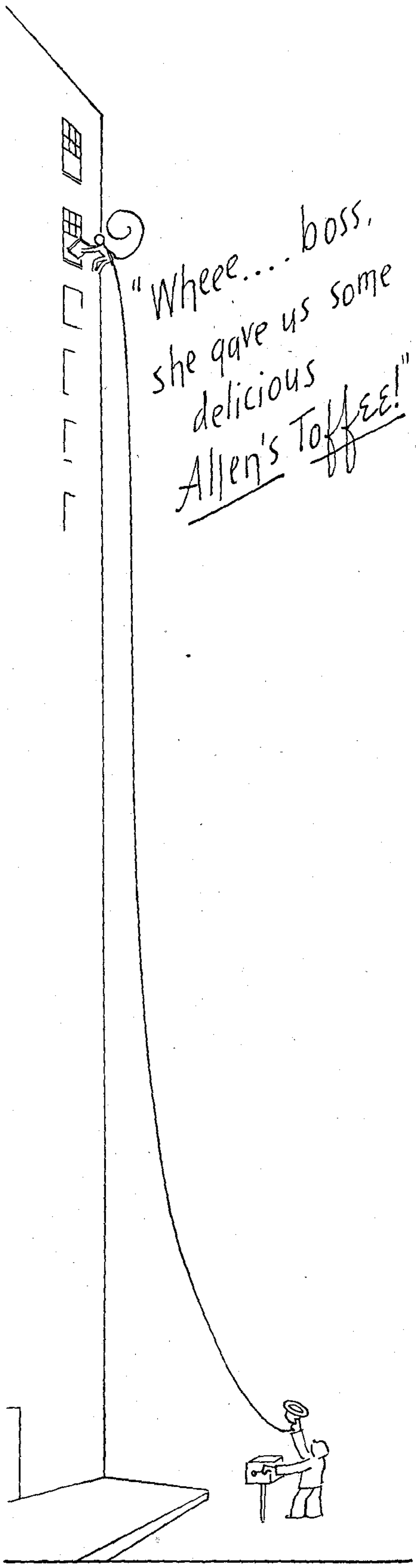
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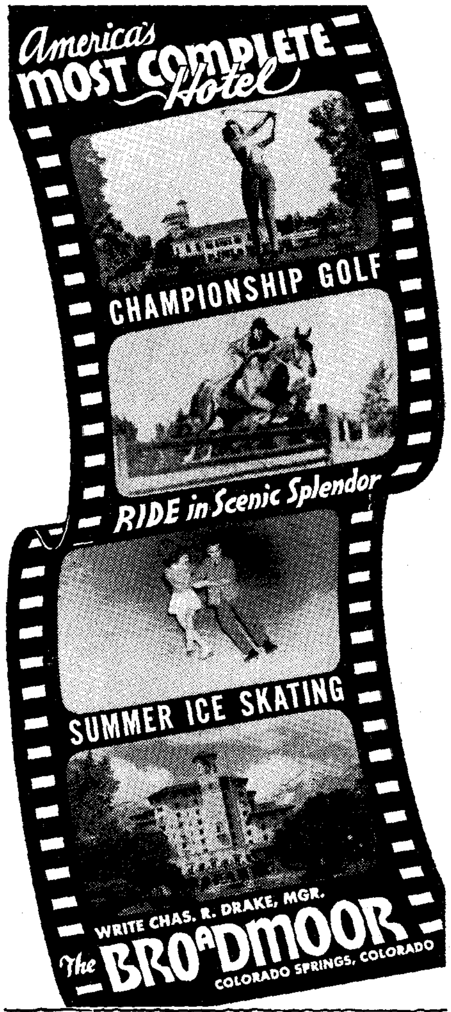
NOTES ON SPORTS

Renaissance

THE Giants being what they are this year—a lively, ambitious ball club with a chance to finish in the first division—Giant rooters are reappearing out of the gloom they were plunged into by last year's misadventures and are turning up at the Polo Grounds. Last weekend, during the three-game series with Brooklyn, they even outnumbered the Dodger fans up there, which was a nice change after a season in which the rowdy rooting majority the Dodgers brought with them when they came to Manhattan made the Giants feel they weren't even wanted in their own home. At Saturday's and Sunday's games, the frantic, bell-ringing lady fan who has long espoused the Dodgers, or rather their cause, was not cordially welcomed. Whenever she stood up and waved her bell in celebration of one Dodger achievement or another, a many-throated chorus responded, in unison, "Shut up!," and as often as not she sat down. Saturday's crowd also featured a vigorous claque which hailed the Giant shortstop, Buddy Kerr, at every move he made. Kerr is 3-D in the draft, which indicates that he is supporting a great many dependents, most of whom might well have been in the stands on Saturday, expressing their gratitude.

THE first game of Sunday's doubleheader, which was attended by 58,068 souls, was won by the Giants, 26–8. Twenty-six runs is two less than the total for a major-league team in one game, but lots of other records were tied, at least, among them the number of walks given up by one team—seventeen. These walks were donated by Brooklyn's five pitchers. The Giants gave several themselves, but the only time they were in any trouble, a walk they gave was what got them out of it. This was in the fifth inning, when there was one out and Brooklyn had men on first and second. To cut down the danger of a double play, Brooklyn pulled a double steal, advancing the runners to second and third and leaving first open. The Giant pitcher, Harry Feldman, then walked Mickey Owen, apparently from sheer lack of control, and the next batter was Warren, the Dodgers' fifth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pitcher. The Dodgers had run through half their staff already, and must have been reluctant to take Warren out for a pinch hitter. He hit into a double play and the side was retired.

The Giants got eighteen hits in that game, and naturally some batting averages were improved. Phil Weintraub, the first baseman, brought in eleven runs with a homer, a triple, two doubles, and a walk, and his average went from around .240 to .333. Weintraub is thirty-six and pretty good in the field as well as at bat, but for some reason he has spent a lot more time in the minors and the bushes than in the big time. For seven years, starting in 1926, he shuffled back and forth in the Mississippi Valley League, the Texas League, the East Texas League, the Three I League, and the Central League, with intervals as a semi-pro. Then he did a stretch in the Giants' farm system, was traded to the Cards, sold to the Reds, and went back to the minors. Then he went to the Giants, back to the minors, up to the Phillies, back to the minors, and now he's with the Giants again. If he can arrange to knock in eleven runs every day, or even every other day, he's a cinch to stay there.

ABOUT twenty thousand people were turned away from Sunday's double-header, and some of them wandered moodily into the vacant lot adjoining the Polo Grounds, where they came upon a bit of cricket. This lot is where quite a few of Harlem's cricketers go to practice. Cricketing Harlem is made up mostly of West Indians who learned the game before they came to this country. The season starts the first Sunday in June, and there are two organized leagues, the Cosmopolitan and the New York, composed of eight or nine teams each. Most of the games are played in Van Cortlandt Park, and at the end of the season the two league winners play each other at Randall's Island. The Cosmopolitan team always wins, because most of the Cosmopolitans come from Barbados, where, in all the West Indies, the wickedest cricket is played. —D. L.

•

It was late afternoon before he returned to the house. In the living room Janet was seated before the fire. Her letter portfolio was open on her lap. He went up to her and with a smile she lifted her head, bent at the wrist as though to offer him her pulse.—*From "Shoulder the Sky," by James Gray.*

Looks as if the next move is up to him.

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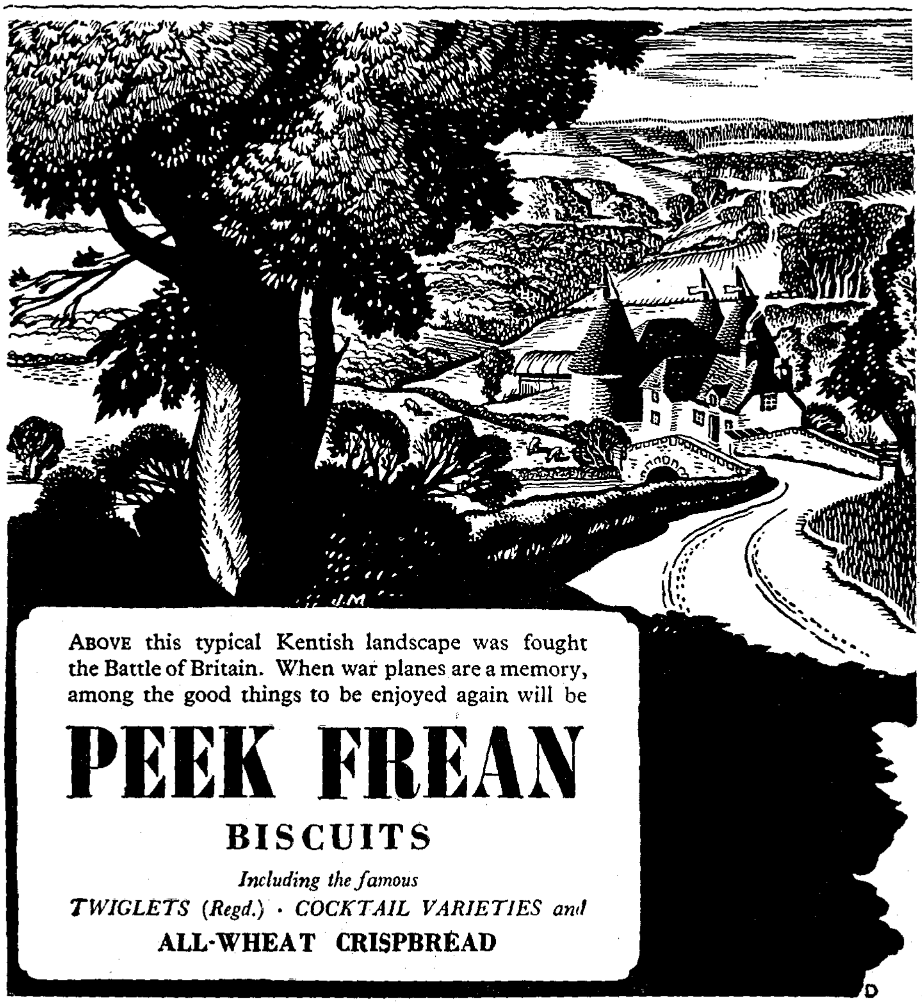

ABOVE this typical Kentish landscape was fought the Battle of Britain. When war planes are a memory, among the good things to be enjoyed again will be

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(from a letter by G. J. S., Waltham, Mass.)

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(from a letter by R. D., Leominster, Mass.)

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Opera Continues

THAT cheerful and reliable institution, the San Carlo Opera Company, arrived at the Center Theatre last week for its annual spring season of standard opera and immediately demonstrated that its familiar tradition of lusty singing is still intact. The performance of "Carmen" that began the company's current series (the troupe will be here through this Sunday evening) was well organized musically, and the cast, headed by Coe Glade, Sydney Rayner, and Mostyn Thomas, went into action with plenty of voice, knowledge, and enthusiasm. A newcomer to the San Carlo is Mary Henderson, previously heard hereabouts with the New Opera Company. Miss Henderson, in the rôle of Micaela, sang brightly and soundly, and did about as much acting as her rather undramatic assignment required.

"Carmen" was followed by "La Traviata," with Stella Andreva as guest, singing Violetta, and Eugene Conley, borrowed from the Army Air Forces, as Alfredo. Miss Andreva sang and acted attractively and convincingly, and Mr. Conley was the same excellent tenor that he had proved himself to be in other years with the same company. Carlo Morelli contributed a sound Germont *père* to the proceedings, and, altogether, this was not only good opera for the money ($2.40 top) but good opera.

Emerson Buckley, conductor-in-chief for the San Carloans, took hold of matters with musicianship, zest, and resourcefulness. The distance between the singers and the orchestra at the Center—a wide stage apron intervenes—makes for occasional uncertainties, but Mr. Buckley adjusted all such difficulties promptly and effectively.

It used to be that the first few showings in the San Carlo seasons were marked by a certain waywardness in the electrical amplification, which did surprising things with the voices and the orchestra. This season, science's artful aid seems to be under control, and the few acoustical vagaries obviously didn't trouble the audiences. The staging was conventional, but I noticed one note-

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worthy departure from routine in the second act of "Carmen." Remendado and Dancairo, the smugglers, managed to get offstage before the entrance of José without the slower of the two receiving a kick in the pants from anybody.

ERICH KLEIBER, who was a Philharmonic-Symphony conductor for a couple of seasons in the early thirties, returned to town last week to direct a few performances of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio" by students of the Juilliard School of Music. This was Mr. Kleiber's local debut as an opera maestro, and his management of the orchestra and singers proved that he is first-rate. "Seraglio" is no self-starter; it takes shrewd and sympathetic understanding of the music to deliver the charm, humor, and occasional drama of the score. Mr. Kleiber, everybody agreed, had what it took.

The song recital in Town Hall last week by Donald Dame, one of the Metropolitan's young tenors, was refreshing on many counts. Mr. Dame had assembled many kinds of music, which he evidently sang because he thought it was interesting, which it was. What's more, he sang it ingratiatingly, with a variety of styles and with sure musicianship. It's pleasant to report that popular approval prompted an encore of a setting of "The Complete Misanthropist," a poem by Morris Bishop, which originally appeared in these pages. It was set to pointed and skillful music by Emanuel Rosenberg, a member of the Army Air Forces. Other unusual items on the Town Hall program were Paul Bowles' "Night without Sleep," which is a fascinating essay in weirdness, and an entertaining version of "Finnegans Wake," by Gene Bone and Howard Fenton.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

MORE CANDOR URGED
TO END CONFUSION

WASHINGTON, (AP)—What this country's capital needs, said Senator Wilson (R., Iowa.) is "more candor and less fusion but we certainly aren't get-

"The people ought to be given real information to prevent confusion but we certainl yaren't getting it," he observed.

"Oh, we're getting the confusion all right. Look at the 4-F uncertainty for example. Those people don't know—an older men in the draft age brackets as a whole don't know—what plans to make."
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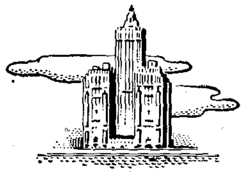

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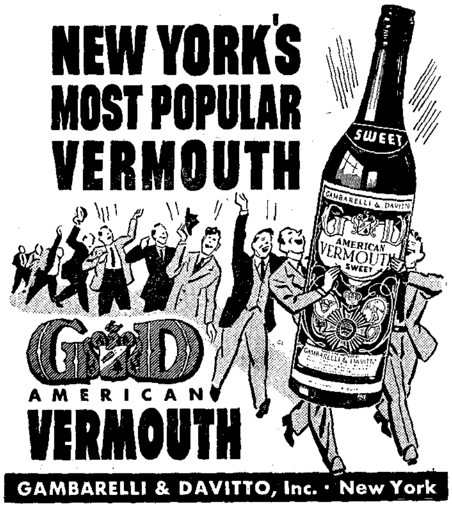
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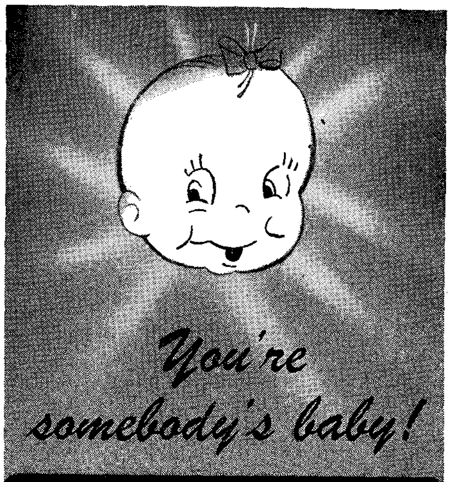
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

HEYDAY OF A WIZARD, by Jean Burton (Knopf). Daniel Dunglas Home, who flourished between 1833 and 1886, was the most interesting of all the spiritualistic mediums. He was never effectively exposed and he maintained his performances on a social plane higher than those of any other medium. He is supposed to have been the child of an illegitimate son of one of the Scottish earls of Home, and, refusing to take money for his séances, he found his clientele mainly among the aristocratic and intellectual classes. He managed to be taken seriously by Sir William Crookes, John Ruskin, Alexei Tolstoy, Czar Alexander II, and innumerable British, French, and Russian nobles. He twice married Russian ladies of property and he was at one time a member of the household of the Empress Eugénie. He had something of the artist: did sculpture, gave public readings of poetry, and was war correspondent for a San Francisco paper during the Franco-Prussian War. He must have been a marvellous magician, for he was able to convince people, often in broad daylight, that furniture was being pushed about and lifted, that spirit hands were appearing and clasping theirs, and that he himself could float in the air. Mrs. Browning was enchanted with him, and he became rather a sore issue between her and Robert, who was stimulated by Home to write "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." Miss Burton has turned out on this subject a curious and diverting book but a rather unsatisfactory one. It is mainly a piecing together of the various accounts by contemporaries, with almost no attempt to penetrate the surface of Home or even clearly to depict his personality. And, though she assumes that his séances were all fraudulent, she has entirely neglected to examine them with a view to finding out what methods he employed. She has not even given us the benefit of the findings of professional magicians such as Houdini and John Mulholland, who have tried to check up on the first-hand reports of the phenomena which Home is supposed to have produced.

DAVY JONES, I LOVE YOU, by F. R. Buckley (Lippincott). Mr. Buckley, a capable observer and a sensitive



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To Our Readers

Paper shortage has obliged us to request the omission of certain advertisements from this issue and the reduction in size of others. To those advertisers and to their colleagues, who have made it possible for us to accomplish this, we herewith express our thanks.

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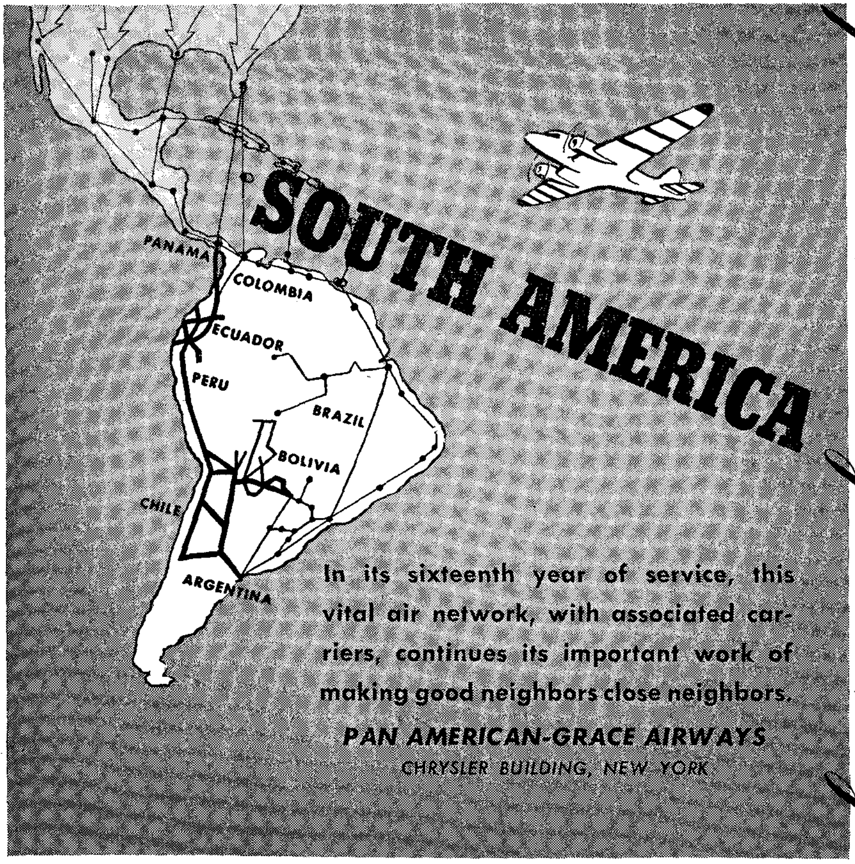
writer, tells of life aboard a Liberty ship during a convoy voyage to England. He has no major adventures to report, and much of his book is made up of conversations he had with members of the crew, so it is to his credit that he was able to make, out of such simple material, so pleasant and entertaining a book. His whimsical excursions into philosophy, though, do not always come off. Illustrations, not too well done, by the author.

THEN THERE WAS ONE, by Eugene Burns (Harcourt, Brace). The story of the aircraft carrier Enterprise, better known in Navy circles as the Big E, and of her adventures during our first year of the war. The Enterprise saw more than her proper share of action, since she was the only carrier on active duty in the Pacific for a time after Pearl Harbor, and Mr. Burns, an Associated Press correspondent who lived aboard her for almost five months, has put together a highly readable though somewhat sketchy record of her exciting and heroic exploits. Illustrated.

THE GHOST TALKS, by Charles Michelson (Putnam). Down the Grand Canal of recent American politics, from 1928 to 1944, with the publicity director of the Democratic Party as guide. Mr. Michelson knows his way around the waters he poles through and points out all the more interesting sights, but his commentary, while engaging and well informed, is only slightly less superficial than that of a gondolier on a Venetian sightseeing tour. If Mr. Michelson is the Machiavelli of the Democratic Party, as he is sometimes said to be, the Democratic Party, on the basis of this record, would seem to be in the market for a Machiavelli. Illustrated.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CASE OF THE DOWAGER'S ETCHINGS, by Rufus King (Doubleday, Doran). Mrs. Chatterton Giles, an elegant and well-meaning dowager, decides to rent out some of the extra rooms in her house to war workers who can't find a place to live in Bridgehaven. This patriotic gesture leads to a number of inconveniences, including a corpse under an azalea near the driveway, and involves Mrs. Giles with the police when she tries to protect her grandson, a returned war hero, by suppressing evidence. It may strike you at times that Mrs. Giles is unworldly to the point of imbecility, but you will find the story



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well plotted and good for a number of laughs.

CORPSE DE BALLET, by Lucy Cores (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A world-famous dancer, called Vova Izlomin for the purposes of this story, returns to the ballet after some years of insanity and is found hanging in a gallery of the theatre following his first New York performance. Since the police find dancers and balletomanes difficult to handle, the case is finally solved by a young newspaperwoman who has studied ballet herself. Very ingenious, in spite of its unfortunate title, and when you have finished it you will probably know all that you'll ever need to about ballet.

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

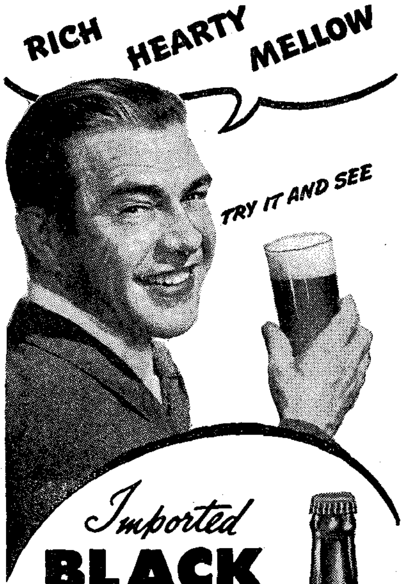
MR. BROWN of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, I yield the balance of the time to the gentleman from New York [MR. FISH].

MR. FISH. Mr. Speaker, it is true that I have no Indians left in my district except the great white father at Hyde Park whom I predict will not be the big chief much longer. At one time the Hudson River Valley and the Delaware Valley, both of which are in my district, were the headquarters of the famous Delaware Indians of the Leni-Lenape Tribe, which all of you have read about in The Last of the Mohicans by Fenimore Cooper.

My only connection as far as the Indians are concerned is that I am a member of the Red Men in the city of Beacon. But I have taken this time because my boss, the only boss that I recognize—I have been in this House many years and I have followed many leaders, but in all that time I have had only one boss—and that boss has ordered me to appear here today and speak in behalf of this resolution. She is a daughter of a former Democratic Congressman from New York State but let no Republican get excited as she is even more against the New Deal than I am. I was further informed that if I did not do so, I would be in the dog house when I got home for dinner tonight. So I have risen in these few brief moments to speak in behalf of the resolution, which I think is nothing more nor less than a square deal and a fair deal for the American Indians. And why not? Why should we not have an investigating committee? Why should not the House investigate the vital problems affecting 400,000 Indians, and come back in 60 days with some concrete and constructive recommendations? I have faith in the ability and the competency and intelligence of the Members of this House. I do not care whether the Senate has spent 12 years investigating the conditions of the Indians or that it has failed to do anything about it.

I am voting for this resolution because I think it is the sound and wise thing to do and that it will get results and improve the conditions of the Indians. Furthermore let me call your attention . . .

[EDITORS' NOTE: Remaining twenty-four lines deleted because of paper shortage.]



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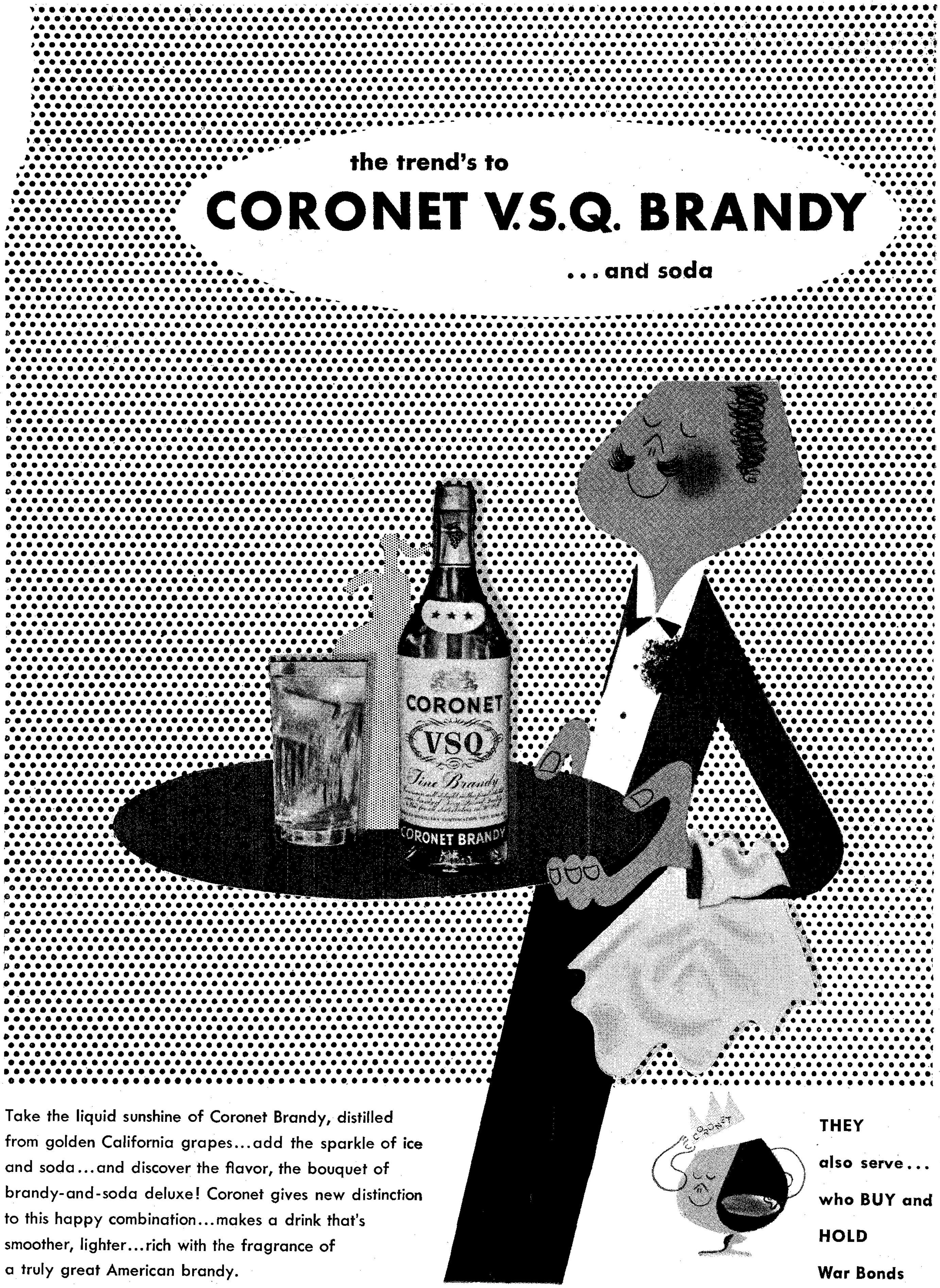

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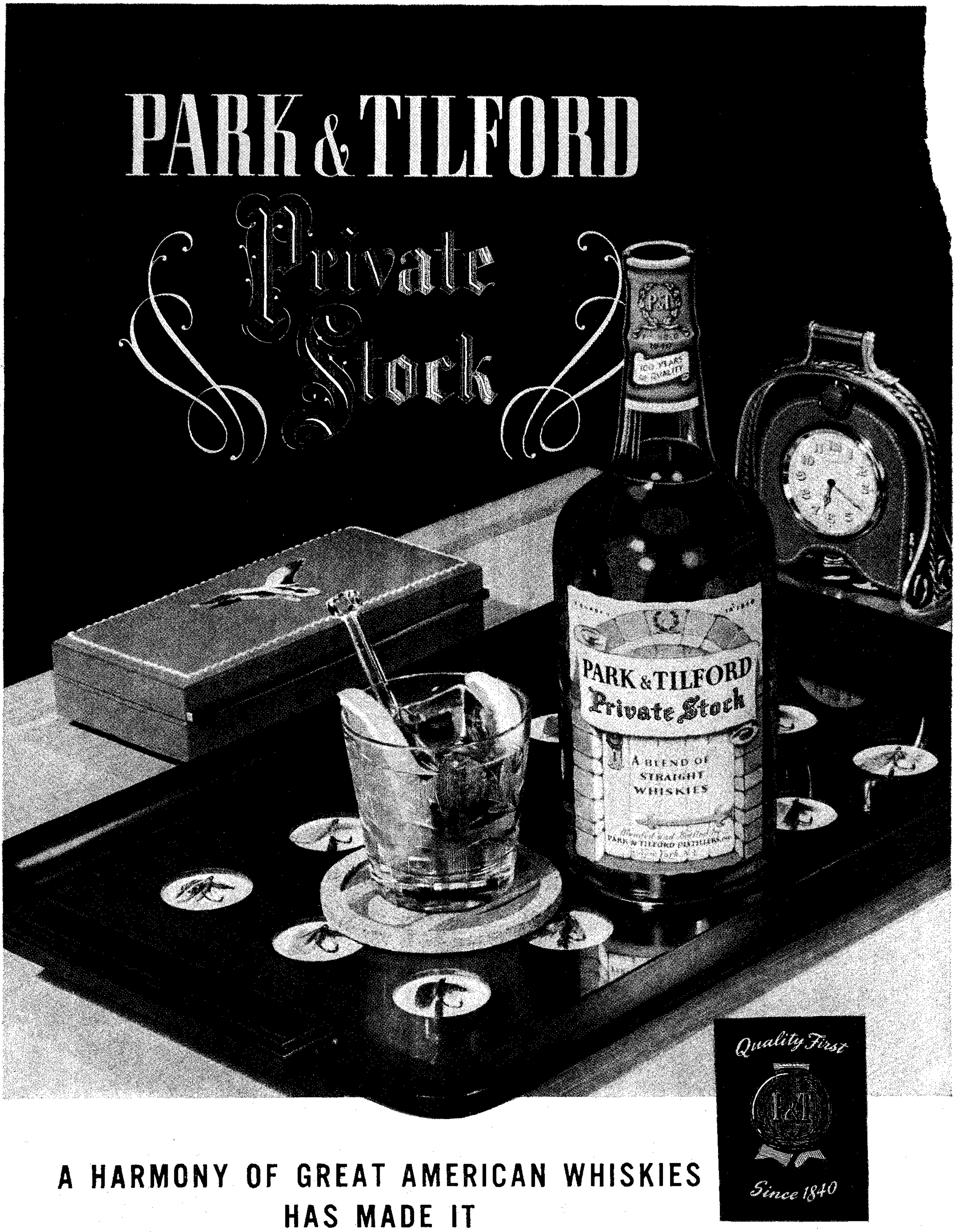
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